SOCIAL PERPLEXITIES

by

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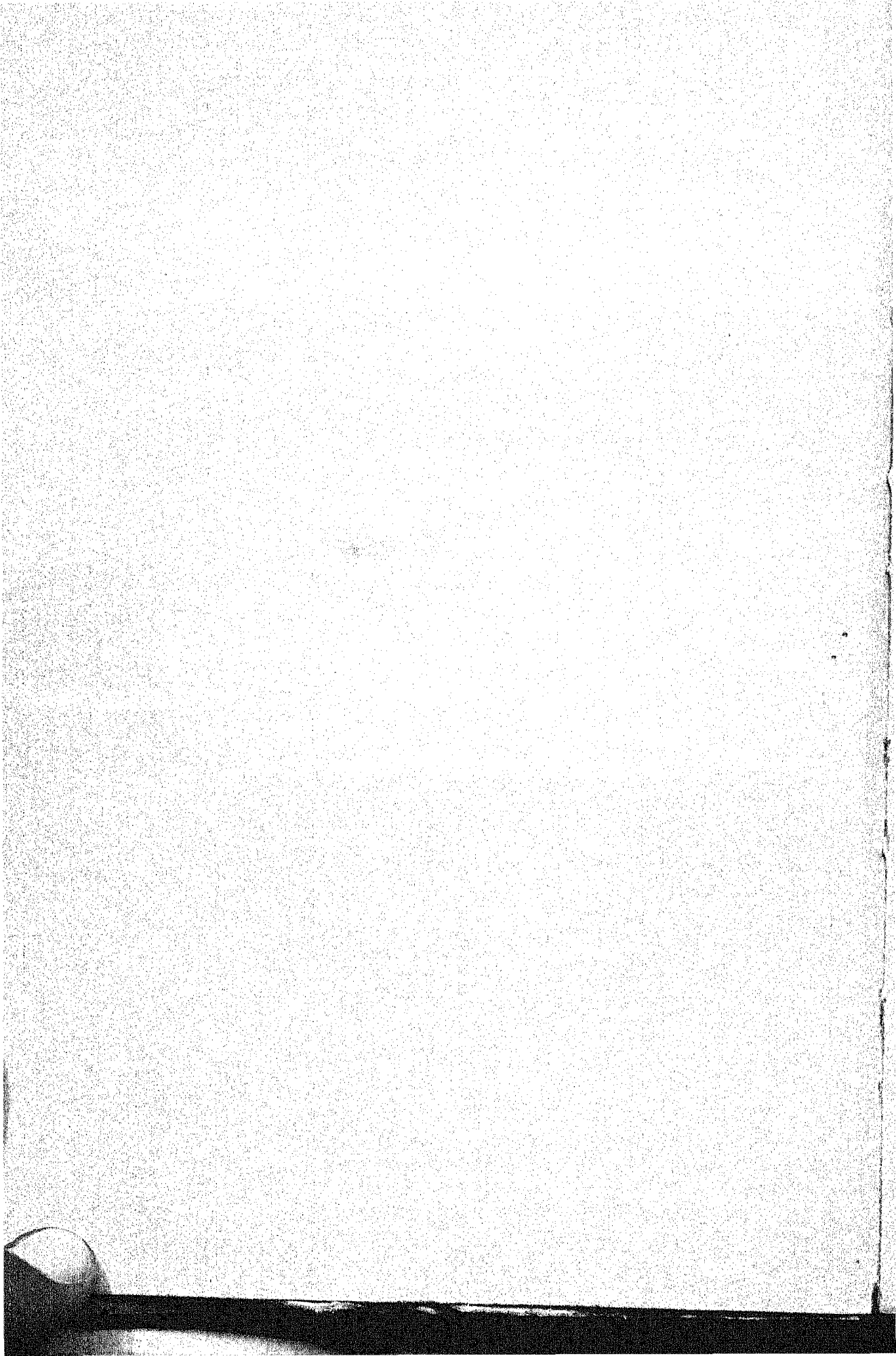
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To

MY MOTHER



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CHAPTER I

WANTED—AN INTEGRATED WORLD

OUR world, obviously, is out of focus. We have not yet learned how to get along with one another or with our own selves.

As nations, we still depend upon a self-defeating method of adjustment. Dr. Jekyll has signed the Briand-Kellogg Pact; Mr. Hyde spends four billion dollars a year preparing with armaments to break it. War, it appears, is not to be slain by Automatic Progress, that widely heralded Saint George of the nineteenth century. On the contrary, our civilization may be blown to smithereens,—*unless*. That *unless* is international collaboration, not so difficult to understand as desperate to undertake. Professor James Shotwell has recently intimated that the war could have been prevented if Haldane had succeeded in ending the naval rivalry between Britain and Germany, or if a higher calibre man than Berchtold had been in charge of the Austrian foreign policy, or if even at the eleventh hour, Grey and Bethmann-Hollweg had agreed in a face-to-face conference. The race, we know, is between education and catas-

trophe. The jingoistic hare of national egotism may win again.

As economic groups, we are still for the most part committed to a "dictatorship of planlessness." A few concerns, like a nationally known soap factory, maintain for their employees comparatively regular work. On the other hand, six thousand or so bituminous coal mines sporadically produce what perhaps one-fourth that number could equal on a stable basis of three hundred days a year. Within this firm and that farm there is a measure of local, restricted efficiency; but very little teamwork between firms and farms in general. Our minds no longer bow down to the old god of unsocialized individualism and the devil take the hindmost; yet we shrink back from a centralized plan to produce, market and distribute the necessities of life. Although our forty-eight states enjoy free trade, the tariff obstructs the circulation of goods across frontiers. Nobody knows how many Americans are unable to find work. In a country with more than twenty million automobiles, discouraged breadwinners are not likely to seek relief over the barricades. A few, however, may take their own lives in despair if not in protest.

As races, we clash. In the Southern United States the economic depression, according to one investigator, seems to have strengthened the mind set toward lynching. A mob in Atlanta not long ago

burned down the home of a Negro preacher. He was a man of established integrity. His crime was being father to a boy whom an intoxicated white man shot to death in a public park merely on suspicion. Possibly unemployed members of the mob had the vague idea that if they terrorized the old Negro and his neighbors, they might somehow get jobs for themselves which the frightened blacks would relinquish without protest. Race rancor, directed not toward Negroes alone, is seeping into areas which have been comparatively free from prejudice. One part of our nature wants brotherhood; the other part demands segregation.

As married mates, we have not been graduated from infantile awkwardness. One of the embittering tragedies of modern life is the blocking, through ignorance, of the power of married partners to create such a colorful partnership that fidelity will grow. A writer on the modern temper finds love becoming so accessible, "so unmysterious and so free, that the value is trivial." Appetite still claims a divine right.

As members of the younger and older generations, we have not learned how to negotiate. "Her habit of authority together with her need for activity," complains a daughter regarding her mother, "combine to fill all our days with one thousand irritations." What the parent would say in rejoinder is left to the imagination. One senses in some quar-

ters a revolt of age against youth. Those individuals of either group are rare who have found the higher ground of deciding things together.

As religionists, we are a long way, so Harry Lauder tells us, from living "like a great big family party. We have used what ought to have bound men together to keep them separate." We who repeat the creeds have almost forgotten that we must first love our brother whom we have seen if we are to love God whom we have not seen. What we would better learn is that "labor is the house that love dwells in"; it will be in cooperative work for a better social order that we of the sects will come together.

As individuals, most of us are like the choked-up industrial process: we have capacity to produce abundantly, but something within us inhibits our output. The streets are full of hurrying faces that flash the look of men and women frustrated in the inner citadel, men and women not yet fused by a supreme loyalty into peace with themselves. To redirect one's impulses to the end that spirit with spirit may meet, gives vitality. To surrender oneself without reservations, like an animal, to one's impulses, affords a certain zest. To try to do both, as an American philosopher warns, is to play with suicide.

Until recently it was rather bad form, in view of these disconcerting conditions, not to be depressed about life. Today, however, there is a rising and

imperious demand for integration. Blinders are no more in order than before. To be radical in the sense of getting at the root of all that divides us is not so "dangerous" as it was. The widely acknowledged menace now is the refusal to face the facts. But as smugness is going out, curiosity,—a more creative kind of curiosity,—seems to be coming in. Why not look around?

In our chaotic world, can we not get hold of a unifying principle and energy with which to approach whatever sunders society and personality? We are convinced now of what Ferrero says the war revealed: the human race possesses but a single body and a single soul. The economic depression has driven us to admit without question the underlying fact of interdependence. Suffering shared, so a Frenchman observes, is starting Europe and America on the road toward mutual understanding. The deliberate trend toward a world court and a world council, and a world bank (which an American historian thinks is the most unifying of all), demonstrates how organically related we are. Einstein's attempt to unite electro-magnetism and gravitation in a single universal formula, is eloquent of man's desire to see things steadily and see them whole. A feverish interest in "the new psychology" points to a new awareness of our inner need to be at one.

But where can we see clearly the unifying principle and energy we need? Science, dealing with the

mechanical aspect of things, is impatient with our orthodox barriers. But it can scarcely give us the synthesis we must have. The machine brings uniformity but not unification. Industry and trade push restlessly beyond the frontiers of nation, class and race. But unless the rules of the game are changed, this expansion may mean a larger battlefield instead of a greater meeting-ground.

Where the urgency toward an integrated world is most compelling and most vivid, is in certain personalities. This is not a reference to Mussolini who craves to leave a mark on his era, "a mark like this," who rips the covering of a chair from end to end with his finger-nail as if he were one of his own pet lions; nor to those enthusiasts in Russia who like to be called "larger screws," who live and die for a vast and increasing collective machine. What we are looking for we glimpse in a few individuals who have the genius of exerting power not "over" people but "with" people. Theirs is an influence, amazing and profound, of reconciling a divided world. It is as if the creative spirit of the universe were backing them.

Outstanding among these reconcilers is Mahatma Gandhi. Because the framework for his activities is so peculiarly Indian, it is difficult for Westerners to see the picture without being either sentimental or cynical. To understand the essential driving force of this ninety-five pound figure in loin cloth, we have

to overlook his statements about cow worship, his emotional aversion to sex, his dietary doctrines, his seeming antagonism to the machine, his blind spot regarding Lancashire mill workers who starve because the Hindu non-cooperative movement cuts off their market.

We have to recognize that whereas we talk piously about love, he wholeheartedly applies it to an opposing empire with an effectiveness that is startling the world. He is showing up the absurdity of our cherished dogma that the patriot who repudiates the use of machine-guns and poison gas is therefore an incompetent mollycoddle. Although not labelled Christian, he and his followers are illustrating year after year the validity of Maude Royden's contention: Before Christian pacifism can count, there must be pagan courage. "If we live at peace because we fear the British bayonets," affirms Gandhi, "I would rather that we should be violent than cowardly." But he and some of his adherents have climbed from the supine level, through the retaliatory level, to the topmost level of creative good will. One significant thing about his movement is that in the twelve years or more of struggle so little blood has been shed throughout a sub-continent famously divided as to race, language and religion.

But the chief meaning is that the power of soul-force over against sword-force has been unmistakably demonstrated. A mass of people, it appears,

really can win their right of self-determination by appealing from their opponent's obvious lower self to what Hocking calls "the higher self that is more real."

The spectacle of Gandhi is stirring us to new confidence in the supremacy of spiritual energy. We see one who would gladly suck cobra poison from the body of the British general who ordered his soldiers to fire into a crowded square of Hindus, leaving the wounded women and children unaided; who, though a convalescent just out of prison takes on himself a penance fast of twenty-one days in order to wake the quarreling Hindus and Mohammedans to their senses; who answers an Englishman protesting against this discipline, "Charlie, don't you believe in God?"; who is so humble he dislikes to wear false teeth between meals lest he be guilty of vanity; who insists on himself performing certain menial household tasks which only the low-caste folk customarily touch; who adopts into his home an untouchable girl and treats her as his own daughter; who as he worships, seeks fellowship with a Mohammedan priest and a Christian Englishman; who, by his example, spreads the contagion of faith in non-violent persuasion, even among those men of India who are most proud of their strong right arms.

This incident witnessed by Negley Farson of the Chicago Daily News, happened in a Bombay Square.

The police of the Imperial Government were attempting to disperse a gathering of nationalists. A band of fifty fine-looking Sikhs stood their ground. These Sikhs belong to a fighting brotherhood, but they had sworn they would not draw their sacred swords; "We will never retreat, we will die, we will die." When the *lathis* of the police fell upon the leader until the blood streamed down his face, he smiled,—"and stood up for more." But in time the attackers were beaten as if by a superior force. "You can't go on hitting a blighter," they explained, "when he stands up to you like that."

The "great soul" of India, who bets his life on truth-force and its power to quiet the brute and arouse the human in men, gets surprisingly positive results. Quite probably he attracts more people to faith in non-violent weapons, than does any living man. Because of the Mahatma, coercion without killing is becoming a practical proposal which statesmen cannot ignore.

As Gandhi discloses an effective technique by which exploited national groups may win self-respect in the political world, so Albert Schweitzer is pioneering the way toward racial reconciliation. No less sensitive than Gandhi to the pain of all living creatures, he is an unusually hard-headed man. He can construct an organ in the city or a hospital in the jungle with his own hands. His writings range from one of the most daring critical analyses of books

about Jesus to the standard biography of Bach and *Civilization and Ethics*. Few lives in history have glowed with such color and romance. Yet his ambition is not so much to thrill to the beauty of the world and the charm of clear thought as to make some atonement for the sufferings which the white man has imposed upon the black.

At the age of thirty this native of Alsace-Lorraine was famous for his theological books. He was honorary president of the Paris Bach society, a celebrated organist. He had an enviable position as professor in a German university. But these privileges only haunted him with a sense of the contrast between what Europe had and Africa lacked. Europe was like Dives, enjoying the benefits of a scientific control of disease. Africa was at the gate like uncared for Lazarus of the running sores.

After eight years of medical study and of concerts to finance his plan, this handsome European finds himself in Africa with his wife, a nurse. In a chicken shed which he has transformed into an operating theatre, he is holding the hand of a Negro coming out of the ether. "There is no pain, there is no pain," exclaims the African almost unbelieving. And then the physician tells his patient why it is that he has left the advantages of Europe to come here and cure the sleeping sickness and ulcers of the people on the Ogowe River. "The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed,

but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words, 'And all ye are brethren.' "

We get a further glimpse into the dynamic quality of his genius for fellowship in his use of the organ after the war, that made "one music as before, only vaster." Although the French deported Schweitzer from his African hospital and kept him under guard in the Pyrenees, he was possibly the first organist to give concerts in Europe that could make mixed audiences of former enemies forget, in the splendour of harmonies that pass beyond all lines of nation or race, that they were Frenchmen and Germans and Englishmen.

In the realm of the most dramatic cleavage in society today, that between conflicting national groups, Gandhi to many is a symbol of the new reliance on collective non-violent persuasion. In the realm of that blasphemy regarding the spirit of man which we glibly call race prejudice and which we so tamely take for granted, Schweitzer is becoming a gallant challenge. But there is a subtler, more complicated issue confronting us than whether we shall kill or be killed in battle, or whether we shall allow the colored masks men wear to bamboozle us, and that is the issue of sharing in dollars and cents. Many experts there are who have tidy programs for producing and distributing goods. But it is a half blind Japanese with infected lungs, as yet

known by only a few in the Occident, who seems to be most convincingly living the life. When fifteen years old, he had the choice of turning down his new faith and becoming the heir of a rich uncle, or of following Jesus and being cut off without a *sen*. Toyohiko Kagawa chose the adventure of Jesus.

At twenty-one, on the day before Christmas, 1909, he rented for almost nothing a house not much bigger than a matchbox, supposed to be tormented by a ghost. There, in the worst slum of Japan, he lived for more than fourteen years. At one time he had as guests four murderers. His neighbors were thieves, prostitutes, beggars, drunkards, broken old people along with babies abandoned by their parents. At this particular time his mind was filled with Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. Let us hear his story as he once told it:—

"As I was setting the house in order, the chief of the gamblers came to me and asked if I would take a disciple. 'How a disciple?' I asked. 'Let him live with you and eat rice.' He said that this person was unemployed, and drank from six in the morning till twelve at night. 'All right! Ask him to come.'

"So Uchiyama came to sleep with me the first night spent in the slums. In the morning I discovered that Uchiyama had the itch, and that I had caught the itch, too.

"On the fourth day Mr. Izu came—a beggar, who also wanted to be enrolled as my disciple.

Then another person came, and altogether I had to feed four persons on seven and a half dollars a month. Try it! We could not eat rice cooked in the usual manner, but had to cook it in a great deal of water, with little rice and much water, like the gruel one makes for sick people. It went on for four months like that, and gradually what little money I had disappeared, and my pockets were empty. I did not know what to do, and so stopped eating a noon meal.

"One day I was sitting in my chair writing and Mr. Tatsu came and wanted some pocket money for drinking. I said, 'No, I haven't much money and none to give for drink.' And he said, 'You help the beggars, gamblers, pickpockets, murderers and idiots and so you ought to help me also!' And he shook the leg of my desk all day long so that I could not write. . . . Later he killed a man and was sent to prison. When he came out of prison he came and lived with me."

Religion to Kagawa is "at-one-ment, bringing every one and everything together,—the destitute, the disabled, the enfeebled people, into a high, elevated position, into the very heart of God." Small wonder that he is able to say with authority, "God who is unintelligible when thought of in a room or a library, will become known when one loves people. Therefore if you gaze at Jesus, who loved people and loved his disciples, you will know God."

During his first visit to this country, Kagawa did graduate work, including theology and higher mathematics at Princeton. For a short time he served as waiter in a wealthy golf club. In Utah, he organized cooperatives among tenant beet raisers, and helped win a strike for higher wages. The first night of his return to Japan he spent in the slums. Gradually he became identified with practical movements, some of which he initiated, to prevent the existence of the slums. Once he went to jail for leading a strike of thousands of dockyard workers in Kobe, who demanded of their employers that they be treated like human beings. Eventually the Government appropriated nearly $10,000,000, thanks largely to his efforts, to reconstruct slum districts. He helped organize an important branch of the Japanese Federation of Labor, the first Farmer-Labor Party in Japan, along with peasants' unions and consumers' cooperatives. Kagawa is in part responsible for the abolition of night labor in the cotton mills and the working of women in the mines.

At first he financed his work by cleaning chimneys. Now he turns the money from his sixty-four or more books, some of which are best sellers, into the maintenance of his seven settlement houses in the cities and country, spending almost nothing on himself. Cooperating with him are little groups in Japan and California called "The Friends of

Jesus," who undertake to live simply and usefully. In churches he has started "The Resurrection Mutual Aid Society" which charges 15 cents a month, and gives a sick benefit of $7.50 a month.

Kagawa refuses a place in parliament himself but successfully campaigns for the election of labor and liberal leaders. Not long ago, besides carrying on his own bureau of statistical research . . . and sometimes speaking several times a day for "The Kingdom of God Movement" he served as Deputy Mayor Advisor of the Social Bureau of Tokyo. It seems to be dawning on some of the authorities that "the giving communism" of Kagawa, which is democratic instead of dictatorial, is the only adequate answer to what he calls the "robbing communism" of Moscow.

Gandhi, Schweitzer and Kagawa are perhaps the most dynamic or at least conscience-stirring unifiers living. They are radiantly at one with themselves because they have become one with the integrating spirit of the universe. But there are multitudes of others in the same movement which would reconcile all groups with one another and all persons with themselves. In our own country are unifiers who carry this spirit into marriage, as though marriage were "an interchange of the wine of life . . . I not seeking my happiness, but receiving it from the other, and he or she not seeking theirs, but receiving it from me."

We have, in addition to hosts of older familiar names, Howard Thurman, out to persuade his fellow-Negroes not to trust to retaliatory buckshot against the white empire that oppresses them, but to try Jesus' method of dealing with the Romans: overcome them with an unconquerable friendliness. To Whites and Blacks, but also to those who have become callous toward one another in marriage and ruthless toward one another in the tension between older people and youth, he has an insight to offer: "Everybody has something to say to me which will make of my life what it cannot be unless he says it."

Abroad we have Walter Judd, and a few of the not-so-old generation like him, who live up to their Christian creed as though it did really mean, "We must trust men even though they act subhuman." Every time the bandits of China like white ants, strip his hospital clean, he purchases a new set of surgical instruments and returns unbeaten to his venture of faith in man.

But it is in the Inescapable Galilean that we glimpse in greatest degree, "the everlasting creative spirit that moves toward wholeness." Here is a man who sets out to conquer a brute empire by love, who labors at a bench and turns down the wealth that would separate him from his fellows, who shares his dream of religion making humanity one, with a woman of a race popularly hated and of a drift of

life good people despised, who works "from individual to individual, stealing through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets," first sharing his vision with a few obscure comrades. Here is one who valued his own life's direction so passionately that he would slip away from his friends for hours to be under the stars with "the Father" alone.

"If you question the authenticity of a saying ascribed to Jesus," declares a great scholar, "and that saying is paradoxical, you may be sure he said it." This paradoxical sentence that Jesus reiterated more surely than any other, the word that some consider to be the most profound ever to escape the lips of man, sums up the open secret of his life: "He that loseth his life will find it." Jesus will not let us forget that we are in a world made for adventure. Each one of us can become a child of God, or if you prefer the words, a candidate for perfection. We have a sacred, weird power to choose either the dead stagnant sea down there or the difficult breath-taking path up there; either those irrelevant thrills of petering out, or that inward thrill of always going on.

But the real adventurer does not take blind, unthought of chances. Many of us, his followers, refuse to take time off for perspective. If we did we might discover that our cocksureness is not sincerity after all; we might see that our hectic zeal about prescribing conduct for everybody else is quite a

different thing from confident faith. Jesus, on the contrary, had a terrible humility. Before he arrived at his major decisions, he found himself ruthlessly driven by inner need to meditative solitude in desert places or under the olive trees. There was none of this all too easy religious pride that says after clicking the mind shut, "Now I've got the final photograph of God's will."

Jesus does not lay down the law: "This habit is correct,—that reaction criminal." His concern is relationships, not regulations. "If a saying attributed to him sounds legalistic you can be fairly sure he didn't say it," generalizes a famous New Testament critic. But this is the law his life discloses; a man to become alive must love, he must begin to be expansive; he must assume there is a great purpose,—that the family of God live under one roof as wide as the blue sky,—and then he must go the whole way toward realizing that purpose with the uncluttered enthusiasm of a child.

This method of burning all bridges behind one and flinging one's whole self into the unifying cause of God, he himself so wholeheartedly followed that when the machine of his body was broken, he did not end. And from that time to this day, the discord of his cruel death has added meaning to the orchestra of all living. "Today," says a young Negro, "an empire is not going to kill Gandhi because an empire once killed another man."

The most baffling of all modern questions,—why evil should be,—when brought into relation with his death and life gives place to a luminous question, Whence comes such goodness? Is it that the same urgency which stirred in him thrills also through God?

In Jesus, and in those spiritual adventurers at whom we have glanced, who today in varying degree incarnate our quest for unity, we find no blue print for harmonizing our world. What we do find is a stimulus from which we cannot get away. They make us restless as we look out upon nationalism, the estranging power of money, color, sex tensions, age differences, creeds, and our own inner conflicts; restless to do something in the right direction. A social-minded scientist says that the only way out is forward. What follows is an attempt to catch glimpses of that way.

CHAPTER II

SWORDS AND SOVEREIGNTY

A LEARNED professor, an imaginative Spaniard narrates, conducted an experiment to determine if a lion and a lamb could be trained to dwell together in the same cage. The professor was asked whether his experiment had proved successful.

"Oh yes, very successful," he answered. "Now and then, of course, I had to replace the lamb."

In much the same manner, nations have been adjusting themselves to one another; only the lion of empire has had at times to be himself replaced, dying of indigestion from too much lamb.

Nationality, imperialism, the atomism of independent sovereign political units—will all this have to go? H. G. Wells seems to think so. He can see no final assurance of peace until he or some future journalist can travel across Europe, Asia and the Americas, without once having to show a passport or open his suitcase to the impertinence of a customs inspector's search. All these separate segments of humanity known as countries will have to be merged into a single world-state; at the least, they

must pool that part of their independent sovereignty which concerns their foreign relations.

Whether the world will submit itself to Wells' blueprint of Utopia or not, it had better not knuckle under to the present religion of arrogant nationalism. According to this strange faith, the only thing meriting absolute allegiance is the state; the only real sovereignty lies in the biggest battalions. Its hundreds of millions of adherents do not repeat in so many creedal words, "The State is God," but they offer their consciences without reservation on its altar. If Jesus says, "Love your enemy," and the government commands, "Kill him!" propaganda decides the issue and the crowd once more as in Jerusalem echoes, "We have no King but Caesar!"

This worship of the state that blindly cries, "My country right or wrong!" is an obvious menace. But conceivably it is not more disintegrating than the secularism that sneers at solidarity with "My country's wrong, so I'll drink all I can get away with." Nationalism at least implies some sense of responsibility. If, as the great religions agree, it is through loyalty that men stand "face to face with the true will of the world," nationalism for all its danger to civilization may yet conserve a value. Our problem is, How shall we widen this loyalty until marching off to mass murder shall be recognized as treason?

The die hards still as always wax apoplectic if not eloquent over sovereignty. "We must be ready

to die at the command of the Mikado," or the "Goddess France," or "Mussolini our god," or what-not. Governments, as David Starr Jordan long ago pointed out, are about the most backward of human institutions. Following the Revolution, it was not easy for New York State to relinquish her exclusive right to decide everything for herself. But at last the Constitution of the United States was ratified, thirty yeas against twenty-seven nays. It may be that as the loyalty of New York State was sublimated in 1788, so the loyalty of the nations within this decade can be redirected toward an organized instead of a split-up world.

Actually, we have pledged our national honor to a covenant that in a very definite degree limits our absolute sovereignty. The Briand-Kellogg Pact, in which with virtually all of the nations, we have given our word to settle every controversy henceforth by peaceful means, is now officially a part of our Constitution. Argentina and Brazil by staying out of the Peace Pact can brandish their immemorial "right" to go to war as they please. The rest of us are committed by a sacred treaty to an ordinance of discipline. And there is a fair chance that public opinion will progressively see to it that this treaty shall not be treated like a scrap of paper.

In a strict technical sense this general treaty to outlaw war does not check the power of the United States Congress to declare war. If we are attacked

we can strike back. Moreover, there are loopholes such as our need of upholding the Monroe doctrine, which could be exploited by casuists to give us for the first time in history, as Professor Borchard of Yale has warned, "a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications." Since any war can be played up as a defensive war, the treaty could be perverted into a pious alibi for ending civilization.

Morally, however, the Peace Pact can stand before us as a codified conscience. More and more now we can think of the Peace Pact as a declaration of independence, not from responsibility for working out difficulties with other nations, but from the anarchy of acting toward them as judge, jury and executioner.

Wars, as any one can sense from Sidney Fay's *Origins of the World War*, do not occur fatalistically like unavoidable volcanic eruptions. They are catastrophes which we choose, by electing to drift when we should be grappling with the causes, immediate and remote. This is not to say that we can have no peace until economic and population and racial conflicts are nicely reconciled, and all "causes" eliminated. Duelling ceased to be the inevitable response to insults upon gentlemen's honor not when all friction was removed and human nature was completely changed, but when the climate was changed. And how was it changed? By making the absurd

habit illegal, by developing a new point of view regarding it, and by building up effective machinery for intervening before the seconds were appointed and the pistols loaded.

The Peace Pact is our pledge that we propose to change the international climate. We do not have to destroy what John Dewey calls "the instinctive tendency to overcome obstacles." On the contrary, the so-called fighting instinct can be rechannelled into more socially desirable activities than mutual slaughter,—into the struggle against yellow fever, illiteracy, gangsters, or for that matter, the war system itself. Any military strategist knows that you can't conduct a modern war without conscription. To make men willing to throw themselves under the juggernaut you have not only to intoxicate them with rum at the zero hour; but you have to take the Christian flag out of the churches and put the military flag in its place; you have to poison everybody's minds with vivid tales about children whose hands have been cut off by the enemy; you have to catch boys early enough to send them to "citizens' military training camps," where the war-habit of mind can be knit into their nervous systems.

The point to remember about the Briand-Kellogg Pact is that it represents our higher national self. Although there still persists the lower self which assumes the right of Congress to declare war on the pretext of "defense," we now have a clear-

cut picture of our country's higher constitutional self which considers the Pact as a sacred bond that henceforth we shall settle all our controversies of whatever origin by peaceful means. Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll still struggle for supremacy. On the one hand, there is the old jingoistic sensitiveness ready to flare up with inflammatory slogans such as "Remember the Maine." On the other hand, there is the new cooperative pride that is willing with the other nations to be vaccinated against the smallpox of arrogant nationalism.

The innoculation will of course be ineffective unless preventive machinery for maintaining security is rapidly developed. What, then, is the task ahead?

First of all we must everywhere create more of the international mind, described several years ago by President Nicholas Murray Butler as "that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them which regards the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and cooperating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world." Briand holds that world peace rests upon a new type of education in which children shall be taught love of country, coupled with a proper appreciation of other peoples, and the habit of searching "in mankind for that which unites rather than that which divides men." This will require a revolution

in the nursery. Winston Churchill, late of England's war cabinet, confesses that as a child he had nearly 1500 toy soldiers, "all of one size, all British. . . . They turned the current of my life." Major General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the 27th division of the United States Army, thinks he can trace his own military career to Barnes' history, "with the particularly inspiring picture of Phil Sheridan waving his hat and yelling, 'Turn, boys, turn! We are going back.'" But to dramatize the heroes of cooperation is not an impossible project for education. Already, youth is being presented with the glamor of Noguchi: first his mother inserting chips of wood between her eyelids to keep herself awake in order to fight off the infection of his terribly wounded hand; then the shy boy's passion for books; then that epoch-changing glimpse through a microscope and the young life's dedication to scientific study; finally, the breath-taking gallantry of dying on the West African coast so that mankind may forever be free of the scourge of yellow fever.

There is danger, however, that we substitute the sending of dolls to Japan, school bags to the Mexican children, treasure chests to the Filipinos, and other fine gestures of world friendship, for agreements as to fundamental conflicts of interest between nations. We still have to grapple with the problem of overpopulation, investment opportunities, access to raw materials and markets, the tariff,

immigration, the coordination of silver and gold, the political or economic extension of one powerful country's control over a weaker one, the protection of money invested or persons residing abroad.

To deal with these problems adequately, we need what Lord Grey found lacking in the summer of 1914, "quick machinery for peace," rather than finger-on-the-trigger machinery for war.

In the minds of some observers, the most effective conciliation machinery now in the world is the Council of the League of Nations. Sooner or later, they feel, the United States will cooperate with the other fifty-five member nations, lest the Pact of Peace be violated. The League of Nations has created a remarkable technique of bringing together at Geneva the chief foreign ministers who formerly would exchange scarcely a nod. It is all very well for Will Rogers to say that if you want to set the diplomats to cursing one another out, just put them together 'round a conference table. But suppose there had been no clearing house for international grievances at the time the Germans and the Austrians proposed a customs union? Reduced to its lowest terms the League is a warning to stop, look and listen: one moment's honest thought in international crises, may be "passion's passing bell." We cooperate with some nations in a Pan-American Union. We have joined in the Disarmament Confer-

ence at Geneva organized by the League. Why not go farther in our collaboration?

The urgency of entering the World Court is too obvious for comment. If before 1914 it was a sign of queerness to be actively interested in peace, it is now "only the village idiot who believes in war." No sincere patriot today wants his country to drive down the highway in drunken disregard of the traffic signals.

The question is not simply whether we shall ratify the World Court or even whether we shall recognize our interdependence with other nations by joining the League. The question is whether we shall come to an agreement jointly to deal on a just basis not only with the waterways but also with the resources of the planet, and the distribution of such matters of life and death as oil, rubber, steel, coal and trading credit. To declare a moratorium on debts is a step toward a coherent world. But we have to follow it up by developing a world awareness and a method of exerting a world sense of responsibility regarding empty stomachs abroad and overproduction at home.

That false dilemma of the propagandists for the war-system needs to be exposed: "Either you and I must be willing to see our automobiles taken from our garages and transferred to greedy hands in Shanghai, Tokyo, Calcutta, Berlin: or we must be ready to uphold our high standard of living by mak-

ing them see the big stick in our hands." But our wealth and our heritage and even, if we so desire, our racial integrity can be secured if we trust to laws, treaties, conciliation and the conference method to get and keep what we need. The government does not have to be the collector, through its army, for business concerns that are taking extra profits with the extra risks in South America. We could in a pinch do with a little less cake if the starving millions in China, say, had more bread. But gain abroad does not in this interdependent world have to be loss at home. Perhaps as many as one-fifth of the industrial workers in the United States are "dependent upon the sustained purchasing power of foreign consumers." Would-be economists in Sam Browne belts and shining boots seem to be fond of explaining to American students in the R.O.T.C. that our prosperity depends upon putting the fear of the Lord into Orientals who otherwise would overwhelm and loot us. The fact is that the life of our steel industry needs friendly contacts with the more than fifty countries which supply such raw materials as manganese, tungsten, nickel, chrome. We have nearly seventeen billion dollars invested abroad, to say nothing of the seven to ten billions owed us, which would not be enhanced in value if a young flying officer released poison gas on an alien town.

It is time for us to realize that our national wel-

fare depends upon our inventive and organizing genius, which is weakened as it is drained off into military preparations. We will become strong not as we frighten other peoples but as we cooperate with them. President Coolidge once said: "We of the nations have boasted of the fact that we were brave enough to fight one another. When will the time come when we have the courage to trust one another?"

The time is ripe now. Not just because of the delicate equilibrium of international credit based on faith, which is more and more becoming the basis of our common prosperity; not just because it is better to trade "with rather than against rivals"; but because our growing mastery over physical forces without the greater mastery of cooperation, may bring wholesale suicide. What is the use of sovereignty that rests on bayonets? Until we develop the capacity and passion to work as equals with other men, the new power released to us by science may at last be only the power to get blown to pieces. Professor James T. Shotwell describes factories where thousands of tons of nitrate are daily produced to fertilize fields. That same product of the air could be converted into almost equally enormous quantities of diabolically destructive high explosives. In the same laboratory, scientists can make with the same formula that which is life-saving or life-destroying.

We human beings in the past have acted, as an Englishman observes, like rabbits seemingly unable to comprehend that shotguns are not manufactured for their benefit. But we are beginning to see at last. Our improved technique of killing is forcing us to understand. In 1914, there was an encounter between a French infantryman and a German, as described by Professor William McDougall. Both were cultivated men. The Frenchman was the quicker and plunged his bayonet into the German. Holding his bleeding intestines in his hand, the German looked into the other's eyes and spoke to him in perfect French, "Now see what you have done to me."

War, if there is war again, will not, for all the assurances of kind old military experts, be a tear bomb here and a sleeping powder there. It will be such realities as diphenyl chlorarsine, cacodyl isocyanide, radium atomite and the deadliest germs from the fastest planes. Let us not be sentimental and soft about these implications, even though high school and college boys do keep step erectly to the sound of drums and bugles. We had better open our eyes to what we ourselves will be doing to other men, and to their wives and mothers and children—if ever we take part in war again. We may be far behind the line in a munitions factory, we may be preaching with the Cross beside the flag, but the explosives or social poison which we help to produce will no less

vividly mean what the Frenchman's bayonet meant to the German.

As soon as it comes home to us how provocative armaments are and what they imply, we may find ourselves under a concern like that which disturbed young William Penn. He had caught from George Fox a glimpse of the truth that in every man is a divine spark, and that love is the only way to awaken that spark. But he was proud of the impressive sword hanging from his belt. In time he became worried about the inconsistency of standing for fellowship and at the same time dressing himself up with this threat of violence. He asked George Fox what he should do about it.

"Carry thy sword," said the great man, "as long as thou canst."

Several days later, Fox saw the young blood on the street. The weapon was not in evidence. "William," he asked, "where is thy sword?"

Penn answered, "I carried it as long as I could."

The significance of the disarmament conference at Geneva will not be a depressed world's necessity to spend less than four billions a year on preparation for national suicide. It will not be the haunting terror of seeing our children and women and aged folk futilely fumbling for gas masks. It will be the pressure of a new conscience driving us to trust one another to keep our pledged word for peace as once we kept our pledged word for war. The sense of

honor that at last will put backbone into the movement for disarmament will not come by wishing for it, but by willing it.

Einstein although a relativist in his position with respect to the stars, is an absolutist in his stand for personal disarmament. "I should unconditionally," declares Einstein, "refuse every direct or indirect war service and try to induce my friends to take the same stand, and this independently of any critical opinion of the causes of war." To a pledge no less outspoken, a member of the British House of Commons has won nearly one hundred and thirty thousand adherents, including more than a score of persons who have been elected to Parliament.

The Supreme Court of the United States has refused citizenship to a divinity school professor and a woman who both served overseas with the Canadians during the War, because they decline to put any future war decree of Congress above their own consciences. In other words, if Jesus were to apply for naturalization papers, he would be barred. But the vote was only five to four. A growing group of American citizens bonded by their country's signature to the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact have taken out a sanity insurance policy. They pledge themselves in these more or less lucid times never to break faith with the Pact personally, however stirring the appeal to international lunacy. They feel they can give their allegiance to their country more

wholeheartedly than ever before, because now their country's honor is pledged never again to go to war over any question of "honor." Among this group are ten thousand Protestant ministers committing themselves, in the questionnaire of the *World Tomorrow,* never to sanction or participate in another war.

"Suppose," the army man inevitably objects, "a criminal entered your home and attacked your wife; would you let him do as he pleased?"

"Whatever I did," muses a prominent minister, "I wouldn't murder his grandmother."

"But," urges a major-general in effect, "this refusal to fight is in the same class with patronizing the bootlegger; it is preaching 'law violation at individual pleasure.'" No, there are at least three distinct points of difference. First, the absolute pacifist is in the open; he is ready to inform the police of his stand. Again, his motive is not personal appetite but the desire to serve mankind. Finally, his action toward substituting law for anarchy is the logical outcome of loyalty to that part of the Constitution of the United States which, through the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, completely outlaws war. "The radical nowadays," observes Senator Borah, "is the man who believes in the Constitution."

The authentic peace-maker, far from repudiating police force, works for an extension of law and order. What he does not believe is that the mili-

tary method is a legal method. "An army," admits an officer, "exists to kill men, when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of justice." No neutral tribunal gives the order. Furthermore, the force employed is blind. It destroys human beings indiscriminately, wholesale. It settles nothing.

No doubt there are folk desirous only of saving their skins who masquerade as pacifists. But they have no place in the peace movement. Gandhi has made the obligation clear. Soul force is to violence what light is to darkness, but the man who considers himself weak simply cannot exert this force. To make effective resistance against evil he must realize that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him, something before which the brute nature will always yield.

The problem of the authentic pacifists is not so much whether they will go to jail if the world once more goes insane, as how at this time to organize and inoculate the world against a recurrence of insanity.

Even though some nation should develop an acute case of nerves and start shooting, diplomatic ostracism would probably prove more effective medical treatment than the cold steel recommended by a former Secretary of the Navy. A concerted economic boycott, imposed by a neutral world tribunal, however hard on the innocent, might be a check. The pressure of world opinion would not be with-

out its restraining influence. But to rely on the military is like taking up an old-time blunderbuss. One wakes up after pulling the trigger to find one's own arm blown off. To try to cure militarism abroad by sending armies against it is a little like swatting a smallpox patient: you only catch the disease yourself.

"The hero," says George Bernard Shaw, "is one who prevents." In the following program is a chance for worthwhile heroism. The twenty-two points are the result of Kirby Page's fourteen years of research into the question of *National Defense:*

"Seek clearer understanding and keener appreciation of the people of other lands; urge the adoption of textbooks which promote peace rather than war; advocate the establishment of a National Peace Department in the Federal Government: roll up a tidal wave of public support for the Briand-Kellogg Treaty; support an agreement that in the event of a violation of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty the signatories of the Pact will enter into conference as to the kind of non-warlike action demanded by the crisis; uphold the effort to negotiate conciliation and arbitration treaties with all other nations; support the movement to induce our Government to sign the optional Clause of the World Court Protocol; strive to secure the early entrance of the United States into the League of Nations; recognize the value of membership in the International Labor Organization by the United States; work for the early independence of the Philippine Islands; advocate the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States; urge the participation of the United States in a new conference on reparation and war debts; re-

veal the menace of chauvinism; emphasize the fallacies and perils of the military philosophy; struggle to obtain drastic reductions in armaments; endeavor to secure the abandonment of armed intervention in other lands; seek to abolish the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in high schools and colleges; point out the perils inherent in the Citizens' Military Training Camps; stand like flint against high tariffs; strive to avoid racial discrimination in our immigration and naturalization laws; attempt to remedy such acts of international injustice as that perpetrated by saddling Germany with sole guilt in causing the World War; go on record now as stating your present purpose not to sanction any future war nor participate in warfare as an armed combatant."

In the world as it is today, where the national honor is pledged to the Peace Pact, where the very means of living depend more and more on general prosperity and peace, where we are learning to communicate across old barriers as if they did not exist, where war means indiscriminate and unimaginable destruction, neither punishing the guilty nor protecting the helpless, where the sentiment is growing, "Let us reason together"—in the world as it actually is now, why should we not so devote ourselves to the art of life that we have "no place for the art of death"?

Why should we ever again imagine that a good end justifies means which cannot but defeat that end? Why should we trick ourselves into thinking we will get democracy some day if only we are sufficiently autocratic now, that we can affirm patriot-

ism by denying our conscience, that we can bring in the kingdom of God by deserting Christ?

On a blazing September afternoon, during Allenby's dramatic push of 1918, there rolled up the Jericho road from the Jordan a cloud of dust. Coming closer, it developed into a marching column and then through the heat waves into Turkish soldiers. Some dropped exhausted at the side of the road. Others kept on. As they straggled into the ancient mud-walled town, I looked into the faces lined with hunger, pain and disappointment. These Turks, it appeared, had been facing not only bombing raids and machine-gun fire; they had gone through dysentery, malaria and short rations of water. In their eyes were despair and homesickness.

For a long time our folk had been trying to do them in and they had been paying our people back in like coin. Was it possible that they too were simply out to protect their honor and their homes? At close range these targets began to be sons merely eager to sleep once more under the old roof away off in the village, husbands anxious about their wives, fathers lonely for their children.

As I stood watching those alien faces filing past, it began to come to me that we had all forgotten an event outside the city wall just twenty miles away; on a little hill up there by Jerusalem a young man once had cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Our faith, all those tragic months, had been the faith of Judas. Judas wanted to win the freedom of a people from oppression. So did we. He honestly believed that the end being good, justified any kind of means. The method of attaining that end did not seem to matter so much either to him or to us. Why sweat blood under the olive trees, struggling to discover "the way" when it is so obvious how one must act now? For the sake of a remote ideal, a political dream, there must be immediate betrayal of the highest; love by hatred, truth by lies, life by slaughter. The irony of it lay in our taking for granted, as no doubt Judas did, that this was being practical.

Now that the years are clearing away the red mists so that we can see the results of our practicality, a doubt like that which struck into Judas after the crucifixion is beginning to startle the world. Jesus did not think that we could kick our way through to the City where mankind really wants to live. Perhaps after all, he was right.

CHAPTER III

MAMMON

Too much cake for the few, for the many scarcely enough bread,—is that the best our planet can do?

On this side of the water we can produce two or three times as many shoes as Americans wear; in the tropics vast numbers become anemic with hookworm because they go barefoot. We flood the market with automobiles; great sections of Asia and Africa lie stagnant from lack of transportation. Brilliant young graduates from our institutes of technology are unable to find a job here; waterpower remains unharnessed around the world. Martial law must slow down oil production in Oklahoma; Mexican Indians are trying to learn the alphabet by the crude light of bonfires. Wheat rots in North American granaries; Chinese boys and girls press their stomachs against the ground to smother the starvation pangs. I shall not soon forget the look on the face of Wang, my rickshaw man, when he opened the door into my steam-heated room in Peking, after shivering all the early eve-

ning at the side of the road in the January wind that blew down from the desert. That glance conveyed not envy so much as surprise.

Is the trouble that we citizens of the planet do not care, or is it that we simply have not bothered yet to put our heads together to work out a plan? We had the brains and the energy collectively to spend within four years a few hundred billion dollars that the world might be made safe for something or other. Now that we sense the futility of all that, are we going to admit that we lack the drive and intelligence to organize a program so that one third of the human family shall not go to bed hungry without light for their huts or a stimulus for their minds?

The task is a long-term task and frightfully complicated, but perhaps not eventually hopeless. Out of the traffic-jam of loyalties to nations and to globe-encircling business enterprises, one fact emerges unmistakably clear: "rugged individualism" is no panacea. We will have to take certain steps out of the mess together.

Consider, for example, the impact of American policy upon Switzerland. The Swiss have been shipping to our country about eleven million dollars worth of watches and watch movements every year. Absent-mindedly we pass the Tariff Act of 1930. That disorganizes their principal industry. They can no longer purchase from us their usual forty-five

million dollars worth of goods a year. Our tariff meant well, no doubt. It aimed to protect industries at home; actually it attacked the welfare of millions of people abroad. Raymond B. Fosdick puts the matter thus: our tariff is in the same class with T.N.T. and poison gas; "the world must submit to economic disarmament as well as military disarmament."

Or, again, consider Germany. Thanks to article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, she has had to pay, indirectly, into our treasury a good fraction of a million dollars a day; and that, too, when we already possess something like half of the world's gold. But Germany cannot pay us in export goods, —and how else can she pay?—as long as we maintain that tariff barrier. It may be flattering to our vanity to exploit what we can of the planet's resources for national profit instead of for world use. But it is dangerous. The Great War, Stresemann used to reiterate with a degree of reason, had already begun in 1887, when the "Made in Germany" Bill was carelessly put through Parliament, almost banishing German goods from British markets.

Whatever we Americans do about the tariff we had better quickly agree to a plan with reference to European debts. This could be done at less sacrifice and risk than some of us seem to realize. We could propose to the Allies: "We will cancel your war debts to us if you cancel what Germany was

forced by the fortunes of war to pay you. This might mean a loss to every American citizen of almost three dollars a year. But right now we spend approximately twice that sum preparing to shoot potential customers. If we cut our military budget in two and cancelled the war debts, there would be about the same expense to the tax-payers. The gain, however, to all of us would be incalculable. Of course we would have to work to the end that all the other nations would join with us in reducing, and reducing in earnest, the staggering amount now wasted on competitive armaments which stimulate fear instead of promoting security. The risks of thus cooperating with you for a safe international community are better than the risks of preparing for war until we get war."

If this looks too much like Christianity we would do well to recall that Christianity is not lunacy preached to a planet of sane men but "sanity for a planet of lunatics."

It will not do to be sentimental about international relations. But one wonders if the sentimentality is not in maintaining handsome battleships while some of our people need food. The military theory is that our coveted national income will somehow be looted unless we put what is called the "fear of God,"—the god of the biggest battalions,—into our neighbors' minds. But, to repeat what was suggested in the last chapter, is this the sound

economic insight we have been led to believe? In the old days when wealth was a simple concrete matter of mules and chickens, bags of wheat and chattel-women, it might have paid raiders to gallop down from mountain fastnesses and gallop back again with whatever they could steal. Not now. Wealth today depends partly on executive ability and inventive genius; the building of credit which is another word for faith; the capacity to utilize materials drawn from the ends of the earth. In our own country prosperity has been and is, more than we suspect, a vital circulation due in part to internal freedom from tariff walls. In any case, the Russians could not easily swoop down and gallop off with Ford. The Japanese could not kidnap Millikan. The Chinese Chamber of Commerce could not hoist our skyscrapers onto their battleplanes and transplant our subdivisions to the Bund, and thus start real estate values booming in Shanghai.

The militarist can try to frighten us into spending money on guns and gases with talk of a rising tide of numbers which may pour in upon us from across the Pacific and swamp out our "Nordic" stock. But Japan is eager, even more than we are, to solve by scientific means that problem of something like two thousand four hundred new breakfasts to provide with every sunrise. Her boats, if they did nothing else, could hardly ship away all the surplus babies. So some of her forward-looking leaders would have

the additions to the census absorbed by industrial development, by more skillfully devised farming, and if possible by internal migration. But they would also prevent excess population by birth control. There are in Tokyo more than fifty clinics for promoting family limitation. The Birth Control League of Shanghai is conducting a clinic with some success. Any missionary who has attempted to teach the Chinese in overcrowded cities to practise contraception knows the difficulties there. The enemies are the ancient desire to have sons offering rice and honor at the cemetery, carelessness, and such poverty as makes it difficult for peasants and slum people to purchase contraceptive means. Nevertheless, the hard-headed Chinese is not going to let ancestor worship forever get in the way of reducing the number of rice bowls, if he can help it. Moreover, there are wide and open spaces in China that in time may relieve the super-saturated cities of their excess people. Some day the recognized problem may be not how to crush a phantom foreign horde, but how to create for our manufactured goods more consumers across the water. Meanwhile, we can begin to help overcrowded countries limit their birth-rate. Our relief workers need not stop erecting dykes against China's River of Sorrow. They can also teach the famine victims out there how to prevent the flood of too many progeny.

The tariff, foreign debts, reparations, and pos-

sibly even the birth-rate, might well be considered in conference by all the nations involved. But following up the World Economic Conference at Geneva, we must also face the job of rationing, by international agreement, raw materials, investments and markets where they are most needed.

What our generation must learn about wealth is that it is not just things: wealth is a bond between groups, "a relationship between persons." Keeping the power of money, which is power over people, concentrated behind forbidding walls, is too much like piling up inflammable stuff and assuming that spontaneous combustion can never possibly happen.

The problem, though ultimately international, is crucially domestic. A Southern Chamber of Commerce not long ago offered, to prospective textile manufacturers, "children from 14 to 18, 11 hours a day." At the same time there were unnumbered American job hunters wondering why they should be shut out of work. In the summer of 1931 a society woman of a certain state spent five million dollars on a pleasure yacht. Not far away were miners' children going without milk because their fathers were on strike for a living wage. During 1929 every person in the country, according to estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board and the National Bureau of Economic Research, could have had an income of from $650 to $755,—enough for us all to scrape through on,—had there been an

equal distribution. So unequal, however, was the distribution of income that eighty-six per cent of the people were counted as poor by the Secretary of Labor, and an extremely small minority received interest, salary and dividends out of all proportion to their needs. For example, approximately 14,700 individuals reported incomes reaching or surpassing $100,000; more than 500 were in the category of one million dollars or more a year. In view of these facts, what excuse have we for not putting a heavier tax on inherited wealth? Why should a few individuals who have more than is good for them, be protected from a more drastic income tax?

There might be some justice in millionaires and multimillionaires getting such incomes if they each had ten thousand feet, five thousand stomachs and the capacity to wear out a dozen suits of clothes every day. But they are not up to such consuming feats. They spend only a small fraction of their income on necessities. Much of the balance they reinvest not where the money will do most good, but where it will bring most interest. The result is the clogging up of capital. Then comes overproduction; or, rather, underconsumption; underconsumption due partly to the fact that the man who produces is underpaid and therefore unable to buy back what he makes. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor estimates that about ten million persons gainfully employed earn only from 25

cents to 30 cents an hour. Stated less abstractly, more than four million families go without bathtubs; three million have neither kitchen sinks with running water nor plumbing; thirteen million homes are unconnected with wired electricity. At the end of the first quarter of this century, the average employee in manufacturing concerns had increased his production 54 per cent; but his real wage, if we accept the estimate of W. T. Foster and W. Catchings, was increased only 30 per cent. In a report issued by the Federal Council of Churches is the following analysis: in 1930 when millions of men were desperate because there were neither jobs nor unemployment insurance, the industrial, traction and railroad corporations paid dividends totalling approximately $318,600,000 more than they paid in the comparatively prosperous year of 1929. But we learn from the Federal Reserve Board that the total wage payments for factory workers were 20 per cent less in 1930 than in 1929.

"Production without profit," was the dream of a Chinese philosopher. "Production without profit,—except to us owners," seems to be the achieved ideal of some gentlemen around Wall Street. Perhaps Shaw has hit the nail on the head: the demands of Jesus are turning out to be "good sense and sound economics."

As one begins to see that unplanned distribution of wealth is one of the underlying causes of our

present depression and unemployment, it is inevitable to ask why the absentee stockholder's dividends rather than the working man's job should be guaranteed. Is it not the man on the job who makes the dividends possible? In the judgment of Justice Brandeis, the employee who is steady in his work deserves steady work; he has the right to regularity of employment "co-equal with the right to regularity in the payment of rent, in the payment of interest on bonds, in the delivery to customers of the high quality of product contracted for. . . . The reserve to ensure regularity of employment is as imperative as the reserve for depreciation." His proposition is by no means Utopian. During 1930, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union had an agreement with the clothing manufacturers of Chicago by which a reserve fund was created to protect the wage-earners from the fluctuation of good and bad seasons. The employers paid into the reserve fund for ensuring employment three per cent of the payroll, while the workers paid half of that sum. The result was a pool of one million dollars covering the risks of 20,000 workers. The success of such projects, however, should not blind us as a people to the need of attacking the problem as a national emergency requiring the collaboration of the government.

Perhaps we have over-rated "profit," that gold nugget left over after all the expenses of an indus-

try have been met, such as wages, salaries, reasonable interest on invested capital, insurance of various kinds (but not unemployment insurance), and allowance for depreciation. Kind-hearted business men would no doubt like to see wealth more humanely distributed so that our purchasing power could catch up to our producing power. But they feel in their bones that even though wages should come before dividends nothing can be done about it because our whole "system" rests on the profit-motive. The lure of pure profit may lead to multi-millionaires and bread lines; nevertheless, at bottom that is the only incentive, they imagine, that can make the wheels of production, exchange and distribution of goods, go round.

It is freely admitted that teachers, soldiers, pastors, artists, researchers and some government officials are able to do effective work without this lure. These want a decent and regular livelihood but not necessarily a bonus. The entrepreneur, however, is a different kind of animal. His chief passion must be that of the pack-rat which always has his eye open for extra loot from unwary travelers. Of course if there is a war on, the high pressure promoter will gladly serve without thought of bonus, for a dollar a year. But in peace time, he has to have an unsocial itch. Such is the doctrine. And yet it may be that the entrepreneur would serve the community just about as efficiently in the long run

were he paid a fair and regular salary in place of being coaxed along by the hope of a bigger and better slice of melon.

We could evaluate the motive of greed more accurately if we had laboratory data. Is there any? Stuart Chase, comparing the experiment in Russia with our own, finds that in the case, say, of such a small industrial unit as a steel-mill, the profit motive may stimulate efficient management. But if you want correlation between competing steel mills and between the steel industry and other industries, the orthodox animating drive does not produce such happy results: "The economic structure as a whole operates with enormous loss, leakage and friction, reflected particularly in overproduction and unemployment." Our reliance on the profit motive and the competitive method results in business cycles, booms and depressions. Russia's central conning tower controls the traffic but there is "terrific centralization and the threat of bureaucracy and red tape. You pay your money and you take your choice." His suggestion is that we retain the best features of private enterprise and state control.

Our postal service and part of our school system operate more or less efficiently under the control of the people. There are cities which handle their own power and light plants so successfully that although no pockets of absentee stockholders are filled, all local taxes are thereby paid, and the price

is kept surprisingly low. Some citizens are beginning to ask why government control should not be extended at least to Muscle Shoals and other great sources of super-power.

One of the most interesting experiments in the world, where private enterprise succeeds without the motive of profit, is that of the Columbia Conserve Company in Indianapolis. The total annual business is more than $1,500,000. The avowed purpose is the mutual benefit of all, including the consumer, rather than competition and the securing of the highest possible price. More and more, remunerations are being determined on the basis of needs rather than efficiency. Workers under twenty and married women, if their husbands are employed, receive a minimum of $19.00 a week. The minimum for all others is $22.00 a week for single people and $33.00 for married workers supporting families, whether men or women. For each child up to three there is an extra allowance of $2.00 a week. Only one executive is paid as much as 50 per cent more than the manual laborers. Approximate equality of income so that the spirit of fraternity may be realized is one aim of this group of a hundred and seventy makers of canned soup. A janitor with three children under this plan gets more than an unmarried college graduate who serves as sales manager.

The fear of sudden unemployment has been removed from the minds of the breadwinners. Practi-

cally all are on salary fifty-two weeks a year, taking three weeks' vacation on pay if they have been with the firm a year. Not even the president can dismiss a worker. He must first be voted out by his associates after the case has been thoroughly investigated.

The feature that put this project on the front pages of the newspapers in 1930 was the final step taken after a progressive development of many years. The workers not as individuals, but as a unit, assumed fifty-one per cent of the company's stock, and the president smilingly announced himself as being liable to discharge if a majority of his employees in the next weekly Council Meeting should vote to "let him go." For thirteen years the president, William P. Hapgood, trained the group for the coming of the time when they could officially and quietly take over the ownership of "the first million dollar business without a boss." The surplus left after the paying of salaries and the usual maintenance expenses had been steadily absorbed by such benefits for the workers as adult education, old age pensions, a larger pay envelope, and free medical treatment, including free dental work for even the families of the workers. The rest was devoted to the gradual purchasing of common stock which was turned over to the whole group. At the same time the company kept before the workers the unusual but social objective of converting part of what

would otherwise be profits into a better quality of goods produced in behalf of the consumer.

The conventional idea is that success in industry depends upon a Mussolini with arbitrary power sitting in the saddle. What is being demonstrated by this experiment of thirteen years' testing in industrial democracy is that the workers become more competent as they assume more ownership and control. Under this plan the business has increased in volume, in money made and in standing with the customers. As a result of this functional rather than "profit" basis, there has been released a creative spirit, a common consciousness of working together for a worthwhile purpose. During seasons of heavy pressure, everybody, whether hand or brain worker, stays on the job the necessary extra time. At least one superannuated worker in appreciation has returned to the cause nine-tenths or more of the pension allotted him.

Mr. Hapgood, who has patiently guided this experiment, believes that capitalists and employers have been dramatically adventurous in dealing with things, and "timid as children in dealing with people." He is convinced by this thoroughly tested research launched in 1917, that as workers share control, not only are their personalities developed but industry takes on more vitality. A significant indication of the morale of this soup factory is the interest the workers take in space in newspapers and

national magazines, to advertise their belief that they are building "an industry in which sympathy, understanding and affection will be our guides."

The usual criticism of this experiment is that it is all very well for workers fortunate enough to enjoy the leadership of Mr. Hapgood, but how about industries where there are no geniuses to stimulate cooperative effort? Mr. Hapgood himself believes that the success of his plant is due less to his personal contact with it than to the success of the principle of democracy which will really work if given a chance.

Whether this method of cooperation would bring efficient results in a larger industry, who can say? As with Christianity, we had better not be cocksure it cannot work unless we try it.

As a matter of fact to the degree that it is tried in other industries it seems to get surprisingly successful results. The Ivory Soap Company, guaranteeing to their employees practically a full year's work, instead of keeping the men constantly anxious about getting laid off, has not yet closed down. The Dennison Manufacturing Company, in which all of the common stock is owned by the managers and outside stockholders have no vote, still functions. The Arthur Nash tailoring business, cooperating with a liberal national labor union, carries on even though the founder died several years ago.

What perhaps most conspicuously demonstrates

the validity of democracy in business is the consumers' cooperative movement. Originating among twenty-eight weavers in Rochdale nearly a century ago, this movement now makes it possible for one-third of the English people to buy most of their daily necessities on a non-profit basis. It is said that in all Europe there are at least one hundred and fifty millions of people being either partially or wholly fed and clothed through the cooperative societies. In the United States there are cooperative stores, dairies, bakeries that have even proved superior to the local units of chain corporations. The control is in the hands of those workers and consumers who help to make it prosperous; each member has one vote.

It has been said that "the most important, oldest, most common and finest of all business organizations in the world is the family," operated not for profit but for mutual service. The assumption that industry cannot release and utilize the motive of team work, service and trust, on which the successful family operates, but must rely on self-interest and financial self-interest at that, is an assumption that should challenge the adventuresome spirit of this generation more than any other dogma of today.

Prophets are beginning to tell us that either religion must control the profit motive or the profit motive will crowd out religion. The worth of per-

sonality will become more and more difficult to believe in if man in industry and business is treated simply as means to the end of profits. The reason for the present cynicism about man and human values is not alone the disillusionment of the war which was in itself a symptom of a deeper malady. It is not the academic reduction of man to physical and chemical reactions by that philosophy of behaviorism which is "a rationalization of the desire to believe there is no God." It is not the bleak novels of those to whom life is a meaningless discord, who claim that because they came into the world bewildered, they will go out blinded. The reason why there is so much cynicism about man is the fact that we have allowed ourselves to be temporarily victimized by the machine of money-making. Such is George Albert Coe's analysis of our current pessimism. Whether it is accurate or not, it is not easy to dodge Reinhold Niebuhr's arrow: "The most damning indictment which can be made against modern religion is that it deals with virtues cultivated in leisure and not in work." The one place where men must learn to express their social impulse is where they labor. Deny men the sense of being of use, whether in finance or commerce or industry, and in their frustration they are likely to deny religion.

Unless the machine can be socialized, the present frustration will only be increased. In 1918, a man

using the latest apparatus made six electric light bulbs an hour. Next year a single machine, turning out more than three thousand bulbs an hour displaced him. Each of these new machines threw more than nine hundred breadwinners out of work. Some of the technologically unemployed men eventually got jobs erecting billboards for the General Electric, let us hope; or their wives found work in the beauty parlors. Some of them may not have been so lucky. You and I will never know. It is the people who suffer most who are the least articulate. The workingman has his radio, no doubt, and his reconditioned car; that is, if the instalment man has not won them by default. His hours are perhaps half a day less than before the war. But, as a personnel manager casually remarked, while showing me through an automobile assembling plant, where hundreds of men hour after hour were turning nuts and hammering bolts as they kept step with the implacable pace of the revolving chain that crawled like a serpent through the building, "I'm afraid something dries up in their brain cells. Even when they are off the job week ends they keep on going through the same motions." A German philosopher lectures at five hundred dollars an hour to Americans telling them how to be spiritual. He is sure that the machine will make us kin. What boots it if sub-human men are to be the price of superhuman machines? Of course we cannot "disinvent"

machines, but surely we can apply the brakes now and then.

Another process which seems to be using men as a mill uses grain, is the merger, the interlocking directorate, the holding company, which seem to be speeding up the concentration of control in fewer and fewer hands. In 1927, only eleven persons were reported as receiving an income of five million dollars or more a year. In the following year, as the United States Treasury Department states unemotionally, there were twenty-four. According to H. S. Raushenbush, fifteen groups recently controlled eighty-one per cent of the nation's power; $28,000,000 has been spent during one year by the power corporations in "advertising." The resulting control of the press can be imagined. Senator Wheeler warns us that gigantic corporations are reaching into the factory and into the home, through manipulation of light, heat, news and even popular songs.

The mergers, so an observer of economic trends remarks, are now half-grown chickens. To try to push them back into the shells from which they were hatched will accomplish nothing. What, then, shall we do?

Practically everybody is agreed that the era of laissez-faire must end. It will not do to leave everything to the captains of industry deciding things on their own. We need a planned economy. If the radio

people are blindly going to turn out five million sets,—which they did in a recent year,—when the market can absorb only three million, there should be a central overseeing body to make sure that supply is adjusted to demand.

But where and how can we begin? Charles A. Beard, a leading political scientist, proposes that Congress authorize some such plan as this:—

A National Economic Council, with boards of strategy and planning, to coordinate the fundamental industries, farming and trade. The Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts to be repealed. Huge syndicates to be instituted under the National Economic Council.

We need not look to Russia or to Italy for inspiration. Our traditions are all against such régimes as theirs. The achievement of our own War Industries Board offers what precedent we may desire for considering industry as a whole. Nor is such a Council out of keeping with American individualism or Christian respect for personality.

In such a program labor's right to bargain collectively would presumably be guaranteed. But the strike as a weapon of self-defense for exploited groups would tend to become obsolete. Labor unions of the militant type would prove less and less necessary. With more sanity in the philosophy of creating and consuming goods, the old mind-set of class warfare would fade out. Those rheumatic cantan-

kerous employers who object to organized labor might try having their teeth removed.

The specific details of the political program for making our economic process more coherent are for the future to decide. The issue itself, you and I cannot dodge. Either we must dedicate ourselves to a plan aiming to meet everybody's need of food and shelter and clothing, or some of us must be destroyed. Apathy, though not inescapably leading to violent revolution, will surely leave us drifting into more cycles of unemployment, futility and despair.

It is necessary to vote in the direction of intelligent social planning to supersede the present partisan bamboozling. But how can we get free of the tweedle-dee-dee and the tweedle-dee-dum of the orthodox bandwagons? The League for Independent Political Action would rally to its standard those who believe that the people as a whole rather than the financiers as a minority of 100,000 or so, should ultimately control our basic industries. John Dewey, America's foremost philosopher, lends this League his cordial support. Many who find their minds broadening as their pocket-books get thinner, will no doubt throw their strength into this enterprise, as liberals of a former generation patiently built up the British Labor Party.

But a vote in the right direction is not enough. The other day a young patriot was recognized by the chairman of the National Congress in Nanking.

"I move," he said, "that illiteracy in China be abolished." His resolution was passed unanimously. Everybody seemed satisfied. Nothing further was done. Legislative proposals are no substitute for personal commitment.

One of the things that make Sherwood Eddy an exciting force in the minds of thousands of younger friends is the radical change in his own financial habits. Not long ago he was drawing a rather comfortable income from what he owned but did not directly produce. The gesture of young Garland—abruptly turning over all of his inherited money to a fund directed by a committee for the liberalizing of society—did not appeal to him. On the other hand, he had to face the question: "Why be rich in a poor world?" Seeking light from various specialists, all the way from Scott Nearing and Bill Simpson to Stitt Wilson and John R. Mott, he worked out his own answer. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy sold their home, worth about two hundred dollars a month in rent, and moved to quarters costing one-fifth or less of that sum. The balance was turned into various movements working for a more co-operative society into which they were both throwing their lives. All along the line they have cut down on living expenses, hoping as much as possible to keep within the limits of the average day laborer's income, thus multiplying their power to contribute directly to liberal causes. They are not

priggish or ascetic in this adventure toward identifying themselves with the less privileged, any more than an athlete is "self sacrificing" who goes without pie in order to play a more adequate basket ball game. Nor is their refusal to spend too much on themselves an interference with a normal consuming and producing process. Rather, they are out to stimulate the production and consumption of the goods most vital to a healthful economic process.

We need a closely reasoned economic philosophy and a political program to make it effective, and a little more hunger and thirst for that wealth which is "the things one does without." But most of all we need the sense that Jesus had of being related to everybody.

That sense is not easy to maintain if we protect ourselves by implied violence behind the wall of imperialism and profit taking and exclusive privilege, while Lazarus starves at the gate. The punishment at last for unshared wealth is the discovery of Dives: between him and me "a great gulf yawns." If one begins on too full a stomach, he may end by not being hungry for God.

But the saying that "man cannot live by bread alone" is no alibi, and it was never intended to be an alibi, for organizing the world against poverty. Jesus and Gandhi stand on common ground when the latter replies to a fellow Indian's pretty verses about birds singing hymns of early morning praise,

their wings refreshed by a full night's rest, "I have the pain of watching birds who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. . . . The hungry millions ask for one poem, namely, invigorating food."

What price beauty? is a question disturbing quite a number of people who do not want to be insensitive. We would like to think that had we only two loaves of bread we would sell one in exchange for a hyacinth. But are there not times when one would better be bartering his hyacinth to get a neighbor bread?

CHAPTER IV

COLOR

BROWNED from the summer's swimming, a white girl joined a small party of Negroes traveling west from a social conference in Chicago. One of the party was a nationally known writer and organizer. During the first day, the trip was a delightful experience; stimulating conversation, quiet laughter, the most genial kind of comradeship. On the second day, my friend began to feel self-conscious. The children in the Pullman were acting queerly; they would point at her and nudge each other. She would start to speak to a fair-haired mother, two seats back, to find herself unexpectedly inhibited. In the observation car, one or two, not of her party, would excuse themselves as soon as she entered. Something was freezing the atmosphere.

Then suddenly it struck her what had happened. Her white neighbors, because she was with these Negro friends, had taken for granted that she, too, was colored. For the rest of that trip she was a marked person. In the diner it was one pin prick

of unintended offense after another; an averted blue eye here, a tilted Nordic nose there.

For the first time in her life this white American college graduate, liberal and socially aware, had an inkling of what it feels like to be classified and cut off as a member of a group who once were slaves.

She would have experienced a ruder shock had the journey been through certain sections of the South. Day coach instead of Pullman accommodations; no admission to any of the hotels or restaurants. Vacant seats beside her if she attempted to attend a crowded white church. And if the suspicion should fall on the famous Negro writer that he had menaced some hysterical white woman,—a rope, wild shots in the night, and the swift etiquette of the hate-crazed mob would vindicate the white woman's honor.

We whites in general go blindly down the street carelessly brandishing our walking sticks. If we cut open a colored cheek, we do not observe it. If we poke somebody's eye out, we are unaware. Kindly Southerners imagine that close contact has placed in their hands a divining rod by which they can understand their colored neighbors. The protest, however, of the Negro, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, makes one wonder:

> "We wear the mask that grins and lies,
> It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes.

This debt we pay to human guile,
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile.

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We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To Thee from tortured souls arise.

We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile,

But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask."

They wear the mask. The question, What is seething behind that mask? "People have fought for God and King," says Lord Bryce, "for commercial supremacy, conquest, land and booty, but rarely because of racial antipathy." But how about the decades ahead? Under high pressure propaganda for racial antipathy, will there be a final hopeless grapple of black or of yellow, or both, against white?

The cause of future fraternity is not advanced by closing our eyes to the present friction. A "Caucasian Crusade," calling itself also a white blood brotherhood of man "sovereign and of true blood" has once more been launched. A senator has declared his stand for a law allowing the public lynching of a Negro who assaults a white woman, as the best way of protecting the virtue of white women of the South. On the other side, the young

Negro who perhaps, as much as any other individual in the United States, is working for race reconciliation, senses among his people a ground-swell if not a "rising tide of hatred." It is an antagonism far more self-conscious and intense, he is sure, than that of five or ten years ago. He describes overhearing a Negro girl in a railway station pointing to a child climbing over the dangerous roof of a nearby shed.

"I wish that kid would fall and break his neck," she muttered.

"Why?"

"He's white!"

In some areas where lynching has been the tradition, black folk are wondering whether automatics and buckshot will not more effectively secure their rights than non-resistance. The other day in Atlanta a beloved old Negro preacher, with tears in his eyes, showed to a white friend the revolver he had just purchased. In the Far East are voices calling to the yellow peoples to mass their strength and demand equality in the "only language the white man can understand—force." One of the most significant struggles in world affairs today is that between India's awakening three hundred millions and the British Empire. "It must come to blood," say hot-headed nationalists. "We must rely on soul-force," answers Gandhi. In whatever way these clashes will ultimately be settled, the feeling of tension between

what we call racial groups now surges with a self-conscious power and scope hitherto unknown.

On what plane will the conflict be settled? Will we of the one human species use a sane technic to adjust the demands of white men over against the demands of yellow men and black men, or will we hang on to our old superiority and inferiority complexes and the assumption that our race can keep pure only as it acts inhuman?

Race prejudice is more a matter of adrenalin in the blood than information on the issue. The terror that makes many whites judge whole groups of human beings on the basis of feelings rather than facts, is intermarriage. This terror is most crucial with regard to the Negro. "God made the white man," quoted a late United States senator approvingly, "and God made the black man, but the devil made the half breed." Whenever inter-racial justice is proposed among certain white folk this is the inevitable crushing reply, "Would you want your daughter to become the wife of a 'nigger'?" Few are able to react to the hot query with the coolness attributed to Lincoln: "I shall never marry a Negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a Negro woman, let him do it,—if the Negro woman can stand it."

Recent studies in Hawaii indicate that the offspring of Chinese married to the native Hawaiian are not at all inferior biologically to either of the

parent racial stocks. On the other hand, crosses between Filipinos and whites do not seem to yield satisfactory results. It may be that the outcome of intercrossing between different races is sometimes a burst of creative energy. How far this extra vitality can be reproduced beyond the first generation of hybrids is problematic. We shall have to have further investigation before we know whether the hybrid of any particular racial combination is ultimately desirable or undesirable. The president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is convinced that although each race has within it some family lines that would produce superior types and some that would issue in morons, no generalization can safely be made about the germ plasm of any race as a whole. Descent is to be judged by specified families and not by generic races. In any case "the Nordic myth," as Franz Boas calls it, has just about had its day.

It has been objected that interbreeding between whites and blacks would occasionally produce such a strange combination of features as blue eyes and kinky hair, or flaxen curls and protruding lips. But such a temporary discord would not necessarily be repulsive. In *The Biological Basis of Human Nature,* H. S. Jennings cites the study by Davenport and Steggerda of blacks and whites and hybrid browns in Jamaica, presumably of the same social status. The blacks were superior as to

rhythm and pitch in music; the whites were better in criticizing absurd sentences and making intellectual judgments in general. But the browns evidently got their *genes* disharmoniously mixed; they were comparatively muddle-headed. These conclusions are anything but final. If we could thoroughly analyze all the factors in the situation, such as the home-training of those under investigation, and the unconscious racial prejudice of those investigating, we could be surer of our ground.

Race amalgamation may conceivably in time solve the whole racial problem by removing the "races." To some nervous folk this is like saying that poison gas will solve the whole war problem by ridding the world of all possible combatants. Sir Arthur Keith's ideal of fusing the various racial groups into a single tribe just now is a questionable ideal. Nobody really knows whether such an intermingling of blood would be beneficial or whether it is inevitable. In the future we can, no doubt, adjust ourselves to the scientifically attested facts, whatever they shall prove to be.

How, in the meantime, we can encourage the circulation that will bring understanding and discourage the crossing of the sex color bar which in the past has caused untold misery is a leading and difficult question. The leaders of the largest European churches in South Africa answered it in 1926 by urging Christian people to "discountenance that

kind of familiar intercourse which may lead to such unions, whether regular or irregular." But is this as Christian an attitude as that of the Japanese in Livingston, California? They attend the same church with the whites; the young people mingle with very little race consciousness at parties. The South African leaders might predict intermarriage as an unavoidable result. As a matter of fact, there have been of late no marriages between Japanese and whites in that community, so a pastor recently at work there declares. Both groups have frankly faced the issue. Realizing the handicaps imposed upon children of mixed parentage and the difference of family backgrounds between Japanese and Americans, they have developed such a strong sentiment about the question, that race admixture is unlikely. If cousins, or at least brothers and sisters, can be emotionally conditioned in childhood to have friendly contact without thought of marriage, members of different racial groups can also learn to get along together without joining in marriage. Gandhi sees no difficulty in his daughter "regarding every Mussulman as a brother and vice versa," because members of the same family can live on the friendliest terms without thinking of marrying each other.

Relations might become saner if we whites took the trouble to ascertain just how the Negroes themselves feel about the question. According to Dr.

Robert R. Moton, president of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, his people are not asking for intermarriage at all. They simply demand justice. The statistical tendency may be for black men to seek out colored wives among the mulatto group of which there are about four times as many as pure blacks. But this does not at all mean that Negroes are eager or even willing to cross the sex color-bar.

It is the white males who have done most of that crossing, illegally, ruthlessly. Why are there almost eight million mulattoes in this country? It is about time that we Nordics ask ourselves this question. After we have answered it, we may begin to throw stones at the imagined intentions of our colored brothers whom we are so afraid ever of calling brothers-in-law. In the past, the less decent we whites have been, the more mulattoes. In the future the more decent we become, the fewer there will probably be. Melville J. Herskovitz, author of *The American Negro: A Study in Racial Crossing,* believes that already there has begun a sharp decrease in the amount of crossing between whites and Negroes. This decrease he attributes to a growing Negro disapproval of intermarriage. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor of *The Crisis,* finds a real bar against race amalgamation in "the spreading and strengthening determination of the rising and

educated classes of blacks to accept no amalgamation except through the open legal marriage."

What does the Negro want? Not that his "color will fade." Not a mate outside of his own group. Rather does he want respectable living conditions. Most of all he wants freedom from the assumption of inherited inferiority that the white man argues for but does not prove. This assumption of inherited inferiority does more to hold the Negro down, he feels, than all the activity of those glands which cause his hair to curl and his eyes to gleam so white. The white man points his finger and says, "You're ignorant and lazy . . . because of your heredity." The Negro admits that he is down, "but it is because of my environment. Give me the right stimulus and I will climb."

A shell-shock doctor, J. A. Hadfield, describes putting three men into a hypnotic state and then giving them the negative suggestion that they were weak. In their normal state they had previously averaged a hundred and one pounds on the dynamometer which they were now asked to grip. The best those three men could do when they were told they were not up to par was twenty-nine pounds. One of the men said that his right arm felt "tiny like a baby's." Later it was suggested to them that they were exceedingly strong. Thus stimulated, their grip on the dynamometer rose to one hundred and forty-two pounds, nearly five times better than the

best they could do under a negative expectation. Perhaps we whites have hypnotized the Negro group and talked inferiority into them with like consequences.

"If we approach a human being," says the Viennese psychologist, Alfred Adler, "undermine his self-respect so far as his relationship to society is concerned, cause him to abandon all hope of ever accomplishing anything, ruin his courage and then find that he actually never amounts to anything, then we dare not maintain that we are right, for we must admit that it is *we* who have caused all his sorrow."

But some white parents would rather cause sorrow to other people's children than have their own pulled down by contact with inferior minds. What then are the facts about comparative intelligence? At the risk of confusing the reader with piled-up references, here are some guesses:—

The Army Alpha test ranked some whites very high and some Negroes very low. The percentage of Negroes in the highest groups, *A* and *B*, was only one-seventh the percentage of whites; whereas the proportion of Negroes to whites graded *D* was seven to one. Any consideration of the army tests must be careful to include the localized background from which the soldiers came and the psychological factors that entered into the giving and checking of the tests. For fundamentalists of the "Nordic

cult" to pretend that this score is final would be hypocritical. Some intelligence testers since the war are positive that certain races are by birth more intelligent than other races. One of these, F. N. Freeman, frankly admits, however: "Our measurements are not yet sufficiently refined to say just how great this difference is, and we should not lose sight of the fact that, even in the case of the largest differences, there is a good deal of overlapping between the groups."

Again, the Army Alpha test indicated that among the Negroes achieving rank *A* (the highest five per cent) there were seven times as many from the North as from the South. T. J. Woofter, investigating for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, finds Negro children from the South, who made very low scores when they were first tested, attaining quite a different rating after attending Northern schools. In some cases the score changed more than thirty points. A Negro tester, Charles H. Thompson of Howard University, gives this result of his research in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (volume 130): the greatest difference between white children and Negro children as regards their scholastic abilities is found where the colored children are in one school and the white children are in another, and the school systems are most different. Professor Thompson's findings suggest that

if mental inferiority is a racial matter, then rural whites are by native endowment mentally inferior to city Negroes. One of the few things of which we can be sure is this: before we can judge fairly whether it is native ability or acquired learning that is being tested, there must be more careful attention than apparently has yet been given to "such factors as language, outside employment, freedom from interruption, motivation, and different habits of thought."

Thomas Garth in *Race Psychology,* summing up the results of many tests, rates the average capacity to learn as follows: white, 100; Japanese and Chinese, 99; Mexicans, 78; Southern Negroes, 75; Northern Negroes, 85. But who can measure the effect upon these intelligence quotients of cultural background, of emotional conditioning in childhood? If a widely read psychiatrist is right and the statistics about the I.Q. "are no more a measure of the individual's mental makeup than obtaining his weight would be a measure of his physical make-up," is not humility now in order?

Certainly, a great number of black, yellow and brown folk are our equals in intelligence, even though a few may surpass or fall below our average. Furthermore, instead of being cocksure that Negroes, for example, are mentally way beneath us whites, we had better reckon with their *unawakened* potentialities.

Before 1860, in some sections of the South, it was a crime to teach slaves to read and write. Today there are about four thousand Negro physicians and surgeons in the country, more than eleven times that many Negro teachers, and a general literacy of about eighty per cent. Less than a century ago a Northern town put a woman in jail for taking a few colored girls into her boarding school. Twenty-five hundred are now trained nurses. Thomas Jefferson had the abstract idea that Negroes were not capable of dealing with abstract ideas. At least eight hundred patents by Negroes have been registered at Washington, including one for which the General Electric Company paid $10,000, and another which an aviation company is backing to the extent of insuring the young inventor's life for $100,000. The latter device, utilizing the principle of the buzzard's soaring flight, will apparently enable an air-plane within a runway of twenty yards to take off at less than eleven miles an hour. Four hundred newspapers and magazines are now owned and edited by Negroes. Paul Robeson, James Weldon Johnson, Countee Cullen—names like these suggest valued potentialities in that art which knows no color line. The one clear fact that is emerging out of all our bewilderment about race differences is that human beings of whatever color are plastic within limits not yet determined by any dogma.

Another thing. Despise those of another racial

group and look out! Before long you will be despising your own group. It is a luxury, warns the psychologist, Robert Thouless, in *The Control of Mind,* this counting ourselves superior to others colored differently from ourselves; a luxury for which we pay by losing respect for ourselves. The weak man wants a crutch to lean on, the individual not sure of himself looks to "race superiority" to bolster him up; if he can somehow label a lot of other folk as "barbarians" or "colored" or "fundamentalists" or "morons," he can feel himself expanding for a moment. But only for a moment. Contempt at last takes its revenge and those who began denying that Negroes are children of God may end by wondering whether there is a God. Prejudice is a two-edged sword. This is the insight of a Frenchman on the Congo: "The less intelligent a white man is, the more stupid he thinks the black."

The holier-than-thou attitude of the caste-system apparently began in India as a restriction of color. Over here, it seemingly began as a restriction of class. If the issue between Negroes and whites is not primarily an issue of "keeping one's place," why does the most prejudiced white mother entrust to a Negro the care of her child in the most intimate relationship, without a shudder, so long as she is mistress and the Negro is servant? But suppose the "mammy's" daughter, equipped with a M.A. degree from Columbia University, applies for a job in the

school where the white child is to be a pupil, and see what happens. Governor Bilbo of Mississippi, under whose jurisdiction there have been at least twelve lynchings, let the cat out of the bag when he declared in 1919: "We have all the room in the world for what we know as 'niggers,' but none whatever for colored ladies and gentlemen." The Negro must be kept in his place for economic reasons.

Similarly, the Japanese must be excluded from California, not so that my grandchildren shall have golden hair and blue eyes, nor because Mongolians have proved less bright, alert and artistic than we Caucasians are, but because we have persuaded ourselves they might threaten our superior position in dollars and cents right now. The Chinese mentality is sometimes accounted superior by missionaries, who ought to know. Just the same, Chinese have been lynched in Los Angeles. The issue was not over the conventional queue or biological *genes;* it was over the competitive labor market.

Negroes are burned or shot to death in the South on various pretexts, but the false relationship sprang up in the first place with a strong economic whiphand bound to keep the Negro where he would not collectively bargain. It has already been pointed out that the increase in lynching in 1930 was perhaps due in part to the economic pressure which threw white men into competition with Negroes.

Some would-be racial harmonizers bleat, "Let there be a cooperation of white brains with black brawn." The new Negro leader knows that black brains must function too.

Will the race bitterness increase as the colored prosperity grows? By a paradox, probably not. If the Negro or Oriental competed with whites only in the unskilled, poorly paid jobs, as the struggle would advance, so, probably, would the resentment increase. But once the colored man begins to climb up to the place where he can be a valuable consumer,—his capacity has already reached the two billion dollar mark,—then Big Business is willing to extract dollars from his pocket without distinction of class, color, religion, sex or geography. Today you reckon without your host if you reckon without Big Business.

What perplexes us is not how the African medicine man and later the American white master tied the Negro to his present status, but how he can be untied now. Just recognizing the white man's alibis for maintaining the Negro's servitude will not prevent those alibis from being socially transmitted to the rising generation. No child is born with race aversion. Nevertheless, we can make him repeat the platitudes about brotherhood till he gets blue in the face or pale with boredom, as the case may be, and still he will grow into a stuffy purveyor of prejudice under the influence of emotions we subtly reveal and

the social injustice we carelessly allow. A Sunday School teacher exhorts her pupils to love all their fellowmen. They observe her jumping up from her seat in the street car when a Negro starts to sit down beside her. In the home, father recommends tolerance; the children, however, hear him telling a joke insinuating the inferiority of a whole race. And their feelings make up their minds.

Perhaps the only way we can learn to treat each other as human beings—and the prejudice is about equal on both sides—is through contact; not on the predatory basis which is the most primitive, or the mating basis which at present is a debatable question, or the parental basis which patronizes or kowtows—but on the fifty-fifty basis. Prominent white women of the South, serving on inter-racial commissions, have recently adventured on this basis by sitting down at the same table with their colored sisters, to come away from the enlightening experience with the realization that Negroes are persons rather than problems. Student forums, where representatives from both sides frankly put their prejudices and dogmas in the sunlight of discussion, are here and there bleaching the old color consciousness of the Southern campus. A youth-mover from Georgia now humorously describes her feelings of nausea when she found herself at a Y.W.C.A. conference seated at a table beside a Negro girl.

One such round table discussion was arranged by

a leader of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The white undergraduate assigned to speak extemporaneously, said he did not think Negroes were adequate to university study. He was invited to prepare a paper elucidating this theory a month later, while a young Negro was to state his views. At the next meeting, the white student stood up: "I have no paper to read. The more I studied, the more ridiculous I found my position to be." But he would have missed the idea had the colored student not become an acquaintance.

I went to a university where it was our pride that no Negro could come on our campus except to polish our shoes. Later I read quantities on the question, but my old emotions still got in the way. The first night of a student conference I found myself assigned to the same room with an ebony black man. For a time I was uncontrollably embarrassed. Then the man began to talk about some of his experiences. He told me how as a boy down in Florida, he and his mother and two sisters lived on a loaf of bread a day. The widow had a great ambition: her son must somehow get an education and help his race. So he attended the local grade school, while the mother took in washing. It was unthinkable that a Negro should get a certificate just like white boys in that Florida village. This young Negro won his, notwithstanding. At fifteen he spent all he had on a railway ticket to a distant

high school. There he scrubbed floors although his knees were blistered, existed on one daily meal earned at a farm two miles away, and passed his examinations with highest honors.

When this radiantly friendly man went on to describe how as a college graduate he once in a Northern city returned an ice-cream soda glass to the white clerk behind the fountain, who smashed the glass on the floor to demonstrate the superiority of the "Nordic" race, my embarrassment was gone. Even my shame was resolved in spontaneous laughter.

According to a tradition, the first man to share Christ's cross was a colored man. We whites now put a cross into the hands of most Negro children, the moment they are born. A professor in a university for, by and of Negroes, claims that white cruelty in certain sections of the South generally succeeds in psychologically slaying the colored child before he passes his ninth year. Our smug brutality has a terrible history. In *The Adventures of an African Slaver,* we see a slaving frigate trapped late in the afternoon by four cruisers. When the breeze dies down and the British vessels come within gunshot, the six hundred slaves are brought on deck and bound by their manacles to the anchor chain. As the splash of the approaching oar blades sounds clearer in the darkness, the anchor chain with its burden of human beings is dropped overboard and

cut loose from the ship. The boarders search the deck and the hold. Below are piles of prepared food; the stench of those quarters is awful. But there is no legal evidence to prove this traffic in human flesh. Not one Negro can be found on that slaver.

The hymn, "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," was written on board another slaver, without any recorded protest or apparent qualm on the part of the author, while African fathers and mothers and youths festered in chains down below in the hold.

Some of us are beginning to wonder whether Atonement is not now due. We of the North have had the chance to learn that to shed the blood of Southerners or to shuffle prejudice from a race to a geographical area will not improve the black man's lot. The Negro is perhaps worse off today because three generations ago thousands of young leaders were destroyed who might have lived for a more thrilling adventure than war, if only on both sides there had been a more scientific approach to the facts and a more friendly approach to persons. The carpet-baggers' absurd regime immediately following the Civil War, also throws light on why the Negroes at election time today are so often excluded from the Democratic primaries. In *The Tragic Era* we see white Republicans from the North over-running South Carolina. Suddenly

emancipated Negroes are encouraged to intimidate and outvote their former owners. Armed bands of ex-slaves are marched to the polls. Terrified white women, coming to town from the country, band themselves together lest they be attacked by black marauders apparently protected by Federal Republican bayonets. If we want to move the Southerners to expiation, to the healing of "Africa's running sore," we will not serve the cause by singling them out for blame. Indiscriminate attack will only close their minds against the reconciling task.

The atonement we cannot afford to postpone is a complicated and difficult task. We must first of all remember how the Negro came to be what he is today, and why the prejudice against him began. We must recognize that some Negroes are our own superiors no matter whether the blood of Pilgrim fathers does run in our veins. Above all, we must change certain conditions.

If mob violence threatens the sanity of a community, there is the privilege of inserting into the situation a measure of coolheadedness. An interracial commission accomplished precisely this not long ago in Atlanta, thus probably saving many lives. If white jurors are disposed toward prejudice against Negroes on trial, they can be challenged. The United States Supreme Court has already upheld this demand for justice. If white gangsters sometimes blacken their faces with burnt cork in

order to shift suspicion for crime upon Negroes, enterprising newspapers can expose these tactics. Voluminous clippings from the press indicate the news value of such a journalistic searchlight. If a boy from Texas tells a funny story about "niggers," arrangements can be made for him to ask the Negro physician across the tracks just how the people over there feel about that word on a white person's lips. This technique of teaching by direct contact has been tried and found educationally stimulating. If the Negro child in certain states has only a fraction as much spent upon his schooling as the white child, white teachers' college graduates can go down there and experiment with the project method to their heart's desire. One of the most hopeful signs today is the enthusiasm of a few Northern and Southern educators for this opportunity. Nothing in American educational procedure is more dramatic or significant than the unprecedented advance, within the past fifteen years, in Negro schools.

The problem of race cannot be localized, or limited to one colored segment. It involves us all. A Southern white lady one morning said to her Negro laundress, "I can't let you take the washing this week, Linda; both my children have scarlet fever and I don't want it to spread to your home."

"Oh, that's all right, Mis' Lucy," beamed the colored Linda, reassuringly, "my four chilluns they

all done *have* dat scarlet fever two weeks ago." Governor M. R. Patterson of Tennessee recognizes with hundreds of other Southern white leaders that the Negro's welfare is correlated with everybody's welfare: "Good housing," he says, "fair treatment, and encouragement for the Negro are the best and safest investments we can make for the future."

In 1924 Congress passed a law prohibiting Japanese and Chinese from settling permanently among us. But the results have proved not so simple or local as those foreseen by the sons of the Golden West. The people in the Far East have reacted as consumers against the insult, and American lumbermen have found themselves out of a job. The other day, the National Trade Convention meeting in Los Angeles felt impelled to urge that we no longer absolutely exclude our neighbors across the Pacific, but that we admit from 146 to 185 Japanese and about 106 Chinese a year on the quota basis, since "the only enduring basis for world trade is founded upon the principle of justice and fair play between nations."

Our interconnection cannot be restricted to hygiene and economics. In strange and unsuspected ways we are members one of another. As a nation we could not endure,—half slave and half free. As a planet we will be cripples—one-tenth of us, the whites, exploiting, nine-tenths of us, the blacks and yellows browns, exploited. If six and ten year old

children in India get four cents a day for fourteen hours' work in cigarette factories operating every day in the week, that fact invisibly but subtly touches us who dwell comfortably aloof ten thousand miles away. It implicates us because "we are what we are sensitive to," and because, in a sense, not a single person can be what he ought to be "until everybody else is what everybody else ought to be."

In the world of color, we shall be duped if our first loyalty goes to that abstraction known as "race." We shall be needlessly naïve if we judge Negroes or Japanese or Chinese . . . or ourselves, by intelligence tests which measure only what intelligence tests measure. The issue is not whether this child or that man is blue- or almond-eyed, slow- or quick-witted. The issue is whether each person is finding his proper life direction, his unique place in the orchestra of living.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE TENSIONS

SEVEN years ago an influential American social crusader gathered several of his friends together at a "retreat" to study social questions. On the third day, a student mildly suggested that the marriage situated merited investigation. "That's irrelevant," replied the prophet, and the subject was dismissed.

A year or so later the veteran leader was invited to address a youth conference on sex. Being of a passionately inquiring mind he asked some one for books to glance over in preparation. Gradually it dawned on him that earnestly to exhort students to be "pure" was scarcely adequate. He must get the facts. Before long he was turning over the pages of three hundred volumes and interviewing specialists in Germany and England. Within two years he was declaring, "From the conflicts and maladjustments of sex, more persons are victimized than from race prejudice; the suffering is greater than from all economic causes combined."

The difficulties in the way of the Christian ideal of life-long mated partnership can no longer be

lightly dismissed. Everybody realizes that ignorance is a chief offender. The tragedy is our reluctance to dispel that ignorance.

Parents are often the last persons to whom children and young people can look for enlightenment. Rarely do they offer the facts which would tend to prevent morbid curiosity in the minds of their offspring. Sometimes they insinuate an ugly terror which tends to spoil a wholesome attitude. A good woman was suffering from headaches, and sleeplessness. The worry that she was not making her husband happy haunted her. Various physicians had tried to cure her: the trouble only increased. Finally she was taken to a nerve specialist who revealed to her the misapprehension that was causing the misery. She had never had an inkling of the fact that for normal married mates who love each other, the sex-act, rightly understood, can be an experience through which husband and wife may create not only children, when children are desired, but a relationship increasingly rich and satisfying and spiritual. On the night before her marriage, the mother with an anxious look had taken her off to explain: "Now, dear, I must tell you this: your husband is going to ask something of you that you will find very dreadful and loathsome, but you will have to grant it in order to hold his love."

Teachers speak piously of "the glory of the lighted mind." Yet one finds educators so emotion-

ally tense and timid about the relations between men and women that they would rather enter a burning building than explain to an adolescent how he was begun and born. He can be once more the secretive Trojan lad with the fox of a sense of guilt eating into his heart. Teacher must keep on clarifying the abstract idea that two right angles make 180 degrees. Unless youths get information saner and more adequate than that of the gutter anecdote and the botany lecture, they may later become the victims in marriage of miserable antagonisms and disgust and waste of spirit, which will only serve to increase the present alarming divorce rate. Nevertheless, we must remember, boys and girls, the past perfect tense of *amo*.

One would imagine that at any rate the interpreters of religion would welcome the chance of sharing light and thus encouraging those who marry to find in their venture of trust the satisfaction that can keep mates happily together. But no. Sex is dynamite. Better leave it alone. That, with a few happy exceptions, is still the prevailing pastoral attitude. A prominent and otherwise famously liberal preacher was asked whether before pronouncing the benediction over a young couple, he first prepared them for matrimony by offering them the relevant and available facts of recent research. "Why—why—" he interrupted nervously, "I wouldn't dream of interfering with their private life."

Apologists for "free love" are neither different nor tongue-tied. One of these preaches that no marriage should be legally binding "until the wife's first pregnancy. . . . If a man and a woman choose to live together without having children, that should be no one's business but their own." This innovator would teach his children not to look upon fidelity in marriage as an ideal: loyalty is a sort of imprisonment; thinking of love as a duty tends to kill it. The upshot of Bertrand Russell's argument,—or apologia?,—seems to be that to beautify sexual love we must abolish the permanent and exclusive element of Christian marriage.

Perhaps the most clean-cut answer to this doctrine is the word of the Viennese psychologist Jung: "The more a so-called unprejudiced freedom and easy promiscuity prevail, the more love becomes flat; it degenerates into transitory interludes."

But the following brief analysis by John Haynes Holmes is so much to the point that it deserves consideration and a little supplementation. He shows that although many of us have reverted to the polygamous tendencies of the anthropoid ape, this fact does not tell us anything about the inherent nature of man. It simply exposes what kind of civilization we are in. Because a few individuals, artificially stimulated by luxury and idleness, give in to promiscuity, is no proof that as animals and men rise they become less monogamous. The opposite seems

to be the case. "Civilization," to quote William McDougall, a leading English psychologist, "is sublimation." The perfectly legitimate desire of husbands and wives for fellowship outside of marriage need not be expressed polygamously in a furtive quest for episodes that at last prove flat, stale and unprofitable. On the contrary, without either breaking the marriage vow or giving cause for jealousy, there can be the exhilaration of mind mutually discovering mind, "the lure of unexplored possibilities."

But what of Lord Russell's argument that the relationship between a man and a woman should be considered legally binding only where there is prospect of children? The fallacy, says Dr. Holmes, lies in the failure to reckon with the "dynamic and explosive force" of sexual love that seeks direct expression. Within bounds that force can be beautiful and energizing. Out of bounds that force can bring tragic and disrupting results. Personality is a matter of relationships. No relationship so vital in its personal effect and so penetrating in its social consequences may be easily isolated in a soundproof compartment of personality. There will be inevitable reverberations upon the rest of life. Moreover, it is questionable whether free love faces honestly the deep need of certain men and women for wholehearted devotion. A sophisticated modern writer ranks jealousy as one of four deadly

sins. But jauntily to toss over a married partner's demand for exclusive sexual loyalty, as though that demand were merely a hang-over from primitive folkways, may be an excuse for the novelist's own self-indulgence rather than an appeal to his wife's rationality.

After all, monogamy is an adventure and an art. As men may go to war because they do not glimpse what Galsworthy calls "the green hill far away," so they and their restless mates may hasten to the divorce court because they miss the finest and deepest thrill of marriage. But why should they be denied in marriage the challenge of beauty that is shared? Why should they not have guiding principles and appropriate facts that will help them achieve such physical and spiritual satisfaction that a ruptured marital relationship will become less and less thinkable?

The following are tentative suggestions toward an enriching fellowship in marriage that through the years should grow. Because these principles and findings have been tested out with some success in marriages known to the writer, they are offered without apology.

First of all, it is not necessary for so many wives to be cut off from enjoying, in the marriage experience, emotional release. If husbands were informed that their wives have a hunger just as deep and strong as their own, and if they were shown pre-

cisely, as in Oliver Butterfield's *Marriage,* how to awaken and satisfy that hunger, the relationship would become less fragile and more robust. There are married women, some of them mothers, who have never so much as heard the possibility for themselves of the complete climax from which come emotional relaxation and nervous poise. Ignorance regarding the possibility of this joy imposes upon some a growing irritation with what should be an attempt to climb the heights together; a cooperative quest which should be one of the great tranquillizing and energizing experiences of their lives. Others, missing this exaltation, become disgusted not only with the intimacy, but with the husband; disgusted and secretly but chronically antagonistic. Still others, because they are aroused again and again without being deeply satisfied, solve the problem by breaking down nervously or falling in love with some one else.

If one partner has to be blamed, it may as well be the husband, whose male imperialism makes a victim not only of his wife, but of himself. Too often a man, because he is not free of the old childhood smuttiness, looks upon this relationship subconsciously as something of a concession to his lower nature, to the Mr. Hyde that still is lurking within him. Men may be more responsible than women for the sentimentality that identifies coldness with virtue.

Out of marriage union, music can be created to give serenity and balance and power. The husband, however, all too rarely knows that before this music is to be achieved, his wife must be wooed. If she is frigid, it is probably because of a self-protecting reaction to his impersonal haste, which ignores this indispensable courtship. Marriage without wooing can mean intimacy of the body that frustrates intimacy of the mind. A man should realize that he, himself, will be profoundly satisfied only if his wife at the same time is led to adventure with him into the vast beauty of a sea whose depth men and women in marriage are just beginning to plumb together. The difference between hurry and leisure may mean the difference between misery for the wife, together with ultimate restlessness and often futile roving for the husband, as against a growing, vitalizing harmony for both. In the prelude of Wagner's *Lohengrin,* the orchestral climax is not reached in a moment. The wife has the right, the right which can be denied only at peril, to become so awakened that she can swim on the crest of the wave that, breaking for both together, brings the "divine surprise" of peace. She has also a responsibility that not often has been recognized, the responsibility of getting free of paralyzing inhibitions and fears about the depths of the marriage relationship.

Reverence for the other's personality, that cen-

tral principle of Jesus' teaching,—the Golden Rule,—finds here in this direct sharing of sex magnetism a new opportunity and vindication.

The second guiding principle is that to the degree in which a husband and wife adapt themselves to the ebb and flow of emotion, the rhythm of mutual needs, they will find their comradeship becoming more and more natural. The best authority for determining the calendar of this emotional ebb and flow is not the charts of researchers, which are often an aid, but the consideration candidly studied, "What gives to both the most beauty and power?" No psychiatrist or physician can tell any couple exactly what their rhythm of mutual satisfaction should be. This is uniquely for each to decide for themselves, on the basis of what enhances personality the most without becoming either a source of fatigue or a thief of time. If young married people followed the recommended schedule of at least one "sexpert," they would become fatuous lotus-eaters and the work of the world would be forgotten or glimpsed only through the rosy haze of a softening obsession.

Much of the friction that makes divorce plausible comes, as we have seen, from the sense of frustration, when the most vital and energizing experience of marriage union is missed. But some of the friction comes also from ignorance regarding the schedule of sex needs. The trouble may start in

those hours immediately before, or during that inevitably recurring tension, which no woman escapes and no man understands. Often the atmosphere is electric, like the hour before a thunderstorm.

If Jack and Jane have entered marriage casually without preparing for the weather, this tension may cause one or the other to seize the parachute Divorce and make a jump for it.

Tired from the day's work and looking forward to a tranquillizing cordial home, Jack pushes open the apartment door at that dreary zero hour when the British so wisely refresh their dispositions with tea. But no eager arms are thrown around the two-year-old husband's neck. . . . In the kitchen he finds Jane furiously polishing the silver spoons from mother.

"You give more attention to those spoons than to me!"

"They at least don't make catty remarks!" . . . So Jane telephones the donor of the spoons that she is coming "home"; while a slamming door marks the husband's exit.

A third principle for successful marriage is mutual analysis. Most people take into their adventure of mating emotional knots, unrecognized complexes, uncontrollable resistances and obstructing fears, which ignored can cause no end of trouble. If Jack has married an idealized image of his

mother and not the actual Jane, the sooner they both discover and face this fact, the better. If Jane has confused John with her adored father, it will not strengthen the ties of matrimony to cherish that confusion. If either have, by sheer force of will, buried in consciousness the memory of some childhood experience or adolescent habit connected with sex, of which they have become ashamed, that memory had better be brought to the surface. This may seem like taking food out of the mouth of the psychoanalyst. Even so. What wife and husband in most cases need to do is each to stimulate the other to trace back, as far as possible into his or her past experiences and memories and thus make it possible for the other to recognize the origin of inhibiting complexes. Through reminiscence there may come release. The origin of the trouble may not necessarily be a sex drive colliding with a Puritan conscience; it may be a tendency never before brought out into the open, to hang onto mother's apron strings and to shrink from the responsibility of growing up and making one's own decisions. To lead the husband alone, or the wife alone, into such frankness and recollection as would help to free his or her personality from concealed interferences, the psychoanalyst would charge a fee, payable every week, which would take the combined wages of both of them a good half year to cover. If either is close to the border line of what is called "insanity,"

the professional analysis is no doubt worth every pretty penny it will cost.

The suggestion here is not that married people amateurishly attempt to psychoanalyze each other; they would probably end up in confusion the way the centipede did, when some one told him he had better watch his step, each step, and make sure of his hundred now hopelessly self-conscious legs. The idea is simply that a husband, by sincerely sharing his background as completely as possible with the one who should know him best, will thereby discover that he is not unique and alone in his worries, and that as he confides, he finds self-confidence; a wife, by looking with her husband fearlessly at what before had frightened or inhibited her, can now become more adequate not only for her marriage relationship, but for life. It seems to be a tested fact that marriage grows stronger as there is satisfied in each "the soul's immortal thirst to be completely known and all-forgiven."

Miss Mary Edna McChristie of the Hamilton County Court of Cincinnati, interviewing over six hundred divorce plaintiffs, concluded that about ninety-four per cent of these unhappily married people were seeking divorce presumably because of sex antagonism or sex maladjustment. One might guess that the right information as to how to prevent frigidity caused by the husband's impatience or the wife's childhood experiences or training, if applied

in time, would have kept many of these people married.

And yet these three principles here advocated could, unsupplemented, still leave marriage what a confused school boy called a state of "monotony." Monogamy, instead of being the "bond that unbinds," can become a partition separating husband and wife as completely as some city apartment walls separate families, no matter how few inches they may materially be apart—if there is no unifying purpose. That unifying purpose may be the care of children, or such a liberal cause as that to which Ramsay and Margaret Ethel MacDonald, pioneers in the labor movement, put their hands, following "the same furrow together." It does not mean that if one is reading Keats the other must abandon his potatoes and come in from the garden to listen. On the contrary, individual differences become enhanced in "the incompatibility of successful marriage." But at the same time the bond of a supreme value held in common must be discovered more and more.

Robert and Elizabeth Browning, beginning with their marriage vows at 35 and 41 respectively, quite possibly never heard of the three principles outlined above as indispensable to modern happy marriage. Yet they had a secret which we of today had better seek to understand—"To know the universe itself as a road—as many roads—as roads for traveling souls." They learned how to "love so well, our

work shall still be better for our love, and still our love be sweeter for our work."

Marriage union is no doubt what a nerve specialist says it is, "nature's great seal of the union of two personalities." But to expect the happy marriage experience, as does an Iowa professor, "to raise our moral and physical standards more than anything else," is a little too innocent. Margaret Sanger, who has made a remarkable contribution to the subject in *Happiness in Marriage,* may be quite right in claiming that "more than any bodily act, sex expression is a sacred gift which awakens men and women to the innate beauty of life," but that is different from assuming that it is "the most important function of life."

Sex really is not sovereign; that is one of the few sad and certain things this generation has to learn. Better not put your friend on a pedestal, advises Olive Schreiner, you will end by pulling him down. There is the risk of a new asceticism, blocking a sane use of the power of sex, if specialists keep on making exaggerated claims for it. Havelock Ellis told a friend that asceticism began when the undisciplined savage went to excess; there was an extreme reaction driving primitive man to fasten on the opposite of undirected license, as his hope. What we have today is the danger of such a pagan backfire. Many of our contemporary novels, if William Lyon Phelps correctly reports them, are

"of the animals, by the animals, for the animals, which shall perish from the earth." One suspects on the part of certain very up-to-date authors, an evident satiety from too many shallow thrills. Too much promiscuity and a consequent violent repugnance. Tolstoy's exploitation of chambermaids and peasant women finds its nemesis at last in the *Kreutzer Sonata*. If the world sorely needs the sanity of wholehearted love, unashamed but at the same time subdued to a design of beauty and permanence, the surest way to start up an opposition against such sanity is to make the world obsessed with sex and sick with overindulgence.

Get youth to believe that its love must be "free," undisciplined by any sense of duty except to a possible child, or by any expectation of an enduring mated partnership, and sooner or later there will be a rebound of some kind or other; either that escape which is "cynicism" or such disgust or callousness as may effectually forestall the finest thrill in marriage.

India is not the only country where an adult Gandhi rebels against the whole program of sex sanity, largely because direct sex-expression during immaturity was cruelly forced upon him. Right now there are in the United States probably thousands upon thousands of devoutly religious women whose marriage is a constant if concealed antagonism, simply because it is a celibate marriage. Or perhaps

their insistence that husband and wife should live like brother and sister is a rationalization of disgust going back to a honeymoon for which they and their mates were unprepared.

The kind of love within marriage here advocated is a sharing less physical than spiritual, requiring the activity of far more cells in the cortex of the brain, far more taste and sensitiveness in the realm of the spirit, than blind lust can ever enjoy. It involves what Kagawa describes as the "discovery of the 'you' basis, the creation of the 'you' inside of the 'I.'"

This love is clear seeing. It recognizes the deep desire in every normal human being for a growing personal union which is cruelly suppressed by the dogma of light-hearted animal indulgence. It welcomes the control of conception not just because this may be one way to prevent overpopulation and answer Mussolini's pretext for future international blood-letting; not just because a regulated birth-rate among the poor might help to save men from being used as grist in employment-mills. It welcomes the control of conception most of all because this gift of God, far from violating the best in human nature, is a means to a more enhanced sharing of marital magnetism than heretofore it ever entered the mind of man to conceive. It delays the creating of children only so that the impulse of parenthood, when it is satisfied, shall be satisfied to the full,—

the torch of life flung to the future, not by chance or under compulsion, but in the joy of open-eyed choice.

This love admits the present necessity of divorce in those rare cases, about which we now know so little, where all the techniques and all the determined patience in the world may fail; where each in some strangely unsuited combination must seek to be released, or even recombined again. In the careful judgment of a penetrating New Testament scholar Jesus was not laying down rules of marriage for everybody in the twentieth century when he protested against the casual relationship of Herod and his brother's former wife. Furthermore, there are occasional unfortunate married couples whom, obviously, God hath *not* "made of one flesh." Jesus unequivocally was for more abundant life. Some of us who think of him as the "conscience of mankind" do not visualize the Master bolting the door against an impossible situation and fixing thereon the cruel decree "No Exit."

This love also allows for the much advertised possibility that "man is secretly and ravenously polygamous." As the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact requires laws to make it effective, so marriage needs a legal reminder that "the itch for other charms and uncaptured citadels," as Will Durant calls it, will justify no man in dropping his mate. But that is not to imply that the bond of marriage is an im-

prisoning bond. Infidelity can end in stuffiness; loyalty can lead to spontaneity.

Birth control, the climactic experience in marriage union, knowledge of the emotional difficulties of women, the tracing back into childhood experience so that emotional fixations can be laughed away, the determination to stand by the mutual vow,—these are only the a, b, c's of marriage. After the alphabet is mastered, one proceeds to say something and, it may be, sing. Cooperation or beauty between normal husband and wife is almost, but not quite, its own excuse for being. It is too sacred for governments' or employers' associations or religious organizations to exploit as a means to increasing the cannon-fodder or the factory-supply or the church membership. But the cooperation, which opens the eyes to beauty, need not be ingrowing, decadent, selfish. The relationship can be dedicated to something higher than itself.

Unless it is outgoing, there may be that disenchantment which "Woodbine Willie" predicts in his almost savage poem, *If I Had a Million Dollars.* He ironically tells how he would buy him a perfect Island Home for the heart o' his love and himself. He would make him a perfect garden there . . . and a perfect temple. . . .

> "And then I would wake to behold my soul,
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Hell means being unconscious, insensitive. Marriage should reveal resources of spiritual awareness that will help to keep young idealists out of hell, that is, on the job. Why, then, is it that so many of them go stale after such first fine careless raptures as these: "I go to jail if there is another war!" Or, "Teaching adolescents is my career, no matter what Big Business ever offers!" Is it not often because one marriage partner never has been wooed to join in the other's spiritual adventure? Watch that Freshman full of dreams to smash open the Bastile of race prejudice. He is so much "in love" with the lush girl from the South who says, "Yes, dear," to his vision, that he forgets her childhood emotional conditioning about Negroes in particular. In fact, it never occurs to him that it may first be necessary to have her see and feel what he, through actual friendly contact with superior Negroes in the North, has learned to see and feel. Seven years later, their child is unconsciously indoctrinating the other kindergartners to refer to the school janitor as "nigger." Consider what happens to this charming Senior, a regular Jane Addams in her zeal to identify herself with the disinherited. She forgets that the rising young broker to whom she becomes engaged still subconsciously believes that the "down and outs" deserve to be where they are. Three years later, she is wheedling her husband to buy her a Rolls-Royce.

It is not easy for a husband or wife to keep scattering the fire of an emancipating idea out into the world, while the other partner keeps the home fires damped.

But one looks with confidence for more marriages in which idealism shall be sustained; where the partnership will prove a sentinel of the spirit warning against compromise, and the mystery of personality will through the years be increasingly discovered together.

In *Vanamee* we see a stirring and vivid instance. The husband, a breezy soul if ever there was one, had kept from his wife an old habit of using drugs. There were defeats. In time he overcame it.

"Do you believe I can ever trust you again?" asked his wife when he told her.

"The truth is, dearest," answered Parker Vanamee, "you are trusting me now. You haven't the kind of sagacity that can afford to distrust me; if you began to be suspicious, you'd suspect the wrong things. And in a way it is your trust that has pulled me through. It would have been so easy to take a little extra and end it all; but I just couldn't hit you like that."

Marriage on the basis of knowledge of such far-seeing kinship can be to each partner the prayer of the artist, humble before the beckoning snow of a peak in the Alps, "Make me crystal clear, O God, that Thy light may shine through."

CHAPTER VI

BETWEEN YOUTH AND AGE

"We salute but we do not meet!" Such are the terms between youth and age.

A young friend was recently jailed for three adventurous hours because of his efforts to unionize shop girls. He was delighted to narrate to his contemporaries how the cockroaches in the cell came on in battalions. But not a word to his parents. The undergraduate returning from a summer conference never mentions to her Southern family that several times she ate at the same table with a Negro discussion group leader: she does not want a scene.

On the other side, a quizzical and possibly veracious professor complained of his seventeen-year-old son: "He talks a different language from me. While I stay awake nights trying to understand Einstein, he just takes relativity for granted. It doesn't bother him to know that an effect can come before a cause." A grandmother observes wistfully that the rising generation in her household bring her peppermints when what she wants is regular chocolates, the kind the unspanked generation test their digestion with.

It is touching the way some of us on the rheumatic side of the youth line fumble for contacts. We take off our mature suspenders and buckle on a juvenile belt, only to discover sadly that they are making suspenders the criterion—not necessarily fancy crimson and sky-blue suspenders, but like as not just plain sedate black. Not wishing to be like grandfather we become meticulous about our garters, only to find that as age puts them on, youth takes them off. We make a bold stab at their vocabulary and essay the work "bunk" or "applesauce" or "haywire" or "birdseed." They politely suppress a look of pain, "Oh, you mean horsefeathers." Thus does maturity, earnestly trying to be immature, sometimes appear kittenish. Perhaps the young things had rather have us be ourselves, creaking joints, cautious judgment, cooled blood and all.

The causes of the distance between age and youth are certainly baffling to analyse and assess. A Freudian might be thus brief and dogmatic: it is all a matter of lusty young men having acute sexual jealousy for the "old man." They are neurotically trying to displace their fathers as Zeus with a scimitar usurped the power of Cronus. In China, however, where the strain is most severe, the sons far from wanting to be near their mothers are desperately anxious to live under a separate

roof. Their passion is to get as free as they possibly can from the apron strings of the past.

Nor is the conflict merely the perennial one articulated in the lament of a mandarin, perhaps centuries before Confucius, who compared the ladies of his day with the new flappers:

> "'Twas not by art their hair curled so;
> By nature so it grew.
> I seek such manners now in vain,
> And pine for them with longing pain."

No Karl Marx of the struggle has yet sounded the bugle call, "Elders of the world unite!" But undoubtedly some of the prejudice against age today has subtle economic roots. While our medicine, a physician observes, adds more and more years to a man's life, our business sees to it that those added years are made more and more miserable. When an ordinary man reaches forty-five years he does not follow the mortal statistics of the good old days and pass on to the cemetery. But often he does die economically. If he is looking for a job, what firm will employ him? "There are plenty of live young men eager to get that job." If there comes a slack season he is the first to be let off. "You've lost your drive; the people that come in here to buy, like sparkle and vitality."

Much of the imperialism of youth is due to the machine's predilection for what it considers plastic

raw material. In the war it was the hot blood of youth that the airplane chose. Today, the youth who acts so superior to his elders, to whom it never occurs that age has something to offer, is often in the saddle because he can beat the older competitor to a job in the new factory.

It is not the cruelty of the business leader but his timid humanitarianism that has been stimulating the economic cold-shouldering of age: "I want to retire all my employees on a decent pension when they become too old to serve any longer. It costs less to take out such pensions for young men than for old. Consequently, to compete with other firms I must keep my costs down and take on only young inexpensive employees." If unjust discrimination against older people is to be prevented in the future, it would be well to inaugurate a system of old age pensions now. Business might be less reluctant to employ those who have crossed the forty or forty-five year line, if an allowance adequate to live on were guaranteed to those sixty-five years and over, three out of four of whom are now dependent. Another blow would be struck at age prejudice if some Henry Ford would demonstrate to the industrial and business world that there are certain types of machines and machine-like jobs that prosper better at the hands of the mature and prudent.

Possibly the economic imperialism of youth will soon be where the dinosaurs now rest. Early in

1931, President Arthur Morgan of Antioch College, after a survey of the changing situation, reported that when new machinery or labor-saving devices are introduced, it is not the old men who are let off but the young.

Whether or not the machine age flatters youth, the protective impulse of age pampers it. "Son really must have a coonskin coat to make the right fraternity." In Great Britain it is estimated by the Chief Medical Officer that by 1950 the class of those in middle and old age will double the number of children. "In the near future the outlook of middle age and even of old age is likely to replace the outlook of youth." The London *Times* speaking. If the proportion of youth to age decreases in this country, the parental tendency to keep the nest comfortably feathered for the nestlings will no doubt increase.

This prolonging of adult years, no matter if older folk are given the job, may mean more and more imperialism on the part of the unfledged. It is the group who have things handed to them on a gold platter who develop the superiority complex: the tender-skinned Anglo-Saxon officer with one Hindu servant to pull his punkah, another to fetch his tea, another to carry his sporting gun; the cushioned male with a solicitous wife warming his carpet slippers; the Marie Antoinette with a kitchen full

of cooks concerned only to flavor her cake to perfection.

In old China, if you rescued a drowning man from the jealous river god, it was thenceforth up to you to keep him alive. In an American university town, a superior member of the later adolescent group, coolly eyeing his parents who have pulled him out of nothingness is overheard to ask: "Why should *I* try to oblige them? They brought me into the world. They're responsible for me."

Perhaps the imperialism that assumes superiority over others while exploiting them is just an inferiority feeling disguised. In any case, most of the harshness toward older people is a symptom of diffidence. Young people will deprive themselves of anything in order to appear sophisticated and master of the situation. An English literary critic describes the younger intelligentsia of England discarding Galsworthy because that novelist appeals to the emotions; one smart girl even foregoes the exhilaration of Katherine Mansfield's stories, "Impossible, too sentimental, you know." This new asceticism, this fear of the ardors of older folk, may not be so unlike the early adolescent's alarm regarding that creaking uncontrollable voice which is always breaking into soprano when he would give his kingdom to be dignified. It is the proverbial sophomore, straining to be above the battle, still timid about choosing a world view—let alone a

permanent girl or job—who tries to get attention from his parents by telling them what stiff-necked old fogies they are, while he—"Well, just see how much hair I've got on my chest, I'm an atheist!" All this daring exhibition of jazz, this brave whistling in the graveyard, so irritating to maturity, is only an instinctive natural effort toward self-assertion. One must assure oneself that one is becoming a person.

It is right here, in the tendency to protect versus the tendency to make one's own choices, that the clash between age and youth is most healthy, universal and violent. Our too tender culture softens the mother eagle so that she fears to push the eaglets over the ledge, but those who feel stiffening feathers on their wings will take a chance on breaking their bones anyway. It is beside the point for irreverent elders to tell them that they look like chickens: their feathers all blown off by behaviorism, Freudianism, and relativism.

It is only to expose herself in a lurid light when dear old Dowager Countess Vestibule explodes that their flight toward self-determination "always determines itself in viciousness, vile manners, admiration for nastiness, rabbit morals and utter lawlessness—and never in virtue." For the young people know enough of the new psychology to come back: "When these Victorians are violently intolerant of a supposed weakness in others, they are only adver-

tising the smoke screen behind which they are hiding that same weakness in themselves."

Which brings us to one of the most obvious points of misunderstanding between the two age groups, namely the question of sex. Many of the younger people feel that age is unfairly suspicious of their perfectly normal mate-seeking impulse. If those who are most normal and most aware would only open their mouths, they might thus call their betters on the carpet:

"Some of us know a little about birth-control—not so much, however, as some of you hawk-eyed elders rumor. We don't see why you should be so terrified just because we are trying to open our eyes. If we light a few matches, society isn't going to be blown to pieces. Sex isn't a powder magazine. It doesn't need to be a preoccupation. Maybe it's you older people most repressed in your youth who are obsessed with this function now. We're interested in the personal side instead of the physical far more than you imagine. What's the matter? Have you older people messed up your comradeship between the sexes so badly that you think we too can meet only on that furtive basis?"

Until older people make it clear that the untested generation is granted confidence and freedom of choice, there can be little genuine friendliness. To meet their reaching out for light with ribaldry or apprehension will only invite them to dig the ditch deeper. They laugh outright when the Assistant United States Attorney trying Mrs. Mary Ware

Dennett for passing on to them a booklet on sex, shakes an ominous finger: "When the clarion call of war shall sound, God help America if we haven't men to defend her!"

But there are university leaders who have no fear about youth in relation to a potential source of happiness. Ex-President Clarence C. Little not long since declared: "Young men and women have discovered the fallacy in the ancient doctrine that happiness in this life is the by-product of sin and that it precludes or limits the possibility of salvation."

"It is the devil, not God who says 'Thou shalt not,'" cried William Blake. A few young people only too quickly agree. But this is a fact that we too blindly overlook: many youth prefer self-imposed discipline to "self-expression." No training is too severe for them if there is a big game ahead. Pre-marital chastity, if it is understood as a rigorous preparation for the real thrill of marriage, can attract equally eager candidates.

The power of old taboos to shock is gone. Few under thirty predict brimstone and fire for the occasional individuals who take Bertrand Russell seriously and "experiment" with extra-marital relations. But, as one reads the senescent creed of apologists for unchastity, infidelity and restless roving, one suspects that youth's own eager demands for the most vivid and at the same time satisfying ex-

perience will win, over the rationalizations of those who have not made a notable success of monogamy. Freud himself seems to be admitting that any other system of morality would involve complexes quite as difficult as those attending monogamy. Other depth psychologists are telling of cases where promiscuity leads to emotional fixations no less depressing than the complexes of the Puritan era. Whatever may be the recipe for rejuvenating the middle-aged, youth needs all the energy at its disposal for aspiration, for the mastering of new techniques. Going round and round in a circle of unappeasable sex indulgence is too stuffy. Instead of reinforcing and harmonizing the emotions, it weakens the whole morale. It may even produce an emotional fixation that will cut off its victims from the possibility of later experiencing the love that is real and most deeply satisfying—that growing relationship where a man not tentatively but enduringly identifies himself with his mate. Such, at least, is the conclusion of a competent American analyst.

Insinuate to a normal Junior or Senior for whom the world has suddenly been lit with meaning that of course his mating project is only a temporary expedient, and see whether he responds to that kind of cheering from the side lines.

The freedom that normal youth is demanding may be quite other than some of their coaches

imagine. In China, a government university student, his hands tucked into his long black sleeves, swayed back and forth on his chair and announced grimly, "I believe in free love!" The foreign teacher put on as casual a face as he could muster. "My parents," the student went on excitedly, "do not have the right to marry me off to a girl I've never seen." No middle man for Wang; he was going to select the girl himself. Freedom from parental domination does not necessarily mean lack of inward control.

The issue, clearly, is whether there shall be self-determination, that is, growth in personality. It is in the concepts of religion as well as in the conduct of sex that age finds it hardest to grant freedom of choice.

Religion means participating in the "experiencing Power of the universe," in such a way that the capacity for experience grows instead of decaying. Youth does not want second-hand experiences. Platitudes, which are another name for "truths spoken without feeling," are not desired. In spite of a few juvenile sophisticates' terror of emotion, this generalization can pretty safely be risked about most young people today. Like Julian Grenfell who boxed in a match behind the front line and a few days later fell in France, they crave truths that are exciting, full of "color and warmth and light and a striving evermore for these."

Elders accuse them of always, as they are saying now in China, "pouring traditions down the sink," or, as they reiterate here, "emptying out the baby with the bath." But what is happening is a reaching out rather than a revolt. Those students are few who, when it comes to their questions and quests in religion, feel at home with their parents. In bull sessions they will talk theology until the rooster crows. The paterfamilias getting wind of these interminable discussions will lay out a restraining hand: "The Virgin birth doesn't matter? Don't you ever breathe such sentiments under my roof!" But the spirit to which "anything true is holy" will give the undergraduate no peace till with his friends he has rolled Origen over in his grave and listened to H. G. Wells deliver his blasting theory.

The man who probably talks the language of youth as naturally as any, an English clergyman, Canon Raven, points out that this is no mere wordy reaction to a wordy situation. It is indispensable for students to go through a stage of verbal exuberance about how man is born, why he is born at all, where he is headed. For the more mature, these vehement explorations and debates might be a pathetic substitute for action, not necessarily for youth.

"We will concede," some not so ancient spokesman might say aloud, if only he could be caught off

guard, "that the surest way for us to make fools of ourselves is 'to ignore the past.' Just the same, this business of emotion nicely touching morality with a ten-foot pole is not the religion we want. Granted that the doctrines of our fathers are not second hand to them, they are unreal to us. You tell us that Spirit needs bones or dogmas to make it walk erect. Right! But we can become enthusiastic only about those creeds we grow for ourselves out of our own experience. To jump to another metaphor, we can't work up any feeling over looking for eggs in the nests of other years."

If only, Kagawa reminds them, they would try living like sons of God instead of defining Him.

An ideal, if real, has to become your white blood corpuscles as you fight in behalf of it. One likes to think that a few young people refuse to accept meekly what was good enough for their elders, in deference to this fact. Youth's tragic danger is not the audacity of Columbus, gray-haired with achievement at thirty, or of nineteen-year-old Joan of Arc burned for her dream made beautiful in action. Youth's tragic danger is conformity: one conventional campus sheep unquestioningly following every other, all gregariously jumping over the same bar. Jack reverentially carrying his flask and Tom, Dick and Harry docilely doing the same. Worse yet, a Junior majoring in economics becoming a scab in a railway strike and every fraternity brother join-

ing up to break organized labor's back and make some pin-money. To be sure, the coonskin coat and the rah-rah routine may be less conspicuous now than in the jaunty pre-depression days, as Dean Christian Gauss reports. On the other hand, a senior graduating from Yale the other day, made this indictment, which, though too sweeping, is suggestive: To be an Eastern college man is to be a "collared conservative." If there is any revolt now it is against the liberalism of the post-war younger generation. What one finds is "an amazing unconcern with all conditions of the present and problems of the future . . . a certain staleness, a brackish odor."

The saddest feature on the face of the younger generation is the tight line there, from a suppressed religious impulse. The more intelligent know inwardly that it is merely a weak alibi to turn savagely with a young European writer on the older generation and repeat, "It's the war—*your* fault!" But few have yet located a purpose into which to channel their urgent drive to think and do something worthwhile in the world. The church which should be leading their eyes to paths winding over dangerous mountains has not yet learned the artist's blindness to the flyspecks on the window pane. There are rich young men always with us, as of old, who would slip sorrowfully away if confronted with Jesus. But what of those who have it in them to re-

spond as did "The Unknown Disciple" and set out in a new companionship everywhere scattering the Galilean's fire? Must organized religion's challenge be that old stiff-jointed, "Listen, just listen to me! Father knows best!"

One of the encouraging things is the sense of life sometimes discovered in small intimate groups of young people gathered about a grate fire or under a pine tree, where the conventional mask and the wise-cracks are laid aside and the members can be themselves without any pretense of cynicism or worldly wisdom. In some of these groups there is a new interest in the personality of Jesus. What was the source of his driving power and good will? How can we draw on the same energy? Why not keep sensitive to people and alive to their possibilities and our own, as Jesus did? Questions like these are sincerely faced, self-excuses are ruthlessly examined. There are rare moments when these young people pray in silence, or one or two will humbly voice their zest for such comradeship and their desire to live in harmony with what they are learning together. This desire may be ripening into an intelligent passion to rid the campus of the R. O. T. C. or to change the fraternity system, or to feel more genuine friendship toward colored classmates or business associates, or to get up half an hour earlier to meditate alone. At such times one notices a light on their faces.

The theory of some skeptical friends of youth is that the church is only a millstone around its neck. Too much exhortation and too little participation. Second-hand traditions cluttering up the path to first-hand experience. It can scarcely be denied that the only thing that will release the religious impulse of youth is the intimacy of a creative fellowship out of which the church began but from which it has lately wandered. And yet one wonders. It is barely possible that within the machinery of organized religion there can be developed little groups of like-seeking younger minds who in time will generate a new spiritual drive. One can imagine such small fellowships meeting on the common ground of frank give-and-take during the week, unconsciously adding the energy of their spiritual contact to the assembled body of a whole church at worship, and glad to be there because truths are being built into life together.

The tragic danger of older people in regard to Christianity is the inferiority feeling that comes with the haunting thought that Jesus, after all, was the embodiment of youth at its most daring, and that never again can that bloom touch their sere and yellowed leaf. Peter has been pictured at a pilgrimage play as stooped and stiff with years, but age is learning better now. "It looks as if we were out of it," youth could almost catch the discouragement, if it cared to eavesdrop on age.

This is precisely the dogma, like a fog that has to be blown from between the young and those who have crossed the thirty-year-old line. The fixed idea that one is set mentally in a plaster cast as soon as the twenties are passed is not only anti-Christian: it is unscientific. It will not do for either war horse liberals gallantly or for younger idealists fiercely to cry with Goethe: "Over the graves, onward!"; no progress until the close-minded obstructive oldsters die off.

Apparently that old joke about the college student's head swelling is a literal fact; those nine billion cortical cells have to have expanding room. But this is not to say that the paterfamilias must be an outcast in the kingdom of learning. Professor Thorndyke in *Adult Learning* intimates that although the fifty-five year old generally does not do this, he actually can learn even at that advanced age almost as readily as when he is at the peak. In the study of Esperanto a group between twenty and twenty-five years equalled another group between thirty-five and fifty-seven. In at least one learning contest the very mature made twice as much progress as the eighteen-year olds. The trouble is that most people have either been bulldozed by the dogma that at thirty, one's mind is "set," or they have never developed the habit of opening the mind and critically digesting fresh situations.

One of youth's most sympathetic living inter-

preters, in his late sixties, tells us that "the incapacity to repent" is about the worst imprisonment there is. But with a creative instead of a negative expectation, that impotence can be prevented. After he had passed the forty-year line, Sherwood Eddy was converted to industrial democracy; a few years later to thorough-going pacifism; then to sex sanity; then to the new education, project method and all. What his next "repentence" will be is a subject for gambling among his younger friends. Employer Arthur Nash had a change of mind in favor of labor unions when his hair was almost white. Isn't Justice Holmes about ninety now? One of the most daring things ever declared in the spirit of youth was the treaty to settle all international disputes by peaceful means, arranged by Secretary Kellogg and M. Briand, both silver-haired.

To stimulate people to open minds that need not be senile, and to thrill to an expanding view of horizons, this is the aim of the adult education movement. It promises to break the ice between age and youth so that circulation of spirit can at last begin. This movement is now bringing gusto to hundreds of thousands in Denmark who consider their schooling never complete. It is spreading in the United States where parents are learning not to be shocked at this dynamic universe where quanta jump and fashions in morals advance. It is awakening wrinkled villagers in China to dangerous

thoughts . . . who knows but what birth control is more patriotic than ancestor worship? In four winter months at an hour or two a day, the illiterate head man of the village, within range of "Jimmie" Yen's simplified Thousand Character Movement, can be taught to read from his weekly newspaper, *The Farmer,* the latest ideas for national progress.

Older people, formerly cut off from the spirit of youth, assuming they had no time or capacity for such things, can now feel their pulse beating faster with the adventure of adjusting themselves with new skills to a new world.

Not easily, however. The adjustment that stirs like wine the Second Generation Japanese, in a West Coast town, is still to their parents bitterness. Mitsui had rather talk naked English than the elaborate language of old Nippon. He does not see any point in touching his head to the floor twice when a dignified relative enters the room. He prefers the young people's meeting over at the Methodist church to the Buddhist Temple where his father loyally worships, which he must formally attend for the family's sake once a year. He is determined to marry Tomi, irrespective of the "old man's" plans. The chasm in that home is a cruel chasm not unlike that which alienates age groups all over the world. But perhaps Mitsui can throw a rope across to his parents by taking them in his Ford to the new night school. The parents, from

their side, must cast out that stifling superstition that learning time is over.

Those young liberals who have been living a double life under the family roof, breathing the clean air of protest only on the outside, can begin to regard their parents as persons even as they secretly treat Negroes and "reds" and "foreigners" without a conscious barrier. They can open windows at home! Mother and her contemporaries are not going to die of pneumonia. A disconcerting insistence on reality is more on the side of unity than simulated agreement. Purred a Hollywood hostess to a high-school student at tea the other afternoon, "There must be war till Jesus comes."

"Nonsense!" was the objective, brief reply. This particular representative of the elder generation did not need to be protected from reality—she was strong enough to bear it. What higher flattery is there?

CHAPTER VII

CREEDS

A LAYMAN, president of one of our more liberal manufacturing companies, declares, "I know from history that the various denominations will never get together, but I know also that if they set about a difficult common job they'll be together before they realize it."

That "difficult common job" is at hand. The problem confronting Protestants, and for that matter, Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans, Shintoists, and Parsees, is not how each can conquer the other but how all shall overcome Secularism.

Whether one uses this term for the common enemy, agreed upon by the international missionary council at Jerusalem, in 1928, or whether John Dewey's word, "externalism" is more accurate, the menace is a desperate challenge to cooperation.

It comes on against the church not like an organized battalion but like an unplanned hurricane. We who would stand by the institution on Sundays find ourselves huddled together in a cyclone cellar.

The roof is gone. Look at the barn. See that rooster sailing overhead with his tail feathers blown clear off. There go the calves,—off for the week end.

Secularism is just a highsounding word for carelessness. It means such pre-occupation with having a good time and getting power over other people, that personality becomes a side issue and the unseen values a bore. It has a thousand modern forms. Yet it is the oldest denomination on earth. Ever since Lot came down from the highlands of Judea and pitched his tent toward Sodom, men have been secularists.

The war did not cause it, but the war recruited a good many members. The machine did not start it, but the machine accelerated secularism. Science alone did not whirl men away from a concern about their inner capacities and possibilities. The Sophomore who loses his faith, in the biology laboratory or the psychology class, quite probably had no faith to lose in the first place, or else his campus unbelief is "faith fretting at an outworn form."

Biblical research and the discovery that man has at the bottom of his backbone obsolete muscles for wagging a tail, are not the reasons why so few homes have the family altar. After all, the function of the Scriptures is not to tell us where we came from, but, as a high school Freshman phrased it, "How to get there."

Neither is it the study of comparative religions that has robbed the masses of the technique of finding the focus of life through private prayer and family and congregational worship. The majority of secularists have anything but a clear picture of mankind's adventure toward God. It is not that they are disturbed over discovering that Moh-Tih, like Jesus, taught universal love and that Gotama Buddha was on the trail of that fundamental law of being which Jesus so wholeheartedly exemplified: "Lose your life so that you may find it." It is that they are not keenly aware of any law of life. They are mostly interested just now in handling things.

Whatever the causes of the prevailing carelessness, it is a false motion now for modernists or fundamentalists to shake their fists within the cyclone cellar. We shall not stop the scattering wind by pulling one another's hair. In this common struggle against cynicism and the jazz spirit that is a childish whistling in the dark to bolster flagging courage, none of us is exempt. There is no discharge in this job.

The first issue is to see that civilization continues and not the war-system. William Lyon Phelps is warning the churches and the mosques, the synagogues and the temples, that he knows of "not a single country in the world today, big or little, which would not instantly send all its healthy young men into the shambles of battle, if the polit-

ical party which happened at the moment to be in control should decide to enter a war." Neither Christianity nor Islam nor Buddhism nor Judaism nor Brahmanism can show "such universal devotion, such willingness to die for its tenets" as the pseudo-religion of nationalism. What followers of all faiths are waiting for now, an East Indian poet tells us, is one clear word, "that God is over all."

Religionists of other lands and faiths may have their alibis regarding the war-system which is the force upon which the pseudo-religion of nationalism ultimately relies. We Americans who are church members have none. The present situation, therefore, compels each one of us to face these inescapable questions:—

Are you with the generals or with Jesus? Are you going to acquiesce until you may be ordered to drop cacodyl isocyanide from an airplane upon some other fellow's mother, or wife, or children,—or will you make up your mind now before the bugles blow and the girls go about with the white feather? Will you let the war drums sweep you off with the herd that blindly slaughters guilty and innocent alike, or will you listen for that "other drummer" whose summons is to a struggle against the lies that overwhelm truth and the fear that freezes the soul? Will you say with Brisbane, "Dollars abroad without cannon behind them are feeble things," or with Galsworthy, "By the God that is

in us, no more war"? In this business of seeing to it that the way of killing rather than the way of Christ is abandoned, there are, to borrow Heywood Broun's saying, two forces: inertia versus God. Which are you for?

While girls from a state university at a conference beside the Pacific were this summer talking about "Blessed are the peacemakers," the machine guns of a neighboring citizens military training camp spoke so loud that the words of Jesus could scarcely be heard. For every student on the sand dune studying world friendship there were five on the gun field learning how to annihilate imagined enemies. Various investigations by educators have made it clear enough that parents are deluded if they think their sons will be taught good citizenship by military drill. Moreover, the Attorney General has ruled that the Morrill Land Grant Act does not compel students to take the Reserve Officers Training Corps courses. Nevertheless, thousands of American students are still involuntary victims of this training in the war habit of mind. Are those of us who belong to churches, going to rest content with annual convention pronouncements against such virtual conscription, or are we going to protest unequivocally and unanimously, in the spirit of the early Christians who refused to offer incense to Cæsar?

Somewhat subtler than the war system in its

denial of personality, but closely allied to it, is the encroaching fury of what C. F. Andrews calls "white racialism." Often masked as Christian, it spreads the infection of imperial domination and economic exploitation. While condemning Allah as a slave-driving, sword-justifying God, it exhibits the ultimate Christian principle of racial equality far less than does Islam. Posing as liberator it knocks at the gates of Nippon until they open; and then two generations later with an Exclusion Act it slams its own door with incredible rudeness in the face of the Japanese people. "Racial wrong," declares the most beloved Anglo-Saxon missionary in India, "is slowly destroying Christ's religion at its very root."

An effective answer to such a charge is the answer of Albert Schweitzer who leaves his comfortable theological chair to join the "fellowship of those who bear the marks of pain." While a white man's war rages in Europe and Negroes who have had nothing to do with starting the insanity are impressed into military service and shipped down the river to likely death, he notices a mother sitting on a stone, sobbing out her heart. The great physician can say nothing to explain why her son should be snatched away by the armies of Europe. Without a word he squats down beside her, holding the black woman's hand in his own, and both look beyond the smoke of the departing conscript steamer bearing her child towards the setting sun. "Reverence for

life," is the driving force of this master musician and world philosopher and daring surgeon from Alsace-Lorraine.

While lust for power over neighboring nations and darker races callously defies that reverence, the white man's flippancy regarding sacred relationships in the home stealthily works to deaden it. Across the seven seas motion pictures are being exported which augment the Hollywood producer's dividends only to impoverish the Oriental's understanding of marriage. At home the fifteen or so million film specialists are taught every night to admire their heroes who keep the divorce courts and marrying parsons busy. The most tragic expression of secularism in the relations between men and women may not be the increasing divorce rate which in some instances is only a healthy feminine protest against male imperialism. It may be the indifference of the generality of prophets and priests to breaking the trail for a sane sex education among the coming generation, so that divorce shall be effectively prevented at its source. The church no longer has a hallowed excuse for sidestepping the task of clarifying the marriage experience as the outward and visible sign of a shared inward and spiritual grace too beautiful to be broken. This the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has recently had the courage and vision to declare.

As for the embarrassment between age and

youth, "if the elder generation," says Margaret Sanger, "would pledge itself to truth-telling on the subject of sex, no longer would the two generations be separated by an impenetrable wall of silence." That, as the last chapter attempted to show, is to oversimplify a complex problem. Nevertheless, if organized religion desires to gain the confidence and cooperation of youth, why not come out straightforwardly, as Sherwood Eddy and one or two denominations have begun to do, for an unashamed and sunlit approach to the whole sex side of life? A veteran professor of practical theology warns against "a passing dogmatism about bringing everything to the light." He is afraid we shall have a generation of hard-boiled mothers. Last century's graveyards are full of young mothers who were not hard-boiled but merely suppressed.

But it is in our blind way of "making" money that the most deadly form of secularism or externalism now operates. Not easily can the man who walks the streets futilely seeking work realize with J. B. S. Haldane that "personality is the central fact of the universe." An anonymous professor of English has written a haunting story of his brother in an obscure Texas town committing suicide. That brother could have been wholehearted and happy in a society that offered a chance to be useful. He was able and willing. But a job—because of "overproduction" or underplanning?—was the last thing he

could find. Apparently, he sank into the mood of any number of other good men, the mood of blaming himself instead of the rules of the game, saying, "I am no good—there is only one exit."

In any case the professor describes how at almost the same minute his brother took his life, a man possessed of twenty millions of dollars died not far from the professor's home. That multimillionaire had all that money could buy,—the very best physicians and nurses. Also in the neighborhood was a vacant lot on which there roamed an old gray horse, an ex-racer. That animal had plenty of grass to eat, even lumps of sugar from his master's hand. If the old racer should be cast forth, the town would protest; the owner might even be mobbed.

"Should my brother," asks the writer, "have been treated less kindly than a beast? He, too, like this gray horse, had made thousands of dollars of profit for his employers. He, too, had run the race faithfully, earnestly, successfully, as long as there was gain for his boss in the racing. Was it just, was it Christian, was it ordinary humanity, to send him forth to starve when the commercial and industrial racing had temporarily ceased?"

But the professor will not let us merely say, "Sorry,—too bad!" He goes ruthlessly on: "My brother calls from his lonely grave in Texas. He calls to me and to all of us to arouse ourselves from the spiritual torpor into which our industrialism has

permitted us to fall and to face the bitter fact that, in spite of our gestures of philanthropy and our bland talk of Christian brotherhood, the law of the jungle still prevails in our industrial and commercial world. He calls to all thoughtful Americans to realize that they who hold in their hands the power of life and death for American workmen have not yet gained such love for their fellow men as to risk financial loss for its sake."

In the complicated economic situation, organized religion can run piously to the shelter of æsthetics and the ivory tower. Or it can begin to transform conditions.

A church member can at least change the climate within himself by learning more about organized labor, by supporting the working man's right to bargain collectively, by voting on less conventional lines, by personally buying soap and clothes and breakfast food and soup produced by companies where employees are looked upon as human beings. "Drink a hot cup of Christian soup from the Columbia Conserve," recommends a young Y. M. C. A. Secretary, "and get the Kingdom of God within you."

We have to transform conditions at home. But this does not excuse us from the problem abroad. We need to export more "disciples of the divine discontent," like E. Stanley Jones who gives us such a shot in the arm against imperialism as this: "If

western merchants only had intelligence to see, they would realize that India free would be a far better customer than India under an unwilling vassalage."

The new type of missionary is no exporter of Westernism. Sometimes he turns his tongue unside down with the intonations and his stomach inside out with the pork, forgetting the fleas in village inns and the mosquitoes in farmers' huts, to fight illiteracy, superstition, and typhus all by himself in a district of half a million souls. But he does not consider this sacrifice, and it is not for the sake of "propaganda." Far from imperialistically forcing his doctrines on the nationals, he cuts the ground from under imperialism by sharing the quality of life that is Christ. Did not Lao-tze tell the Chinese that you keep only what you set free? Fred F. Goodsell, speaking from the background of years of work in Turkey, thinks of the new missionary aim as "not what we of the West can do for the people of the East but rather what they can do for themselves with our cooperation."

Just because in the past there has on occasion been zeal without knowledge, is no reason for abandoning zeal now, either on what used to be known as the "foreign field" or at home. A generation ago settlement house directors were disposed to put up this sign over the door: "No religious exercises here; we want peace." The danger now is that sec-

ularized representatives of religious groups that were once both daring and devout will meet in those same houses and confuse their drift in apathy with a drive toward unity. One can almost see a modernist preaching against the divisiveness of creeds only to wake up some day to discover that his people, far from being too much concerned about doctrine, never really had any plan of salvation at all. One can imagine Congregationalists and Catholics congratulating each other on the tolerance they have gained when it is only ardor they have lost. "Many are the paths," sings the inclusive Japanese poet, "that lead to the summit where together we shall enjoy the crystal rays of the moon." But suppose we tolerant moderns become so gregariously concerned about patting each other on the back on the way up, that we forget to climb?

Compromise is well and good in minor matters. But let a man play the opportunist at the unique point where he has his most intimate contact with the world of values, and he will crack on the inside. The faith which brings insight will begin to ooze out of him once he gives up seeking in that special area "not peace but a sword."

But what kind of a sword? Right here is where a blunder can split the world. Perhaps it has been splitting the world, ever since the difference between right and wrong began to be held in earnest. Men will fall in pieces if they do not obey their con-

science, but they can break the world into pieces if that obedience is not intelligent and if it is not guided by the highest authority there is.

What, then, shall be our authority? Certainly not the tribal god against which Isaiah protested as he pictured a future highway connecting his own country with Assyria and Egypt. If the state continues to be the supreme arbiter there may soon be no citizens left to arbitrate about.

Neither a book nor a pope, nor that trinity of the behaviorists,—the white rat, the fruit fly, nor the guinea pig,—is quite adequate.

Only that authority will satisfy us which fits in with those "generalizations from experience" called scientific laws and which at the same time "covers a man's relations to the entire universe, and not merely his relations to his brotherman in society." Coherence is not the only test. The final touchstone is that which enhances and expands personality.

Science has developed machinery adequate to meet the physical needs of the world, if only it were dedicated to meeting those needs, instead of serving largely selfish ends. Yet a good third of the world goes on rations all too short and most of the civilized world is still afraid of the other nation's airplanes. It is therefore a matter of life and death whether the experience from which must come our "Thus saith the Lord," shall be limited to what chemistry, physics, and biology measure, or whether

it shall be enlarged to what personality at its richest offers.

But where shall we find a better criterion for judging right from wrong than in the mind or incentive of Jesus? The animating purpose of Jesus is to direct every force in human hands toward bringing in "the perfect society of God and man." Can we find a higher and more unifying motive than that?

A humanized scholarship has already extricated the essential attitude of the great Galilean from such first century irrelevancies as demon possession and the sudden ending of the world. Why, then, should we not seek our authority, our inner light, in personal experiments with his motive, using where needed the findings of the laboratory?

"We will give our allegiance to 'love guided by knowledge,'" it will be objected by some, "but why this emphasis on Jesus? Part of his motive was that men should sit at the same table of life. Very good. But the other part of his motive was that man should look to God as father. We are not concerned with the idea of God."

Possibly a number of these critics are living lives that refute their theology. In Africa I observed some old-time missionaries who theoretically condemned the surrounding "heathen" to everlasting fire, but their utter friendliness seemed to disprove their doctrine. Charles Darwin may not have

preached theism, but he practised a love of the true and the good that was not far from the presence of God. His life, a fellow-scientist affirms, is "in truth a standing proof of the existence of God." Of course there are, to quote Robert Millikan, "the dogmatic atheists." Perhaps some of these are victims of a nineteenth century mechanistic philosophy. The issue just now is not with those who will to disbelieve. It is to clear up the quarrel among those who venture on the assumption that they can cooperate with the unseen "to organize, create, and conserve values."

Much of the difficulty is one of labels. A. S. Eddington tells us that in physics there are two opposing parties: one believes in the existence of ether; the other denies it. As a matter of truth, he sagely adds, "both believe in the same thing and are divided only by words."

What often sets us to debating instead of worshiping together is our popular violation of the commandment "Thou shalt not let thy mind rest in any graven image." This law of spiritual growth we have snubbed by resting our minds on all too sharply chiselled definitions of God and becoming enamored of these static concepts of "the ever-creative spirit of the whole." It is as if we were treasuring dead pieces of cold lava, long after the volcanic fire and molten glory had departed. Rather than search for new and living outpourings from

the depths, we have used up energy protecting these relics, just as certain Mohammedans, whose mysticism has become a spent force, will kill any Christian who so much as enters the sacred city where a "block of black mineral dropped direct from heaven" is enshrined.

Those who are busy earning and enjoying first-hand experiences of spirit have little time for fighting over other people's interpretations or formulas or spiritual possessions. Far more than we have thought, the Arabian camel driver who adventures in the light that lighteth every man, can have, though bowing toward Mecca, an exhilarating sense of values in common with the Salvation Army worker looking toward Jerusalem, who by faithfulness has won his faith. It is conventionality, lack of vivid personal contact with the Unseen, that drives good men to the moats and castles of separatism so pathetically mistaken for the highest religion. Those who fearlessly harmonize themselves with the ethical will of the universe are not fanatically set on excommunicating one another. Is it not when they begin to doubt their faith and lose their grip on the sword of the spirit that men ruthlessly grasp at the sword of intolerance?

Creeds need not go, but mass-production methods must. The high-pressure standardization that would make everybody believe in detail like everybody else is death to the vital religion that should make

us one. Every unique person must have his own peculiar way of reacting to the meaning of the universe revealed to him. Instead of a few hundred or thousand denominations, there should be one billion, nine hundred million; one for each member of the planetary family. Paradoxical as this may sound, the more I accept the fact that you are unique and your way of worship is different from my own, the more we can discover our common ground. If I prefer putting my hat on when I pray and you are used to taking off your shoes, neither of us will contribute to the cause of unity by simulating interest in the other's ritual or pretending to devotion to a form of worship that does not meet our own need.

The trouble with the sects is that whether or not they once represented different temperaments, they now miserably fail to correspond to the individual's need for variety. People are allotted to their denominations indiscriminately, like babies in a foundling home described by a New York columnist. Those brought in on Monday are baptized Catholics; those brought in on Tuesday are christened Lutherans.

Tagore of the *Brahmo Samaj* cautions us against "the contagion of mutual imitation." But that should not frighten us away from realizing in a wider fellowship the irrepressible need for worship. Love for concrete persons must supersede loyalty to an organization's enlargement. But this is not to

imply that a man surrenders his religious individuality when he joins a church that roots him in the past and gives him solidarity with the race. It may well be that where religion becomes slack in its outward expression, it will before long "lose its inner glow."

As we need youth's demand for spiritual self-determination and first-hand experience, so we need age's insistence on interdependence with "the communion of saints" and with the best to which men of other ages have aspired. As we must value the confidence of George Fox who affirmed his direct intuition of God independently of any episcopal group, so we must not forget Von Hügel's emphasis on adoration and his Catholic query: Were the original Quaker's great and beautiful thoughts as to God and Christ any less great and beautiful for having been perceived and expressed fifteen hundred years before? "And were they less Fox's own, was he less free in uttering them, because they had been awakened in himself, so utterly freshly, by those lovers and writers of the past?"

Whatever our ultimate criterion for right and wrong, whether Rome or the inward light, there is a bond that finally unites us. That bond, says an American philosopher, is "reverence for the other man's reverence."

When Tokyo was recovering from the great earthquake, a Buddhist priest one morning looked out with resentful astonishment over his sacred tem-

ple grounds. There stood an ugly canvas structure with a Christian cross above it. Kagawa, fortified with official permission and government funds, had the night before erected the tent as a shelter for the city's destitute against the autumn cold. When the priest protested, Kagawa asked if the temple was not dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy. Had not Gotama Buddha recommended "pervading the world with kindliness, pity and sympathy"?

"Hai, hai," assented the priest proudly. Later, Kagawa persuaded his new friend to manage a grant from the government of about twenty thousand dollars and supervise the relief work in that vicinity. Before long a permanent building took the place of the tent. The Buddhist threw himself passionately into the experiment of social welfare. At the time of his death, he was famous as the "Salvator Priest."

At a recent round table of Jews and Christians a representative of the Federal Council of Churches repeated Lessing's great story of Nathan the Wise. Nathan, a Jew, conversing with a Christian monk told how he had forgiven a cruelty done by a Christian and bestowed tender care upon a Christian child.

"Nathan! Nathan!" exclaimed the monk in surprise, "You are a Christian! A better Christian never lived."

"The very thing that makes me seem Christian to you," Nathan replied, "makes you a Jew to me."

The warm reception given that story indicates that at least a few in our country who used to be in opposing camps are now asking with a late Syrian poet, "Who knows but what my neighbor is my better self wearing another body?" May not he, too, be a "manifestation of the Most High"?

CHAPTER VIII

CONFLICTS WITHIN

THE irony of our age is that we seem to possess unbounded power over things, but extremely little control of ourselves.

We invent conveniences surpassing the most extravagant Utopias of the past. We create wants of which no ancient dreamed. We put through globe-circling mergers. Then suddenly, we wake up in the wee small hours, terrified. In our nightmare Unemployment stands over us like a vast policeman brandishing a club, "Move on now!"

We chatter about the educational need of "activity leading on to further activity." Before long we discover ourselves the victims of "activity for activity's sake."

We annihilate space without, to find our balance within destroyed. It is doubtless true that "in a world where science is possible, personality is supreme." But for whatever reason, men are finding it frightfully difficult to believe in personality.

Much of the trouble, as Reinhold Niebuhr would say, is due to our curious habit of delegating respon-

sibility. There has to be large-scale planning where heads from everywhere are put together. Somebody must arrange that the rules of the road are maintained. But why should I bother? Let the League of Nations attend to these things, or Washington and the ward politicians, or the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the Institute of Family Relations, or the postponed World Conference for International Peace Through Religion. Partly because of our collective carelessness which it is the social engineer's job to rectify, men are crushed or jostled until some, like the professor's brother referred to in the last chapter, find no worth in living longer.

But there are others, like a well-to-do and successful caricaturist, for whom the social engineers can do little. In a note explaining why he took his life, Ralph Barton said that he was simply "fed up with inventing devices for getting through twenty-four hours a day." He had "run from wife to wife, from house to house and from country to country in a ridiculous effort to escape,"—from himself. The complications were within, not outside. Our cities have spawned a school of writers whose only motion toward the heavens is throwing up the sponge.

What can be done about these internal complications which leave men jaded instead of exuberant, confused instead of confident, split instead of whole-

hearted? Listen to this college Freshman, not in New York City but on a delightful western campus where you would expect people to be bubbling over with the sheer adventure of breathing: "I haven't the least idea what to do with my life. I feel no special interest in living. But then I don't see any particular point in dying, either."

"Turn him over to me," pleads the new psychologist eagerly, "let me perform on his mind a major operation. The symptoms in these unhappy individuals of fatigue and nausea about existing, are probably the result of a free-for-all fight between their fine ideals, their unsublimated impulses and the demands of society."

But the psychoanalyst does not stop with these abstractions. He gimlets the reader with a penetrating glance. "Maybe you, yourself, are maladjusted. Well then, I'll make you live over your emotional experiences in childhood. After eight months of analysis you will snap into the present. You will look your boss straight in the eye like a Mussolini. You will walk across vacant lots without wanting to run. If it's a dependence complex you're suffering from, I'll cut the apron strings protecting you from reality even if the 'mother' keeping you an infant is Greenwich Village or the D.A.R. Or if the cause of your internal conflict is a sex drive blocked by early Puritan training and the unreconstructed folk

ways of Iowa, tell everything to me and before long you will be at peace with yourself."

Suppose you take the treatment. You pay a fat fee for the privilege of exposing yourself and transferring your affection to the analyst. Then by way of ransom you pay another fat fee to break the bond and shift your libido to some other object of attachment. Only to be informed perhaps that your dream of flying which was actually prompted by congestion in the nasal passages, is a wish for sex experience which you have been hiding from yourself, but which you cannot conceal from the triumphant eye of your confessor.

Such a brief account of psychoanalysis is obviously unfair. Some analysts may cocksurely read sex into dreams of flying, and red-pencil religion as a mere Œdipus complex. None the less, for all its metaphysics, analysis may prove of use in pulling personality together.

For one thing, the new psychology brings forcibly to our attention the fact that we have emotions which had better not be snubbed. "The human soul," says Harry Emerson Fosdick, "was made for thrills,—an æolian harp which every hour the wind should waken to responsiveness." None of us, with impunity, can keep on suppressing the creative spirit within us. We may repress that spirit for a time without any apparent penalty, but sooner or later there is a perverted come-back. Unless we learn to

express in socially useful ways the urge of life we shall be doing the silliest things by way of substitution: trying to bolster up our social position by retailing gossip or by posing as martyrs who "enjoy poor health"; joining the Ku Klux Klan so that we may appear more masculine than we are; preaching companionate marriage to conceal from ourselves our own defective marital experience; hiding our immaturity from ourselves by asserting that "to expect insights about living from older people is a little like studying transportation with ox-cart drivers." The Socialist candidate for President, Norman Thomas, describes certain intellectuals, at least college graduates, who argue for violent revolution; these parlor reds, he says, are "simply compensating for the futility of their actions by the violence of their opinions." Now the psychoanalyst can in certain instances enable us to see how we got that way, and how we may make a more agreeable adjustment.

Who knows but what he may some bright day massage the twisted muscles of men's souls until they become less stiff-necked toward God? Consider those unfortunate folk who as children were told, "If you steal any more jam off the top shelf, you'll everlastingly burn in hell when you die." Eventually, they learn to think more or less for themselves. And what happens? They may act like a Southern Baptist turned inside out, throwing away

not only the absurd doctrine but the idea of God besides. The analyst might reveal to certain atheists the foolishness of remaining victims of such a rebound from anti-scientific childhood training. Then there are individuals, who, to paraphrase Jesus, cannot see the meaning of life because they are not yet "pure in heart." Certain unacknowledged forces within them have not yet been rechannelled. The following incident, narrated to me by an eminent analyst, throws some light on a modern problem which is old as the hills.

The analyst, at a dinner party, listened to one of the guests, famous for his liberal views and philanthropic activities, tensely protesting his atheism. "Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much," he said to himself: "I'll watch to see what it's all about." As the drinking went on, the guests became more informal. Walking down the hall of the apartment, my friend saw the man's wife through an open door exhibiting to another woman her breasts, scratched and bruised, black and blue. "See," she was overheard explaining, "what my husband did to me."

So that was why a fellow guest was so negative, so belligerent toward the universe! This man, well known to the outside world for his social service, was secretly a sadist. Of course there could be no God, no difference between right and wrong, nothing in conscience. If there were, that vicious

kink in his home life would have to be straightened out.

The point in repeating this story is not to imply that all or even most atheists are morally off color. That would be altogether unjust. It is to suggest an obligation which not many new psychologists seem yet to have recognized. They have exposed within us, as Gilbert Murray says, an instinctive determination springing eternal in human nature "not to be content with oneself as one is, but somehow to be cleaner and higher; to suppress and reduce to nothingness the sordid things that drag one down, and to concentrate attention and effort on the higher part of one's being." Why should they not begin to show us the absurdity of the emotional fences we erect against the Infinite?

The researchers who probe into our desires tell us how we crave self-preservation and perhaps a mate. They might bring to light an even deeper demand of our human nature: something to live for greater than our own skins, greater even than the preservation of the race. Wanted,—a sovereign, unifying purpose which shall call into being our unborn possibilities, into which we can throw all of ourselves without reservations. That is the one thing our generation must have or else we shall go down as crumbling personalities.

The depth psychologist can help to clear away some of our unconscious resistances to the more

than human power that initiates and nurtures personality. But as a scientist he has nothing to say about such a supreme object of allegiance. Can the philosopher reveal it? Can he give us such a focussed vision of life that we ourselves shall become focussed?

Keep your eye fixed on a silver dollar six inches away and before long you will be blind to the green hill far beyond your money. But the love of wisdom can place in its proper perspective the space-time world of things which interferes with our seeing life serenely and as a whole. Many of us probably suffer from spiritual confusion not so much because we need psychotherapy as because we have been trained to believe there are two worlds, each antagonistic to the other. On the one side is the world of atoms and chromosomes or galaxies or s-r bonds which the scientist measures. On the other side is the world of sunsets and children playing on the shore or the heavens declaring the Eternal's handiwork or the glory of mind meeting mind which the poet and seer appreciate. The philosopher's job is to reveal to us the relationship between these two apparently conflicting worlds.

He can take us behind the scenes and introduce us to this truth: although the symbols of these two distinct worlds often appear to be opposed, underneath in an unseen region of the mind, they are brought together. For example, the mathematical

side of Sir Arthur Eddington searches out among the planets the statistics of analyzed things, while the Quaker side of the great astronomer seeks to be united with the meaning of the whole universe. In both cases it is Sir Arthur himself who is doing the measuring and the appreciating. Why reject the universe just because one cannot extract "the square root of a sonnet"? Is that any more reasonable than for a mystic to smash a test tube, just because he is told "You won't find God there"? Certainly he won't. The scientist as a scientist has to abstract from what he studies all values. But this habit will play havoc only if the fact-finding machine which personality uses is allowed to crowd out the value-creating aspect of life.

What we have to keep clearly in mind is that the religious intuitions of consciousness postulating the idea of God are worthy of just as high a status as those intuitions of consciousness which enable the scientist to assume that objects are real, that other researchers are reporting honestly, that his own laboratory does not lie. Ultimately it all goes back to a venture of trust, starting from the central nucleus of personality. After that first venture of trust is taken, one must balance one fact against another and suspend judgment. But he had better not be a tentativist in his approach to the whole of life.

To be complete persons we need both the eye

that observes facts and the ear that enjoys harmony, not only "the certitude of science," but also "the certitude of religion." A man may comprehend Einstein's formula about gravitation, and still use only that restricted part of his personality which we call intellect. Religion, however, is the response of the entire personality. Wasn't it Huxley who said that religion may not take much of a man, but it takes all there is of him?

If we are anywhere at all, we want to "be there altogether." If we would give ourselves to purpose in the universe we must give ourselves without any freezing inhibitions. But what is the use of attempting this if at the bottom of our hearts we believe that the concept of cosmic purpose is just a childish projection upon the universe of our own desires, that communion with that purpose is nothing more than auto-suggestion? Right here is where the philosopher with his sense of proportion which is a sense of humor can help. He can point out the danger of believing a thing only because we wish to believe it, just as there is the danger of saying "No" to the existence of God because the idea may be too disturbing, too challenging. He can warn us against the absurdity of using prayer as a device for getting power over God. But at the same time he can suggest the reasonableness of so opening our being to the creative spirit that we can get power with God. He can justify that restlessness which

haunts us until we find our rest in the Eternal Will. Just because we have a hunger for the "Beyond that is within" is no proof that the Beyond is only within; the sky cannot be explained away by saying that birds want to fly in it.

We need not be psychology-shocked. Granted that there are mirages in the desert, we can still, without insulting our intellects, seek for the oasis. The head, no doubt, should know the heart's reasons and make those reasons fit in with all the facts of experience. But psychology, for all its potentialities, is still young, not to say adolescent. This the philosopher with his sense of background can tell us. He can support his contention by drawing on the insights of such seasoned physicists as Professor A. H. Compton who frankly admits the possibility of "mind acting on matter" as if it were perhaps after all "the most important thing in the universe"; and Sir James Jeans who speaks of the universe as less like a meaningless machine than a great thought.

As the social engineer can dig away at certain obstructions in society which make faith difficult, and as the psychologist can label for what they are certain complexes which give atheism a high tone, so the philosopher can make intellectually respectable the will to believe that our values have the backing of the universe.

But what, positively, has he to say in behalf of

an infinite, friendly, coordinating purpose that is more than human?

First of all, he can show us a meaning in man's long and stumbling search for freedom and interdependence. If history teaches anything it is, so we sense from H. G. Wells' outline, that there can be no prosperity now but a common prosperity. Frederick Libby declares that the best reason for our immediate entrance into the League of Nations is that sooner or later we should be joining anyway. Professor Walter M. Horton asserts in *Theism and the Modern Mood* the existence of a vast cosmic drift toward fellowship and mutual aid. The very stars in their courses are against war and oppression. This he asserts not as an act of faith, but as a fact no less objective than the great star-drifts. The meaning is not that progress is automatic but that the effort of cosmic will is with us.

Moreover, organic evolution appears on the whole integrative and progressive; there is a trend toward personality. Mind becomes growingly dominant. Such, at least, is the conclusion of James Arthur Thomson, editor of *The Outline of Science*. Is there not something laughable in mind, essaying to measure the response of a tree to a passing cloud, petulantly reading mind out of the universe? The tendency in nature toward the adjustment of life to life, which impresses the biologist, hints at God.

But it is in the inward vision of "the world within" rather than in an outward impression of "mind gaining mastery over matter" that we find the chief justification for the venture of faith. The final reason for believing in cosmic purpose backing up our highest human purpose is in our inescapable sense of the "Ought," as having supremacy over the material universe.

The belief in God, declares Justin Wroe Nixon, is at bottom "man's declaration of faith that his own hunger for life can and will be satisfied." But an essential way to satisfy that hunger for life is to keep faith with one's highest ideals. As a man does this, he may for a time seem to have lost God, but sooner or later he finds a cooperating spirit answering his need for communion.

"When the fountains of the great deep have been broken up and man has found himself alone on the angry sea of the universe, when with apparently the last gesture of his spirit he has committed himself to that vision of the Best which glimmers before his eyes, he finds to his amazement that about him are the arms of a strong swimmer and that he is not sinking."

If we believe in the existence of an ongoing, intercommunicating purpose it will not be because of the arguments of the philosophers. It will be because we feel within ourselves this upthrust, to use Schweitzer's phrase of "life which wills to live."

Intellectual consistency, yes: our concept of God must fit all available facts of life. Emotional satisfaction, surely: our object of worship must release and harmonize both the desire to master things and the desire to be mastered by a self-transcending cause without reservations. But most of all the stirring of will: our allegiance must call out of us power to live more abundantly than would be possible on a negative assumption.

The question, then, is not so much "whether God is intellectually worthy of us," as "whether we are morally worthy of God." But how shall we become ethically fit?

This technique it is for the saints, the great experiencers to suggest. By the great experiencers is meant not the pseudo-mystics who use deity as a defense against social responsibility, but the authentic mystics who so combine intelligent collective effort with burning individual devotion that both drives become fused into "love,—the outgoing of the whole soul." The saints are the most practical people on earth because they bet their lives on unlimited resources of spirit. They are free from the extravert's delusion, exposed by Evelyn Underhill, that we can do much which is worth doing for others if for their sakes we neglect God. They see no more necessity, as a Frenchman puts it, to prove the existence of God than to prove the existence of light. To let more of the light thrill through them

is their single ambition. Whereas the rest of us get bored and easily discouraged, these experts in the art of living keep fresh and confident by keeping themselves open to the experiencing power of infinite life.

Although they might use terms different from those familiar to us, their direct intuition seems to point to the following conditions which must be fulfilled if we are to become wholehearted, single-minded, at home in the world.

First, we must break through inhibitions that choke us up as channels of creative energy. As we have seen, psychiatric treatment or psychoanalysis may be necessary in extreme cases. For some people confession before a priest may enable them to face rather than repress facts. Sometimes there is nothing that will so readily break the spell of deadening habits as the comradeship of an intimate small group where one can be perfectly frank about one's sense of guilt. The mutual sharing of marriage, too, can bring disintegrating inner conflicts more objectively into the open. But the primary technique is meditation, where there is time enough to look over one's whole situation. It is not easy to locate the old freezing fixations of fear or conventionality or self-indulgence or rancor, and then turn these resistances over to God; but self analysis is an experience far more releasing and far more available than most people imagine.

A second condition for becoming focussed persons is that we presuppose purpose and then go the whole way toward realizing that purpose. It will not do to wait till all the returns are in. The luxury of indecision has to be renounced. "Over the gate into life," says a friend, "are written the words, *Only the great gamblers can enter here.*"

Before you looms a sand-dune. You may be only a confused and rather muddy trickle and you run the risk of getting lost. But into the challenge of what seems to be the best for every one, yourself included, you plunge anyway. Ramsay MacDonald's experience throws light on this matter. In August, 1914, he declared in parliament, without apology, that the war was wrong and that he was against it. "Political suicide," said his friends. But the man with a Scotch conscience was only finding himself. Evidently the universe is so made as to vindicate such a venture. At last you emerge on the other side, clear and perhaps sparkling, at least ongoing to the sea.

The penalty for those sidestepping this self-surrender seems to be eventual staleness. A few years ago a journalist wrote numerous and enticing books about seeking and finding God. But now, apparently because of preoccupation with sex and self-indulgence, his ears are stopped. Unless one follows the music into whatever risk, he loses the music.

If Schweitzer had substituted academic excuses for adventure into the task of sharing suffering and thus finding meaning in it, he would have missed the exhilaration of the deeply rooted life, the radiance of a man growing into harmony with himself and with the world. "It is through this spinning wheel," says Gandhi, "that I keep in touch with the poorest of the poor, and through them with God." And again, "I shall never know God if I do not wrestle with and against evil, even at the cost of life itself." In the slums Kagawa knew a family of gamblers who upon losing would send one of their sons running to the pawn shop to pawn his coat and get money. That boy would become naked and lose everything. "Because I lived in the slums many, many years, I became a gambler for God. I wanted to pawn everything for Christ." A young psychologist has recently been confidentially interviewing the "twice-born" of this country. Some of these are comparatively unlettered persons, others are well known in the intellectual world. In each case, the secret of their supreme happiness was found to be something like this: they committed themselves completely to what seemed at the time to be most right; with all of themselves they ventured as far as they could in the best direction they saw.

But there is a third condition; the discipline of direct and habitual seeking after God. A man can get free of neurotic complexes, he can say in a

lucid moment, "I am willing to follow the light no matter what happens to me," but without the habit of putting himself in "the presence of the best," his world view as well as his response to spirit, may become blurred. The first problem of personality is not how to find a cause that will harmonize it: the first problem of personality is to want the supreme cause. What we have to learn from the experience of the past is that prayer is a skill for keeping this desire for completion alive; perhaps it is the method which if ignored will leave us unaware of our spiritual need. Unless we are ready to make the effort of stopping the machinery long enough consciously to feed our hunger for communion with the spirit back of the wheels, we shall probably find ourselves not intelligently caring whether there be a spirit there.

It seems that those who have least apathy and therefore most to say to us in that region of our minds where important choices are wrought, are the most rigorous in observing the rhythm of intense devotion to a cause and uninterrupted communion with the Unseen. Gandhi, who shares himself so fully with friends at his ashram, whose words are thrilling through the soul of India to keep alive a movement which is a rebuke to all that imperialism stands for, nourishes his capacity to communicate meaning to others by maintaining, one whole day out of seven, complete silence. Not a word passes

his lips. Schweitzer cannot thank his African forest enough for its gift of solitude. Kagawa, one of the most articulate of living men, will forego rice if necessary, but never his daily retreat alone. Some mornings he gets up at three o'clock to pray. He points out that the movement which has sent thousands upon thousands of Occidental youths into Africa and Asia so that lives out there might be complete, began with only four students praying. "If you go back to your home and start a prayer group," he says to an American visitor, "that prayer wave may cover the world." As he sees it, there must be first what the Buddhists seek: calmness and the emptying of soul; but also living up to the Sermon on the Mount and the prayer which is sheer enjoyment of God. "The master mind cure," declares the Director of the Chicago Institute of Research and Diagnosis, "is prayer."

Again, corporate worship seems to be an indispensable means of growing toward fullness of life. Gandhi seeks harmony with God's will in the fellowship of his ashram and at services where friends each day together brood over their scriptures. Schweitzer joins with his black patients and colleagues in such meetings at least once a week. Kagawa in company with members of "The Friends of Jesus" early on Sunday mornings commits himself anew to the Kingdom of God movement. If we would keep fresh and whole we must at times with

others listen for "the thin invisible trumpets that sound across the meadows of the Spring."

These lives that we have been considering throw light upon the conditions of focussing personality. But the point in the universe where the meaning of life seems to come most clearly into focus is the personality of Jesus. In him we see no resistance to or confusion about the infinite, friendly will that would integrate our world. This is not an appeal for religion *about* Jesus; the world has been sufficiently divided by dogmas. Nor is it a plea for the religion *of* Jesus; one in a sense would have to be Jesus to have his religion. This is simply an acknowledgment that we can get religion *from* Jesus. If we put ourselves constantly in the atmosphere of his personality we can get a sense of life and become aware of the unifying purpose we need.

Any man sincerely trying to act like Jesus will learn to believe in God. Step by step he will become at one with himself.

The fundamental postulate of Jesus is that the spirit of the universe answers man's deepest need, his need for fellowship and a unifying purpose. Those who go ahead on this postulate like divers from a springboard will find personality growing, reality responding; as if the ocean were there for swimming, not to drown in.

The great souls at whom we have been glancing, along with Jesus, seem to take for granted that no

estrangement is necessary within themselves or between their neighbors and the spirit of the universe. As we watch them making splashes of color on the great waters, our chatter on the shore about "living decently and dying courageously without religion" begins to sound empty and insipid.

Their open secret, perhaps we too could understand,—if we ventured out there ourselves, if we hazarded everything not on the world's lesser loyalties but on God.

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trophe. The jingoistic hare of national egotism may win again.

As economic groups, we are still for the most part committed to a "dictatorship of planlessness." A few concerns, like a nationally known soap factory, maintain for their employees comparatively regular work. On the other hand, six thousand or so bituminous coal mines sporadically produce what perhaps one-fourth that number could equal on a stable basis of three hundred days a year. Within this firm and that farm there is a measure of local, restricted efficiency; but very little teamwork between firms and farms in general. Our minds no longer bow down to the old god of unsocialized individualism and the devil take the hindmost; yet we shrink back from a centralized plan to produce, market and distribute the necessities of life. Although our forty-eight states enjoy free trade, the tariff obstructs the circulation of goods across frontiers. Nobody knows how many Americans are unable to find work. In a country with more than twenty million automobiles, discouraged breadwinners are not likely to seek relief over the barricades. A few, however, may take their own lives in despair if not in protest.

As races, we clash. In the Southern United States the economic depression, according to one investigator, seems to have strengthened the mind set toward lynching. A mob in Atlanta not long ago

burned down the home of a Negro preacher. He was a man of established integrity. His crime was being father to a boy whom an intoxicated white man shot to death in a public park merely on suspicion. Possibly unemployed members of the mob had the vague idea that if they terrorized the old Negro and his neighbors, they might somehow get jobs for themselves which the frightened blacks would relinquish without protest. Race rancor, directed not toward Negroes alone, is seeping into areas which have been comparatively free from prejudice. One part of our nature wants brotherhood; the other part demands segregation.

As married mates, we have not been graduated from infantile awkwardness. One of the embittering tragedies of modern life is the blocking, through ignorance, of the power of married partners to create such a colorful partnership that fidelity will grow. A writer on the modern temper finds love becoming so accessible, "so unmysterious and so free, that the value is trivial." Appetite still claims a divine right.

As members of the younger and older generations, we have not learned how to negotiate. "Her habit of authority together with her need for activity," complains a daughter regarding her mother, "combine to fill all our days with one thousand irritations." What the parent would say in rejoinder is left to the imagination. One senses in some quar-

ters a revolt of age against youth. Those individuals of either group are rare who have found the higher ground of deciding things together.

As religionists, we are a long way, so Harry Lauder tells us, from living "like a great big family party. We have used what ought to have bound men together to keep them separate." We who repeat the creeds have almost forgotten that we must first love our brother whom we have seen if we are to love God whom we have not seen. What we would better learn is that "labor is the house that love dwells in"; it will be in cooperative work for a better social order that we of the sects will come together.

As individuals, most of us are like the choked-up industrial process: we have capacity to produce abundantly, but something within us inhibits our output. The streets are full of hurrying faces that flash the look of men and women frustrated in the inner citadel, men and women not yet fused by a supreme loyalty into peace with themselves. To redirect one's impulses to the end that spirit with spirit may meet, gives vitality. To surrender oneself without reservations, like an animal, to one's impulses, affords a certain zest. To try to do both, as an American philosopher warns, is to play with suicide.

Until recently it was rather bad form, in view of these disconcerting conditions, not to be depressed about life. Today, however, there is a rising and

imperious demand for integration. Blinders are no more in order than before. To be radical in the sense of getting at the root of all that divides us is not so "dangerous" as it was. The widely acknowledged menace now is the refusal to face the facts. But as smugness is going out, curiosity,—a more creative kind of curiosity,—seems to be coming in. Why not look around?

In our chaotic world, can we not get hold of a unifying principle and energy with which to approach whatever sunders society and personality? We are convinced now of what Ferrero says the war revealed: the human race possesses but a single body and a single soul. The economic depression has driven us to admit without question the underlying fact of interdependence. Suffering shared, so a Frenchman observes, is starting Europe and America on the road toward mutual understanding. The deliberate trend toward a world court and a world council, and a world bank (which an American historian thinks is the most unifying of all), demonstrates how organically related we are. Einstein's attempt to unite electro-magnetism and gravitation in a single universal formula, is eloquent of man's desire to see things steadily and see them whole. A feverish interest in "the new psychology" points to a new awareness of our inner need to be at one.

But where can we see clearly the unifying principle and energy we need? Science, dealing with the

mechanical aspect of things, is impatient with our orthodox barriers. But it can scarcely give us the synthesis we must have. The machine brings uniformity but not unification. Industry and trade push restlessly beyond the frontiers of nation, class and race. But unless the rules of the game are changed, this expansion may mean a larger battlefield instead of a greater meeting-ground.

Where the urgency toward an integrated world is most compelling and most vivid, is in certain personalities. This is not a reference to Mussolini who craves to leave a mark on his era, "a mark like this," who rips the covering of a chair from end to end with his finger-nail as if he were one of his own pet lions; nor to those enthusiasts in Russia who like to be called "larger screws," who live and die for a vast and increasing collective machine. What we are looking for we glimpse in a few individuals who have the genius of exerting power not "over" people but "with" people. Theirs is an influence, amazing and profound, of reconciling a divided world. It is as if the creative spirit of the universe were backing them.

Outstanding among these reconcilers is Mahatma Gandhi. Because the framework for his activities is so peculiarly Indian, it is difficult for Westerners to see the picture without being either sentimental or cynical. To understand the essential driving force of this ninety-five pound figure in loin cloth, we have

to overlook his statements about cow worship, his emotional aversion to sex, his dietary doctrines, his seeming antagonism to the machine, his blind spot regarding Lancashire mill workers who starve because the Hindu non-cooperative movement cuts off their market.

We have to recognize that whereas we talk piously about love, he wholeheartedly applies it to an opposing empire with an effectiveness that is startling the world. He is showing up the absurdity of our cherished dogma that the patriot who repudiates the use of machine-guns and poison gas is therefore an incompetent mollycoddle. Although not labelled Christian, he and his followers are illustrating year after year the validity of Maude Royden's contention: Before Christian pacifism can count, there must be pagan courage. "If we live at peace because we fear the British bayonets," affirms Gandhi, "I would rather that we should be violent than cowardly." But he and some of his adherents have climbed from the supine level, through the retaliatory level, to the topmost level of creative good will. One significant thing about his movement is that in the twelve years or more of struggle so little blood has been shed throughout a sub-continent famously divided as to race, language and religion.

But the chief meaning is that the power of soul-force over against sword-force has been unmistakably demonstrated. A mass of people, it appears,

really can win their right of self-determination by appealing from their opponent's obvious lower self to what Hocking calls "the higher self that is more real."

The spectacle of Gandhi is stirring us to new confidence in the supremacy of spiritual energy. We see one who would gladly suck cobra poison from the body of the British general who ordered his soldiers to fire into a crowded square of Hindus, leaving the wounded women and children unaided; who, though a convalescent just out of prison takes on himself a penance fast of twenty-one days in order to wake the quarreling Hindus and Mohammedans to their senses; who answers an Englishman protesting against this discipline, "Charlie, don't you believe in God?"; who is so humble he dislikes to wear false teeth between meals lest he be guilty of vanity; who insists on himself performing certain menial household tasks which only the low-caste folk customarily touch; who adopts into his home an untouchable girl and treats her as his own daughter; who as he worships, seeks fellowship with a Mohammedan priest and a Christian Englishman; who, by his example, spreads the contagion of faith in non-violent persuasion, even among those men of India who are most proud of their strong right arms.

This incident witnessed by Negley Farson of the Chicago Daily News, happened in a Bombay Square.

The police of the Imperial Government were attempting to disperse a gathering of nationalists. A band of fifty fine-looking Sikhs stood their ground. These Sikhs belong to a fighting brotherhood, but they had sworn they would not draw their sacred swords; "We will never retreat, we will die, we will die." When the *lathis* of the police fell upon the leader until the blood streamed down his face, he smiled,—"and stood up for more." But in time the attackers were beaten as if by a superior force. "You can't go on hitting a blighter," they explained, "when he stands up to you like that."

The "great soul" of India, who bets his life on truth-force and its power to quiet the brute and arouse the human in men, gets surprisingly positive results. Quite probably he attracts more people to faith in non-violent weapons, than does any living man. Because of the Mahatma, coercion without killing is becoming a practical proposal which statesmen cannot ignore.

As Gandhi discloses an effective technique by which exploited national groups may win self-respect in the political world, so Albert Schweitzer is pioneering the way toward racial reconciliation. No less sensitive than Gandhi to the pain of all living creatures, he is an unusually hard-headed man. He can construct an organ in the city or a hospital in the jungle with his own hands. His writings range from one of the most daring critical analyses of books

about Jesus to the standard biography of Bach and *Civilization and Ethics*. Few lives in history have glowed with such color and romance. Yet his ambition is not so much to thrill to the beauty of the world and the charm of clear thought as to make some atonement for the sufferings which the white man has imposed upon the black.

At the age of thirty this native of Alsace-Lorraine was famous for his theological books. He was honorary president of the Paris Bach society, a celebrated organist. He had an enviable position as professor in a German university. But these privileges only haunted him with a sense of the contrast between what Europe had and Africa lacked. Europe was like Dives, enjoying the benefits of a scientific control of disease. Africa was at the gate like uncared for Lazarus of the running sores.

After eight years of medical study and of concerts to finance his plan, this handsome European finds himself in Africa with his wife, a nurse. In a chicken shed which he has transformed into an operating theatre, he is holding the hand of a Negro coming out of the ether. "There is no pain, there is no pain," exclaims the African almost unbelieving. And then the physician tells his patient why it is that he has left the advantages of Europe to come here and cure the sleeping sickness and ulcers of the people on the Ogowe River. "The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed,

but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words, 'And all ye are brethren.' "

We get a further glimpse into the dynamic quality of his genius for fellowship in his use of the organ after the war, that made "one music as before, only vaster." Although the French deported Schweitzer from his African hospital and kept him under guard in the Pyrenees, he was possibly the first organist to give concerts in Europe that could make mixed audiences of former enemies forget, in the splendour of harmonies that pass beyond all lines of nation or race, that they were Frenchmen and Germans and Englishmen.

In the realm of the most dramatic cleavage in society today, that between conflicting national groups, Gandhi to many is a symbol of the new reliance on collective non-violent persuasion. In the realm of that blasphemy regarding the spirit of man which we glibly call race prejudice and which we so tamely take for granted, Schweitzer is becoming a gallant challenge. But there is a subtler, more complicated issue confronting us than whether we shall kill or be killed in battle, or whether we shall allow the colored masks men wear to bamboozle us, and that is the issue of sharing in dollars and cents. Many experts there are who have tidy programs for producing and distributing goods. But it is a half blind Japanese with infected lungs, as yet

known by only a few in the Occident, who seems to be most convincingly living the life. When fifteen years old, he had the choice of turning down his new faith and becoming the heir of a rich uncle, or of following Jesus and being cut off without a *sen*. Toyohiko Kagawa chose the adventure of Jesus.

At twenty-one, on the day before Christmas, 1909, he rented for almost nothing a house not much bigger than a matchbox, supposed to be tormented by a ghost. There, in the worst slum of Japan, he lived for more than fourteen years. At one time he had as guests four murderers. His neighbors were thieves, prostitutes, beggars, drunkards, broken old people along with babies abandoned by their parents. At this particular time his mind was filled with Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. Let us hear his story as he once told it:—

"As I was setting the house in order, the chief of the gamblers came to me and asked if I would take a disciple. 'How a disciple?' I asked. 'Let him live with you and eat rice.' He said that this person was unemployed, and drank from six in the morning till twelve at night. 'All right! Ask him to come.'

"So Uchiyama came to sleep with me the first night spent in the slums. In the morning I discovered that Uchiyama had the itch, and that I had caught the itch, too.

"On the fourth day Mr. Izu came—a beggar, who also wanted to be enrolled as my disciple.

Then another person came, and altogether I had to feed four persons on seven and a half dollars a month. Try it! We could not eat rice cooked in the usual manner, but had to cook it in a great deal of water, with little rice and much water, like the gruel one makes for sick people. It went on for four months like that, and gradually what little money I had disappeared, and my pockets were empty. I did not know what to do, and so stopped eating a noon meal.

"One day I was sitting in my chair writing and Mr. Tatsu came and wanted some pocket money for drinking. I said, 'No, I haven't much money and none to give for drink.' And he said, 'You help the beggars, gamblers, pickpockets, murderers and idiots and so you ought to help me also!' And he shook the leg of my desk all day long so that I could not write. . . . Later he killed a man and was sent to prison. When he came out of prison he came and lived with me."

Religion to Kagawa is "at-one-ment, bringing every one and everything together,—the destitute, the disabled, the enfeebled people, into a high, elevated position, into the very heart of God." Small wonder that he is able to say with authority, "God who is unintelligible when thought of in a room or a library, will become known when one loves people. Therefore if you gaze at Jesus, who loved people and loved his disciples, you will know God."

During his first visit to this country, Kagawa did graduate work, including theology and higher mathematics at Princeton. For a short time he served as waiter in a wealthy golf club. In Utah, he organized cooperatives among tenant beet raisers, and helped win a strike for higher wages. The first night of his return to Japan he spent in the slums. Gradually he became identified with practical movements, some of which he initiated, to prevent the existence of the slums. Once he went to jail for leading a strike of thousands of dockyard workers in Kobe, who demanded of their employers that they be treated like human beings. Eventually the Government appropriated nearly $10,000,000, thanks largely to his efforts, to reconstruct slum districts. He helped organize an important branch of the Japanese Federation of Labor, the first Farmer-Labor Party in Japan, along with peasants' unions and consumers' cooperatives. Kagawa is in part responsible for the abolition of night labor in the cotton mills and the working of women in the mines.

At first he financed his work by cleaning chimneys. Now he turns the money from his sixty-four or more books, some of which are best sellers, into the maintenance of his seven settlement houses in the cities and country, spending almost nothing on himself. Cooperating with him are little groups in Japan and California called "The Friends of

Jesus," who undertake to live simply and usefully. In churches he has started "The Resurrection Mutual Aid Society" which charges 15 cents a month, and gives a sick benefit of $7.50 a month.

Kagawa refuses a place in parliament himself but successfully campaigns for the election of labor and liberal leaders. Not long ago, besides carrying on his own bureau of statistical research . . . and sometimes speaking several times a day for "The Kingdom of God Movement" he served as Deputy Mayor Advisor of the Social Bureau of Tokyo. It seems to be dawning on some of the authorities that "the giving communism" of Kagawa, which is democratic instead of dictatorial, is the only adequate answer to what he calls the "robbing communism" of Moscow.

Gandhi, Schweitzer and Kagawa are perhaps the most dynamic or at least conscience-stirring unifiers living. They are radiantly at one with themselves because they have become one with the integrating spirit of the universe. But there are multitudes of others in the same movement which would reconcile all groups with one another and all persons with themselves. In our own country are unifiers who carry this spirit into marriage, as though marriage were "an interchange of the wine of life . . . I not seeking my happiness, but receiving it from the other, and he or she not seeking theirs, but receiving it from me."

We have, in addition to hosts of older familiar names, Howard Thurman, out to persuade his fellow-Negroes not to trust to retaliatory buckshot against the white empire that oppresses them, but to try Jesus' method of dealing with the Romans: overcome them with an unconquerable friendliness. To Whites and Blacks, but also to those who have become callous toward one another in marriage and ruthless toward one another in the tension between older people and youth, he has an insight to offer: "Everybody has something to say to me which will make of my life what it cannot be unless he says it."

Abroad we have Walter Judd, and a few of the not-so-old generation like him, who live up to their Christian creed as though it did really mean, "We must trust men even though they act subhuman." Every time the bandits of China like white ants, strip his hospital clean, he purchases a new set of surgical instruments and returns unbeaten to his venture of faith in man.

But it is in the Inescapable Galilean that we glimpse in greatest degree, "the everlasting creative spirit that moves toward wholeness." Here is a man who sets out to conquer a brute empire by love, who labors at a bench and turns down the wealth that would separate him from his fellows, who shares his dream of religion making humanity one, with a woman of a race popularly hated and of a drift of

life good people despised, who works "from individual to individual, stealing through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets," first sharing his vision with a few obscure comrades. Here is one who valued his own life's direction so passionately that he would slip away from his friends for hours to be under the stars with "the Father" alone.

"If you question the authenticity of a saying ascribed to Jesus," declares a great scholar, "and that saying is paradoxical, you may be sure he said it." This paradoxical sentence that Jesus reiterated more surely than any other, the word that some consider to be the most profound ever to escape the lips of man, sums up the open secret of his life: "He that loseth his life will find it." Jesus will not let us forget that we are in a world made for adventure. Each one of us can become a child of God, or if you prefer the words, a candidate for perfection. We have a sacred, weird power to choose either the dead stagnant sea down there or the difficult breath-taking path up there; either those irrelevant thrills of petering out, or that inward thrill of always going on.

But the real adventurer does not take blind, unthought of chances. Many of us, his followers, refuse to take time off for perspective. If we did we might discover that our cocksureness is not sincerity after all; we might see that our hectic zeal about prescribing conduct for everybody else is quite a

different thing from confident faith. Jesus, on the contrary, had a terrible humility. Before he arrived at his major decisions, he found himself ruthlessly driven by inner need to meditative solitude in desert places or under the olive trees. There was none of this all too easy religious pride that says after clicking the mind shut, "Now I've got the final photograph of God's will."

Jesus does not lay down the law: "This habit is correct,—that reaction criminal." His concern is relationships, not regulations. "If a saying attributed to him sounds legalistic you can be fairly sure he didn't say it," generalizes a famous New Testament critic. But this is the law his life discloses; a man to become alive must love, he must begin to be expansive; he must assume there is a great purpose,—that the family of God live under one roof as wide as the blue sky,—and then he must go the whole way toward realizing that purpose with the uncluttered enthusiasm of a child.

This method of burning all bridges behind one and flinging one's whole self into the unifying cause of God, he himself so wholeheartedly followed that when the machine of his body was broken, he did not end. And from that time to this day, the discord of his cruel death has added meaning to the orchestra of all living. "Today," says a young Negro, "an empire is not going to kill Gandhi because an empire once killed another man."

The most baffling of all modern questions,—why evil should be,—when brought into relation with his death and life gives place to a luminous question, Whence comes such goodness? Is it that the same urgency which stirred in him thrills also through God?

In Jesus, and in those spiritual adventurers at whom we have glanced, who today in varying degree incarnate our quest for unity, we find no blue print for harmonizing our world. What we do find is a stimulus from which we cannot get away. They make us restless as we look out upon nationalism, the estranging power of money, color, sex tensions, age differences, creeds, and our own inner conflicts; restless to do something in the right direction. A social-minded scientist says that the only way out is forward. What follows is an attempt to catch glimpses of that way.

CHAPTER II

SWORDS AND SOVEREIGNTY

A LEARNED professor, an imaginative Spaniard narrates, conducted an experiment to determine if a lion and a lamb could be trained to dwell together in the same cage. The professor was asked whether his experiment had proved successful.

"Oh yes, very successful," he answered. "Now and then, of course, I had to replace the lamb."

In much the same manner, nations have been adjusting themselves to one another; only the lion of empire has had at times to be himself replaced, dying of indigestion from too much lamb.

Nationality, imperialism, the atomism of independent sovereign political units—will all this have to go? H. G. Wells seems to think so. He can see no final assurance of peace until he or some future journalist can travel across Europe, Asia and the Americas, without once having to show a passport or open his suitcase to the impertinence of a customs inspector's search. All these separate segments of humanity known as countries will have to be merged into a single world-state; at the least, they

must pool that part of their independent sovereignty which concerns their foreign relations.

Whether the world will submit itself to Wells' blueprint of Utopia or not, it had better not knuckle under to the present religion of arrogant nationalism. According to this strange faith, the only thing meriting absolute allegiance is the state; the only real sovereignty lies in the biggest battalions. Its hundreds of millions of adherents do not repeat in so many creedal words, "The State is God," but they offer their consciences without reservation on its altar. If Jesus says, "Love your enemy," and the government commands, "Kill him!" propaganda decides the issue and the crowd once more as in Jerusalem echoes, "We have no King but Caesar!"

This worship of the state that blindly cries, "My country right or wrong!" is an obvious menace. But conceivably it is not more disintegrating than the secularism that sneers at solidarity with "My country's wrong, so I'll drink all I can get away with." Nationalism at least implies some sense of responsibility. If, as the great religions agree, it is through loyalty that men stand "face to face with the true will of the world," nationalism for all its danger to civilization may yet conserve a value. Our problem is, How shall we widen this loyalty until marching off to mass murder shall be recognized as treason?

The die hards still as always wax apoplectic if not eloquent over sovereignty. "We must be ready

to die at the command of the Mikado," or the "Goddess France," or "Mussolini our god," or what-not. Governments, as David Starr Jordan long ago pointed out, are about the most backward of human institutions. Following the Revolution, it was not easy for New York State to relinquish her exclusive right to decide everything for herself. But at last the Constitution of the United States was ratified, thirty yeas against twenty-seven nays. It may be that as the loyalty of New York State was sublimated in 1788, so the loyalty of the nations within this decade can be redirected toward an organized instead of a split-up world.

Actually, we have pledged our national honor to a covenant that in a very definite degree limits our absolute sovereignty. The Briand-Kellogg Pact, in which with virtually all of the nations, we have given our word to settle every controversy henceforth by peaceful means, is now officially a part of our Constitution. Argentina and Brazil by staying out of the Peace Pact can brandish their immemorial "right" to go to war as they please. The rest of us are committed by a sacred treaty to an ordinance of discipline. And there is a fair chance that public opinion will progressively see to it that this treaty shall not be treated like a scrap of paper.

In a strict technical sense this general treaty to outlaw war does not check the power of the United States Congress to declare war. If we are attacked

we can strike back. Moreover, there are loopholes such as our need of upholding the Monroe doctrine, which could be exploited by casuists to give us for the first time in history, as Professor Borchard of Yale has warned, "a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications." Since any war can be played up as a defensive war, the treaty could be perverted into a pious alibi for ending civilization.

Morally, however, the Peace Pact can stand before us as a codified conscience. More and more now we can think of the Peace Pact as a declaration of independence, not from responsibility for working out difficulties with other nations, but from the anarchy of acting toward them as judge, jury and executioner.

Wars, as any one can sense from Sidney Fay's *Origins of the World War,* do not occur fatalistically like unavoidable volcanic eruptions. They are catastrophes which we choose, by electing to drift when we should be grappling with the causes, immediate and remote. This is not to say that we can have no peace until economic and population and racial conflicts are nicely reconciled, and all "causes" eliminated. Duelling ceased to be the inevitable response to insults upon gentlemen's honor not when all friction was removed and human nature was completely changed, but when the climate was changed. And how was it changed? By making the absurd

habit illegal, by developing a new point of view regarding it, and by building up effective machinery for intervening before the seconds were appointed and the pistols loaded.

The Peace Pact is our pledge that we propose to change the international climate. We do not have to destroy what John Dewey calls "the instinctive tendency to overcome obstacles." On the contrary, the so-called fighting instinct can be rechannelled into more socially desirable activities than mutual slaughter,—into the struggle against yellow fever, illiteracy, gangsters, or for that matter, the war system itself. Any military strategist knows that you can't conduct a modern war without conscription. To make men willing to throw themselves under the juggernaut you have not only to intoxicate them with rum at the zero hour; but you have to take the Christian flag out of the churches and put the military flag in its place; you have to poison everybody's minds with vivid tales about children whose hands have been cut off by the enemy; you have to catch boys early enough to send them to "citizens' military training camps," where the war-habit of mind can be knit into their nervous systems.

The point to remember about the Briand-Kellogg Pact is that it represents our higher national self. Although there still persists the lower self which assumes the right of Congress to declare war on the pretext of "defense," we now have a clear-

cut picture of our country's higher constitutional self which considers the Pact as a sacred bond that henceforth we shall settle all our controversies of whatever origin by peaceful means. Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll still struggle for supremacy. On the one hand, there is the old jingoistic sensitiveness ready to flare up with inflammatory slogans such as "Remember the Maine." On the other hand, there is the new cooperative pride that is willing with the other nations to be vaccinated against the smallpox of arrogant nationalism.

The innoculation will of course be ineffective unless preventive machinery for maintaining security is rapidly developed. What, then, is the task ahead?

First of all we must everywhere create more of the international mind, described several years ago by President Nicholas Murray Butler as "that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them which regards the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and cooperating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world." Briand holds that world peace rests upon a new type of education in which children shall be taught love of country, coupled with a proper appreciation of other peoples, and the habit of searching "in mankind for that which unites rather than that which divides men." This will require a revolution

in the nursery. Winston Churchill, late of England's war cabinet, confesses that as a child he had nearly 1500 toy soldiers, "all of one size, all British. . . . They turned the current of my life." Major General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the 27th division of the United States Army, thinks he can trace his own military career to Barnes' history, "with the particularly inspiring picture of Phil Sheridan waving his hat and yelling, 'Turn, boys, turn! We are going back.' " But to dramatize the heroes of cooperation is not an impossible project for education. Already, youth is being presented with the glamor of Noguchi: first his mother inserting chips of wood between her eyelids to keep herself awake in order to fight off the infection of his terribly wounded hand; then the shy boy's passion for books; then that epoch-changing glimpse through a microscope and the young life's dedication to scientific study; finally, the breath-taking gallantry of dying on the West African coast so that mankind may forever be free of the scourge of yellow fever.

There is danger, however, that we substitute the sending of dolls to Japan, school bags to the Mexican children, treasure chests to the Filipinos, and other fine gestures of world friendship, for agreements as to fundamental conflicts of interest between nations. We still have to grapple with the problem of overpopulation, investment opportunities, access to raw materials and markets, the tariff,

immigration, the coordination of silver and gold, the political or economic extension of one powerful country's control over a weaker one, the protection of money invested or persons residing abroad.

To deal with these problems adequately, we need what Lord Grey found lacking in the summer of 1914, "quick machinery for peace," rather than finger-on-the-trigger machinery for war.

In the minds of some observers, the most effective conciliation machinery now in the world is the Council of the League of Nations. Sooner or later, they feel, the United States will cooperate with the other fifty-five member nations, lest the Pact of Peace be violated. The League of Nations has created a remarkable technique of bringing together at Geneva the chief foreign ministers who formerly would exchange scarcely a nod. It is all very well for Will Rogers to say that if you want to set the diplomats to cursing one another out, just put them together 'round a conference table. But suppose there had been no clearing house for international grievances at the time the Germans and the Austrians proposed a customs union? Reduced to its lowest terms the League is a warning to stop, look and listen: one moment's honest thought in international crises, may be "passion's passing bell." We cooperate with some nations in a Pan-American Union. We have joined in the Disarmament Confer-

ence at Geneva organized by the League. Why not go farther in our collaboration?

The urgency of entering the World Court is too obvious for comment. If before 1914 it was a sign of queerness to be actively interested in peace, it is now "only the village idiot who believes in war." No sincere patriot today wants his country to drive down the highway in drunken disregard of the traffic signals.

The question is not simply whether we shall ratify the World Court or even whether we shall recognize our interdependence with other nations by joining the League. The question is whether we shall come to an agreement jointly to deal on a just basis not only with the waterways but also with the resources of the planet, and the distribution of such matters of life and death as oil, rubber, steel, coal and trading credit. To declare a moratorium on debts is a step toward a coherent world. But we have to follow it up by developing a world awareness and a method of exerting a world sense of responsibility regarding empty stomachs abroad and overproduction at home.

That false dilemma of the propagandists for the war-system needs to be exposed: "Either you and I must be willing to see our automobiles taken from our garages and transferred to greedy hands in Shanghai, Tokyo, Calcutta, Berlin: or we must be ready to uphold our high standard of living by mak-

ing them see the big stick in our hands." But our wealth and our heritage and even, if we so desire, our racial integrity can be secured if we trust to laws, treaties, conciliation and the conference method to get and keep what we need. The government does not have to be the collector, through its army, for business concerns that are taking extra profits with the extra risks in South America. We could in a pinch do with a little less cake if the starving millions in China, say, had more bread. But gain abroad does not in this interdependent world have to be loss at home. Perhaps as many as one-fifth of the industrial workers in the United States are "dependent upon the sustained purchasing power of foreign consumers." Would-be economists in Sam Browne belts and shining boots seem to be fond of explaining to American students in the R.O.T.C. that our prosperity depends upon putting the fear of the Lord into Orientals who otherwise would overwhelm and loot us. The fact is that the life of our steel industry needs friendly contacts with the more than fifty countries which supply such raw materials as manganese, tungsten, nickel, chrome. We have nearly seventeen billion dollars invested abroad, to say nothing of the seven to ten billions owed us, which would not be enhanced in value if a young flying officer released poison gas on an alien town.

It is time for us to realize that our national wel-

fare depends upon our inventive and organizing genius, which is weakened as it is drained off into military preparations. We will become strong not as we frighten other peoples but as we cooperate with them. President Coolidge once said: "We of the nations have boasted of the fact that we were brave enough to fight one another. When will the time come when we have the courage to trust one another?"

The time is ripe now. Not just because of the delicate equilibrium of international credit based on faith, which is more and more becoming the basis of our common prosperity; not just because it is better to trade "with rather than against rivals"; but because our growing mastery over physical forces without the greater mastery of cooperation, may bring wholesale suicide. What is the use of sovereignty that rests on bayonets? Until we develop the capacity and passion to work as equals with other men, the new power released to us by science may at last be only the power to get blown to pieces. Professor James T. Shotwell describes factories where thousands of tons of nitrate are daily produced to fertilize fields. That same product of the air could be converted into almost equally enormous quantities of diabolically destructive high explosives. In the same laboratory, scientists can make with the same formula that which is life-saving or life-destroying.

We human beings in the past have acted, as an Englishman observes, like rabbits seemingly unable to comprehend that shotguns are not manufactured for their benefit. But we are beginning to see at last. Our improved technique of killing is forcing us to understand. In 1914, there was an encounter between a French infantryman and a German, as described by Professor William McDougall. Both were cultivated men. The Frenchman was the quicker and plunged his bayonet into the German. Holding his bleeding intestines in his hand, the German looked into the other's eyes and spoke to him in perfect French, "Now see what you have done to me."

War, if there is war again, will not, for all the assurances of kind old military experts, be a tear bomb here and a sleeping powder there. It will be such realities as diphenyl chlorarsine, cacodyl isocyanide, radium atomite and the deadliest germs from the fastest planes. Let us not be sentimental and soft about these implications, even though high school and college boys do keep step erectly to the sound of drums and bugles. We had better open our eyes to what we ourselves will be doing to other men, and to their wives and mothers and children—if ever we take part in war again. We may be far behind the line in a munitions factory, we may be preaching with the Cross beside the flag, but the explosives or social poison which we help to produce will no less

vividly mean what the Frenchman's bayonet meant to the German.

As soon as it comes home to us how provocative armaments are and what they imply, we may find ourselves under a concern like that which disturbed young William Penn. He had caught from George Fox a glimpse of the truth that in every man is a divine spark, and that love is the only way to awaken that spark. But he was proud of the impressive sword hanging from his belt. In time he became worried about the inconsistency of standing for fellowship and at the same time dressing himself up with this threat of violence. He asked George Fox what he should do about it.

"Carry thy sword," said the great man, "as long as thou canst."

Several days later, Fox saw the young blood on the street. The weapon was not in evidence. "William," he asked, "where is thy sword?"

Penn answered, "I carried it as long as I could."

The significance of the disarmament conference at Geneva will not be a depressed world's necessity to spend less than four billions a year on preparation for national suicide. It will not be the haunting terror of seeing our children and women and aged folk futilely fumbling for gas masks. It will be the pressure of a new conscience driving us to trust one another to keep our pledged word for peace as once we kept our pledged word for war. The sense of

honor that at last will put backbone into the movement for disarmament will not come by wishing for it, but by willing it.

Einstein although a relativist in his position with respect to the stars, is an absolutist in his stand for personal disarmament. "I should unconditionally," declares Einstein, "refuse every direct or indirect war service and try to induce my friends to take the same stand, and this independently of any critical opinion of the causes of war." To a pledge no less outspoken, a member of the British House of Commons has won nearly one hundred and thirty thousand adherents, including more than a score of persons who have been elected to Parliament.

The Supreme Court of the United States has refused citizenship to a divinity school professor and a woman who both served overseas with the Canadians during the War, because they decline to put any future war decree of Congress above their own consciences. In other words, if Jesus were to apply for naturalization papers, he would be barred. But the vote was only five to four. A growing group of American citizens bonded by their country's signature to the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact have taken out a sanity insurance policy. They pledge themselves in these more or less lucid times never to break faith with the Pact personally, however stirring the appeal to international lunacy. They feel they can give their allegiance to their country more

wholeheartedly than ever before, because now their country's honor is pledged never again to go to war over any question of "honor." Among this group are ten thousand Protestant ministers committing themselves, in the questionnaire of the *World Tomorrow,* never to sanction or participate in another war.

"Suppose," the army man inevitably objects, "a criminal entered your home and attacked your wife; would you let him do as he pleased?"

"Whatever I did," muses a prominent minister, "I wouldn't murder his grandmother."

"But," urges a major-general in effect, "this refusal to fight is in the same class with patronizing the bootlegger; it is preaching 'law violation at individual pleasure.'" No, there are at least three distinct points of difference. First, the absolute pacifist is in the open; he is ready to inform the police of his stand. Again, his motive is not personal appetite but the desire to serve mankind. Finally, his action toward substituting law for anarchy is the logical outcome of loyalty to that part of the Constitution of the United States which, through the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, completely outlaws war. "The radical nowadays," observes Senator Borah, "is the man who believes in the Constitution."

The authentic peace-maker, far from repudiating police force, works for an extension of law and order. What he does not believe is that the mili-

tary method is a legal method. "An army," admits an officer, "exists to kill men, when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of justice." No neutral tribunal gives the order. Furthermore, the force employed is blind. It destroys human beings indiscriminately, wholesale. It settles nothing.

No doubt there are folk desirous only of saving their skins who masquerade as pacifists. But they have no place in the peace movement. Gandhi has made the obligation clear. Soul force is to violence what light is to darkness, but the man who considers himself weak simply cannot exert this force. To make effective resistance against evil he must realize that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him, something before which the brute nature will always yield.

The problem of the authentic pacifists is not so much whether they will go to jail if the world once more goes insane, as how at this time to organize and inoculate the world against a recurrence of insanity.

Even though some nation should develop an acute case of nerves and start shooting, diplomatic ostracism would probably prove more effective medical treatment than the cold steel recommended by a former Secretary of the Navy. A concerted economic boycott, imposed by a neutral world tribunal, however hard on the innocent, might be a check. The pressure of world opinion would not be with-

out its restraining influence. But to rely on the military is like taking up an old-time blunderbuss. One wakes up after pulling the trigger to find one's own arm blown off. To try to cure militarism abroad by sending armies against it is a little like swatting a smallpox patient: you only catch the disease yourself.

"The hero," says George Bernard Shaw, "is one who prevents." In the following program is a chance for worthwhile heroism. The twenty-two points are the result of Kirby Page's fourteen years of research into the question of *National Defense:*

"Seek clearer understanding and keener appreciation of the people of other lands; urge the adoption of textbooks which promote peace rather than war; advocate the establishment of a National Peace Department in the Federal Government: roll up a tidal wave of public support for the Briand-Kellogg Treaty; support an agreement that in the event of a violation of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty the signatories of the Pact will enter into conference as to the kind of non-warlike action demanded by the crisis; uphold the effort to negotiate conciliation and arbitration treaties with all other nations; support the movement to induce our Government to sign the optional Clause of the World Court Protocol; strive to secure the early entrance of the United States into the League of Nations; recognize the value of membership in the International Labor Organization by the United States; work for the early independence of the Philippine Islands; advocate the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States; urge the participation of the United States in a new conference on reparation and war debts; re-

veal the menace of chauvinism; emphasize the fallacies and perils of the military philosophy; struggle to obtain drastic reductions in armaments; endeavor to secure the abandonment of armed intervention in other lands; seek to abolish the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in high schools and colleges; point out the perils inherent in the Citizens' Military Training Camps; stand like flint against high tariffs; strive to avoid racial discrimination in our immigration and naturalization laws; attempt to remedy such acts of international injustice as that perpetrated by saddling Germany with sole guilt in causing the World War; go on record now as stating your present purpose not to sanction any future war nor participate in warfare as an armed combatant."

In the world as it is today, where the national honor is pledged to the Peace Pact, where the very means of living depend more and more on general prosperity and peace, where we are learning to communicate across old barriers as if they did not exist, where war means indiscriminate and unimaginable destruction, neither punishing the guilty nor protecting the helpless, where the sentiment is growing, "Let us reason together"—in the world as it actually is now, why should we not so devote ourselves to the art of life that we have "no place for the art of death"?

Why should we ever again imagine that a good end justifies means which cannot but defeat that end? Why should we trick ourselves into thinking we will get democracy some day if only we are sufficiently autocratic now, that we can affirm patriot-

ism by denying our conscience, that we can bring in the kingdom of God by deserting Christ?

On a blazing September afternoon, during Allenby's dramatic push of 1918, there rolled up the Jericho road from the Jordan a cloud of dust. Coming closer, it developed into a marching column and, then through the heat waves into Turkish soldiers. Some dropped exhausted at the side of the road. Others kept on. As they straggled into the ancient mud-walled town, I looked into the faces lined with hunger, pain and disappointment. These Turks, it appeared, had been facing not only bombing raids and machine-gun fire; they had gone through dysentery, malaria and short rations of water. In their eyes were despair and homesickness.

For a long time our folk had been trying to do them in and they had been paying our people back in like coin. Was it possible that they too were simply out to protect their honor and their homes? At close range these targets began to be sons merely eager to sleep once more under the old roof away off in the village, husbands anxious about their wives, fathers lonely for their children.

As I stood watching those alien faces filing past, it began to come to me that we had all forgotten an event outside the city wall just twenty miles away; on a little hill up there by Jerusalem a young man once had cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Our faith, all those tragic months, had been the faith of Judas. Judas wanted to win the freedom of a people from oppression. So did we. He honestly believed that the end being good, justified any kind of means. The method of attaining that end did not seem to matter so much either to him or to us. Why sweat blood under the olive trees, struggling to discover "the way" when it is so obvious how one must act now? For the sake of a remote ideal, a political dream, there must be immediate betrayal of the highest; love by hatred, truth by lies, life by slaughter. The irony of it lay in our taking for granted, as no doubt Judas did, that this was being practical.

Now that the years are clearing away the red mists so that we can see the results of our practicality, a doubt like that which struck into Judas after the crucifixion is beginning to startle the world. Jesus did not think that we could kick our way through to the City where mankind really wants to live. Perhaps after all, he was right.

CHAPTER III

MAMMON

Too much cake for the few, for the many scarcely enough bread,—is that the best our planet can do?

On this side of the water we can produce two or three times as many shoes as Americans wear; in the tropics vast numbers become anemic with hookworm because they go barefoot. We flood the market with automobiles; great sections of Asia and Africa lie stagnant from lack of transportation. Brilliant young graduates from our institutes of technology are unable to find a job here; waterpower remains unharnessed around the world. Martial law must slow down oil production in Oklahoma; Mexican Indians are trying to learn the alphabet by the crude light of bonfires. Wheat rots in North American granaries; Chinese boys and girls press their stomachs against the ground to smother the starvation pangs. I shall not soon forget the look on the face of Wang, my rickshaw man, when he opened the door into my steam-heated room in Peking, after shivering all the early eve-

ning at the side of the road in the January wind that blew down from the desert. That glance conveyed not envy so much as surprise.

Is the trouble that we citizens of the planet do not care, or is it that we simply have not bothered yet to put our heads together to work out a plan? We had the brains and the energy collectively to spend within four years a few hundred billion dollars that the world might be made safe for something or other. Now that we sense the futility of all that, are we going to admit that we lack the drive and intelligence to organize a program so that one third of the human family shall not go to bed hungry without light for their huts or a stimulus for their minds?

The task is a long-term task and frightfully complicated, but perhaps not eventually hopeless. Out of the traffic-jam of loyalties to nations and to globe-encircling business enterprises, one fact emerges unmistakably clear: "rugged individualism" is no panacea. We will have to take certain steps out of the mess together.

Consider, for example, the impact of American policy upon Switzerland. The Swiss have been shipping to our country about eleven million dollars worth of watches and watch movements every year. Absent-mindedly we pass the Tariff Act of 1930. That disorganizes their principal industry. They can no longer purchase from us their usual forty-five

million dollars worth of goods a year. Our tariff meant well, no doubt. It aimed to protect industries at home; actually it attacked the welfare of millions of people abroad. Raymond B. Fosdick puts the matter thus: our tariff is in the same class with T.N.T. and poison gas; "the world must submit to economic disarmament as well as military disarmament."

Or, again, consider Germany. Thanks to article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, she has had to pay, indirectly, into our treasury a good fraction of a million dollars a day; and that, too, when we already possess something like half of the world's gold. But Germany cannot pay us in export goods, —and how else can she pay?—as long as we maintain that tariff barrier. It may be flattering to our vanity to exploit what we can of the planet's resources for national profit instead of for world use. But it is dangerous. The Great War, Stresemann used to reiterate with a degree of reason, had already begun in 1887, when the "Made in Germany" Bill was carelessly put through Parliament, almost banishing German goods from British markets.

Whatever we Americans do about the tariff we had better quickly agree to a plan with reference to European debts. This could be done at less sacrifice and risk than some of us seem to realize. We could propose to the Allies: "We will cancel your war debts to us if you cancel what Germany was

forced by the fortunes of war to pay you. This might mean a loss to every American citizen of almost three dollars a year. But right now we spend approximately twice that sum preparing to shoot potential customers. If we cut our military budget in two and cancelled the war debts, there would be about the same expense to the tax-payers. The gain, however, to all of us would be incalculable. Of course we would have to work to the end that all the other nations would join with us in reducing, and reducing in earnest, the staggering amount now wasted on competitive armaments which stimulate fear instead of promoting security. The risks of thus cooperating with you for a safe international community are better than the risks of preparing for war until we get war."

If this looks too much like Christianity we would do well to recall that Christianity is not lunacy preached to a planet of sane men but "sanity for a planet of lunatics."

It will not do to be sentimental about international relations. But one wonders if the sentimentality is not in maintaining handsome battleships while some of our people need food. The military theory is that our coveted national income will somehow be looted unless we put what is called the "fear of God,"—the god of the biggest battalions, —into our neighbors' minds. But, to repeat what was suggested in the last chapter, is this the sound

economic insight we have been led to believe? In the old days when wealth was a simple concrete matter of mules and chickens, bags of wheat and chattel-women, it might have paid raiders to gallop down from mountain fastnesses and gallop back again with whatever they could steal. Not now. Wealth today depends partly on executive ability and inventive genius; the building of credit which is another word for faith; the capacity to utilize materials drawn from the ends of the earth. In our own country prosperity has been and is, more than we suspect, a vital circulation due in part to internal freedom from tariff walls. In any case, the Russians could not easily swoop down and gallop off with Ford. The Japanese could not kidnap Millikan. The Chinese Chamber of Commerce could not hoist our skyscrapers onto their battleplanes and transplant our subdivisions to the Bund, and thus start real estate values booming in Shanghai.

The militarist can try to frighten us into spending money on guns and gases with talk of a rising tide of numbers which may pour in upon us from across the Pacific and swamp out our "Nordic" stock. But Japan is eager, even more than we are, to solve by scientific means that problem of something like two thousand four hundred new breakfasts to provide with every sunrise. Her boats, if they did nothing else, could hardly ship away all the surplus babies. So some of her forward-looking leaders would have

the additions to the census absorbed by industrial development, by more skillfully devised farming, and if possible by internal migration. But they would also prevent excess population by birth control. There are in Tokyo more than fifty clinics for promoting family limitation. The Birth Control League of Shanghai is conducting a clinic with some success. Any missionary who has attempted to teach the Chinese in overcrowded cities to practise contraception knows the difficulties there. The enemies are the ancient desire to have sons offering rice and honor at the cemetery, carelessness, and such poverty as makes it difficult for peasants and slum people to purchase contraceptive means. Nevertheless, the hard-headed Chinese is not going to let ancestor worship forever get in the way of reducing the number of rice bowls, if he can help it. Moreover, there are wide and open spaces in China that in time may relieve the super-saturated cities of their excess people. Some day the recognized problem may be not how to crush a phantom foreign horde, but how to create for our manufactured goods more consumers across the water. Meanwhile, we can begin to help overcrowded countries limit their birth-rate. Our relief workers need not stop erecting dykes against China's River of Sorrow. They can also teach the famine victims out there how to prevent the flood of too many progeny.

The tariff, foreign debts, reparations, and pos-

sibly even the birth-rate, might well be considered in conference by all the nations involved. But following up the World Economic Conference at Geneva, we must also face the job of rationing, by international agreement, raw materials, investments and markets where they are most needed.

What our generation must learn about wealth is that it is not just things: wealth is a bond between groups, "a relationship between persons." Keeping the power of money, which is power over people, concentrated behind forbidding walls, is too much like piling up inflammable stuff and assuming that spontaneous combustion can never possibly happen.

The problem, though ultimately international, is crucially domestic. A Southern Chamber of Commerce not long ago offered, to prospective textile manufacturers, "children from 14 to 18, 11 hours a day." At the same time there were unnumbered American job hunters wondering why they should be shut out of work. In the summer of 1931 a society woman of a certain state spent five million dollars on a pleasure yacht. Not far away were miners' children going without milk because their fathers were on strike for a living wage. During 1929 every person in the country, according to estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board and the National Bureau of Economic Research, could have had an income of from $650 to $755,—enough for us all to scrape through on,—had there been an

equal distribution. So unequal, however, was the distribution of income that eighty-six per cent of the people were counted as poor by the Secretary of Labor, and an extremely small minority received interest, salary and dividends out of all proportion to their needs. For example, approximately 14,700 individuals reported incomes reaching or surpassing $100,000; more than 500 were in the category of one million dollars or more a year. In view of these facts, what excuse have we for not putting a heavier tax on inherited wealth? Why should a few individuals who have more than is good for them, be protected from a more drastic income tax?

There might be some justice in millionaires and multimillionaires getting such incomes if they each had ten thousand feet, five thousand stomachs and the capacity to wear out a dozen suits of clothes every day. But they are not up to such consuming feats. They spend only a small fraction of their income on necessities. Much of the balance they reinvest not where the money will do most good, but where it will bring most interest. The result is the clogging up of capital. Then comes overproduction; or, rather, underconsumption; underconsumption due partly to the fact that the man who produces is underpaid and therefore unable to buy back what he makes. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor estimates that about ten million persons gainfully employed earn only from 25

cents to 30 cents an hour. Stated less abstractly, more than four million families go without bathtubs; three million have neither kitchen sinks with running water nor plumbing; thirteen million homes are unconnected with wired electricity. At the end of the first quarter of this century, the average employee in manufacturing concerns had increased his production 54 per cent; but his real wage, if we accept the estimate of W. T. Foster and W. Catchings, was increased only 30 per cent. In a report issued by the Federal Council of Churches is the following analysis: in 1930 when millions of men were desperate because there were neither jobs nor unemployment insurance, the industrial, traction and railroad corporations paid dividends totalling approximately $318,600,000 more than they paid in the comparatively prosperous year of 1929. But we learn from the Federal Reserve Board that the total wage payments for factory workers were 20 per cent less in 1930 than in 1929.

"Production without profit," was the dream of a Chinese philosopher. "Production without profit,—except to us owners," seems to be the achieved ideal of some gentlemen around Wall Street. Perhaps Shaw has hit the nail on the head: the demands of Jesus are turning out to be "good sense and sound economics."

As one begins to see that unplanned distribution of wealth is one of the underlying causes of our

present depression and unemployment, it is inevitable to ask why the absentee stockholder's dividends rather than the working man's job should be guaranteed. Is it not the man on the job who makes the dividends possible? In the judgment of Justice Brandeis, the employee who is steady in his work deserves steady work; he has the right to regularity of employment "co-equal with the right to regularity in the payment of rent, in the payment of interest on bonds, in the delivery to customers of the high quality of product contracted for. . . . The reserve to ensure regularity of employment is as imperative as the reserve for depreciation." His proposition is by no means Utopian. During 1930, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union had an agreement with the clothing manufacturers of Chicago by which a reserve fund was created to protect the wage-earners from the fluctuation of good and bad seasons. The employers paid into the reserve fund for ensuring employment three per cent of the payroll, while the workers paid half of that sum. The result was a pool of one million dollars covering the risks of 20,000 workers. The success of such projects, however, should not blind us as a people to the need of attacking the problem as a national emergency requiring the collaboration of the government.

Perhaps we have over-rated "profit," that gold nugget left over after all the expenses of an indus-

try have been met, such as wages, salaries, reasonable interest on invested capital, insurance of various kinds (but not unemployment insurance), and allowance for depreciation. Kind-hearted business men would no doubt like to see wealth more humanely distributed so that our purchasing power could catch up to our producing power. But they feel in their bones that even though wages should come before dividends nothing can be done about it because our whole "system" rests on the profit-motive. The lure of pure profit may lead to multi-millionaires and bread lines; nevertheless, at bottom that is the only incentive, they imagine, that can make the wheels of production, exchange and distribution of goods, go round.

It is freely admitted that teachers, soldiers, pastors, artists, researchers and some government officials are able to do effective work without this lure. These want a decent and regular livelihood but not necessarily a bonus. The entrepreneur, however, is a different kind of animal. His chief passion must be that of the pack-rat which always has his eye open for extra loot from unwary travelers. Of course if there is a war on, the high pressure promoter will gladly serve without thought of bonus, for a dollar a year. But in peace time, he has to have an unsocial itch. Such is the doctrine. And yet it may be that the entrepreneur would serve the community just about as efficiently in the long run

were he paid a fair and regular salary in place of being coaxed along by the hope of a bigger and better slice of melon.

We could evaluate the motive of greed more accurately if we had laboratory data. Is there any? Stuart Chase, comparing the experiment in Russia with our own, finds that in the case, say, of such a small industrial unit as a steel-mill, the profit motive may stimulate efficient management. But if you want correlation between competing steel mills and between the steel industry and other industries, the orthodox animating drive does not produce such happy results: "The economic structure as a whole operates with enormous loss, leakage and friction, reflected particularly in overproduction and unemployment." Our reliance on the profit motive and the competitive method results in business cycles, booms and depressions. Russia's central conning tower controls the traffic but there is "terrific centralization and the threat of bureaucracy and red tape. You pay your money and you take your choice." His suggestion is that we retain the best features of private enterprise and state control.

Our postal service and part of our school system operate more or less efficiently under the control of the people. There are cities which handle their own power and light plants so successfully that although no pockets of absentee stockholders are filled, all local taxes are thereby paid, and the price

is kept surprisingly low. Some citizens are beginning to ask why government control should not be extended at least to Muscle Shoals and other great sources of super-power.

One of the most interesting experiments in the world, where private enterprise succeeds without the motive of profit, is that of the Columbia Conserve Company in Indianapolis. The total annual business is more than $1,500,000. The avowed purpose is the mutual benefit of all, including the consumer, rather than competition and the securing of the highest possible price. More and more, remunerations are being determined on the basis of needs rather than efficiency. Workers under twenty and married women, if their husbands are employed, receive a minimum of $19.00 a week. The minimum for all others is $22.00 a week for single people and $33.00 for married workers supporting families, whether men or women. For each child up to three there is an extra allowance of $2.00 a week. Only one executive is paid as much as 50 per cent more than the manual laborers. Approximate equality of income so that the spirit of fraternity may be realized is one aim of this group of a hundred and seventy makers of canned soup. A janitor with three children under this plan gets more than an unmarried college graduate who serves as sales manager.

The fear of sudden unemployment has been removed from the minds of the breadwinners. Practi-

cally all are on salary fifty-two weeks a year, taking three weeks' vacation on pay if they have been with the firm a year. Not even the president can dismiss a worker. He must first be voted out by his associates after the case has been thoroughly investigated.

The feature that put this project on the front pages of the newspapers in 1930 was the final step taken after a progressive development of many years. The workers not as individuals, but as a unit, assumed fifty-one per cent of the company's stock, and the president smilingly announced himself as being liable to discharge if a majority of his employees in the next weekly Council Meeting should vote to "let him go." For thirteen years the president, William P. Hapgood, trained the group for the coming of the time when they could officially and quietly take over the ownership of "the first million dollar business without a boss." The surplus left after the paying of salaries and the usual maintenance expenses had been steadily absorbed by such benefits for the workers as adult education, old age pensions, a larger pay envelope, and free medical treatment, including free dental work for even the families of the workers. The rest was devoted to the gradual purchasing of common stock which was turned over to the whole group. At the same time the company kept before the workers the unusual but social objective of converting part of what

would otherwise be profits into a better quality of goods produced in behalf of the consumer.

The conventional idea is that success in industry depends upon a Mussolini with arbitrary power sitting in the saddle. What is being demonstrated by this experiment of thirteen years' testing in industrial democracy is that the workers become more competent as they assume more ownership and control. Under this plan the business has increased in volume, in money made and in standing with the customers. As a result of this functional rather than "profit" basis, there has been released a creative spirit, a common consciousness of working together for a worthwhile purpose. During seasons of heavy pressure, everybody, whether hand or brain worker, stays on the job the necessary extra time. At least one superannuated worker in appreciation has returned to the cause nine-tenths or more of the pension allotted him.

Mr. Hapgood, who has patiently guided this experiment, believes that capitalists and employers have been dramatically adventurous in dealing with things, and "timid as children in dealing with people." He is convinced by this thoroughly tested research launched in 1917, that as workers share control, not only are their personalities developed but industry takes on more vitality. A significant indication of the morale of this soup factory is the interest the workers take in space in newspapers and

national magazines, to advertise their belief that they are building "an industry in which sympathy, understanding and affection will be our guides."

The usual criticism of this experiment is that it is all very well for workers fortunate enough to enjoy the leadership of Mr. Hapgood, but how about industries where there are no geniuses to stimulate cooperative effort? Mr. Hapgood himself believes that the success of his plant is due less to his personal contact with it than to the success of the principle of democracy which will really work if given a chance.

Whether this method of cooperation would bring efficient results in a larger industry, who can say? As with Christianity, we had better not be cocksure it cannot work unless we try it.

As a matter of fact to the degree that it is tried in other industries it seems to get surprisingly successful results. The Ivory Soap Company, guaranteeing to their employees practically a full year's work, instead of keeping the men constantly anxious about getting laid off, has not yet closed down. The Dennison Manufacturing Company, in which all of the common stock is owned by the managers and outside stockholders have no vote, still functions. The Arthur Nash tailoring business, cooperating with a liberal national labor union, carries on even though the founder died several years ago.

What perhaps most conspicuously demonstrates

the validity of democracy in business is the consumers' cooperative movement. Originating among twenty-eight weavers in Rochdale nearly a century ago, this movement now makes it possible for one-third of the English people to buy most of their daily necessities on a non-profit basis. It is said that in all Europe there are at least one hundred and fifty millions of people being either partially or wholly fed and clothed through the cooperative societies. In the United States there are cooperative stores, dairies, bakeries that have even proved superior to the local units of chain corporations. The control is in the hands of those workers and consumers who help to make it prosperous; each member has one vote.

It has been said that "the most important, oldest, most common and finest of all business organizations in the world is the family," operated not for profit but for mutual service. The assumption that industry cannot release and utilize the motive of team work, service and trust, on which the successful family operates, but must rely on self-interest and financial self-interest at that, is an assumption that should challenge the adventuresome spirit of this generation more than any other dogma of today.

Prophets are beginning to tell us that either religion must control the profit motive or the profit motive will crowd out religion. The worth of per-

sonality will become more and more difficult to believe in if man in industry and business is treated simply as means to the end of profits. The reason for the present cynicism about man and human values is not alone the disillusionment of the war which was in itself a symptom of a deeper malady. It is not the academic reduction of man to physical and chemical reactions by that philosophy of behaviorism which is "a rationalization of the desire to believe there is no God." It is not the bleak novels of those to whom life is a meaningless discord, who claim that because they came into the world bewildered, they will go out blinded. The reason why there is so much cynicism about man is the fact that we have allowed ourselves to be temporarily victimized by the machine of money-making. Such is George Albert Coe's analysis of our current pessimism. Whether it is accurate or not, it is not easy to dodge Reinhold Niebuhr's arrow: "The most damning indictment which can be made against modern religion is that it deals with virtues cultivated in leisure and not in work." The one place where men must learn to express their social impulse is where they labor. Deny men the sense of being of use, whether in finance or commerce or industry, and in their frustration they are likely to deny religion.

Unless the machine can be socialized, the present frustration will only be increased. In 1918, a man

using the latest apparatus made six electric light bulbs an hour. Next year a single machine, turning out more than three thousand bulbs an hour displaced him. Each of these new machines threw more than nine hundred breadwinners out of work. Some of the technologically unemployed men eventually got jobs erecting billboards for the General Electric, let us hope; or their wives found work in the beauty parlors. Some of them may not have been so lucky. You and I will never know. It is the people who suffer most who are the least articulate. The workingman has his radio, no doubt, and his reconditioned car; that is, if the instalment man has not won them by default. His hours are perhaps half a day less than before the war. But, as a personnel manager casually remarked, while showing me through an automobile assembling plant, where hundreds of men hour after hour were turning nuts and hammering bolts as they kept step with the implacable pace of the revolving chain that crawled like a serpent through the building, "I'm afraid something dries up in their brain cells. Even when they are off the job week ends they keep on going through the same motions." A German philosopher lectures at five hundred dollars an hour to Americans telling them how to be spiritual. He is sure that the machine will make us kin. What boots it if sub-human men are to be the price of superhuman machines? Of course we cannot "disinvent"

machines, but surely we can apply the brakes now and then.

Another process which seems to be using men as a mill uses grain, is the merger, the interlocking directorate, the holding company, which seem to be speeding up the concentration of control in fewer and fewer hands. In 1927, only eleven persons were reported as receiving an income of five million dollars or more a year. In the following year, as the United States Treasury Department states unemotionally, there were twenty-four. According to H. S. Raushenbush, fifteen groups recently controlled eighty-one per cent of the nation's power; $28,000,000 has been spent during one year by the power corporations in "advertising." The resulting control of the press can be imagined. Senator Wheeler warns us that gigantic corporations are reaching into the factory and into the home, through manipulation of light, heat, news and even popular songs.

The mergers, so an observer of economic trends remarks, are now half-grown chickens. To try to push them back into the shells from which they were hatched will accomplish nothing. What, then, shall we do?

Practically everybody is agreed that the era of laissez-faire must end. It will not do to leave everything to the captains of industry deciding things on their own. We need a planned economy. If the radio

people are blindly going to turn out five million sets,—which they did in a recent year,—when the market can absorb only three million, there should be a central overseeing body to make sure that supply is adjusted to demand.

But where and how can we begin? Charles A. Beard, a leading political scientist, proposes that Congress authorize some such plan as this:—

A National Economic Council, with boards of strategy and planning, to coordinate the fundamental industries, farming and trade. The Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts to be repealed. Huge syndicates to be instituted under the National Economic Council.

We need not look to Russia or to Italy for inspiration. Our traditions are all against such régimes as theirs. The achievement of our own War Industries Board offers what precedent we may desire for considering industry as a whole. Nor is such a Council out of keeping with American individualism or Christian respect for personality.

In such a program labor's right to bargain collectively would presumably be guaranteed. But the strike as a weapon of self-defense for exploited groups would tend to become obsolete. Labor unions of the militant type would prove less and less necessary. With more sanity in the philosophy of creating and consuming goods, the old mind-set of class warfare would fade out. Those rheumatic cantan-

kerous employers who object to organized labor might try having their teeth removed.

The specific details of the political program for making our economic process more coherent are for the future to decide. The issue itself, you and I cannot dodge. Either we must dedicate ourselves to a plan aiming to meet everybody's need of food and shelter and clothing, or some of us must be destroyed. Apathy, though not inescapably leading to violent revolution, will surely leave us drifting into more cycles of unemployment, futility and despair.

It is necessary to vote in the direction of intelligent social planning to supersede the present partisan bamboozling. But how can we get free of the tweedle-dee-dee and the tweedle-dee-dum of the orthodox bandwagons? The League for Independent Political Action would rally to its standard those who believe that the people as a whole rather than the financiers as a minority of 100,000 or so, should ultimately control our basic industries. John Dewey, America's foremost philosopher, lends this League his cordial support. Many who find their minds broadening as their pocket-books get thinner, will no doubt throw their strength into this enterprise, as liberals of a former generation patiently built up the British Labor Party.

But a vote in the right direction is not enough. The other day a young patriot was recognized by the chairman of the National Congress in Nanking.

"I move," he said, "that illiteracy in China be abolished." His resolution was passed unanimously. Everybody seemed satisfied. Nothing further was done. Legislative proposals are no substitute for personal commitment.

One of the things that make Sherwood Eddy an exciting force in the minds of thousands of younger friends is the radical change in his own financial habits. Not long ago he was drawing a rather comfortable income from what he owned but did not directly produce. The gesture of young Garland—abruptly turning over all of his inherited money to a fund directed by a committee for the liberalizing of society—did not appeal to him. On the other hand, he had to face the question: "Why be rich in a poor world?" Seeking light from various specialists, all the way from Scott Nearing and Bill Simpson to Stitt Wilson and John R. Mott, he worked out his own answer. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy sold their home, worth about two hundred dollars a month in rent, and moved to quarters costing one-fifth or less of that sum. The balance was turned into various movements working for a more co-operative society into which they were both throwing their lives. All along the line they have cut down on living expenses, hoping as much as possible to keep within the limits of the average day laborer's income, thus multiplying their power to contribute directly to liberal causes. They are not

priggish or ascetic in this adventure toward identifying themselves with the less privileged, any more than an athlete is "self sacrificing" who goes without pie in order to play a more adequate basket ball game. Nor is their refusal to spend too much on themselves an interference with a normal consuming and producing process. Rather, they are out to stimulate the production and consumption of the goods most vital to a healthful economic process.

We need a closely reasoned economic philosophy and a political program to make it effective, and a little more hunger and thirst for that wealth which is "the things one does without." But most of all we need the sense that Jesus had of being related to everybody.

That sense is not easy to maintain if we protect ourselves by implied violence behind the wall of imperialism and profit taking and exclusive privilege, while Lazarus starves at the gate. The punishment at last for unshared wealth is the discovery of Dives: between him and me "a great gulf yawns." If one begins on too full a stomach, he may end by not being hungry for God.

But the saying that "man cannot live by bread alone" is no alibi, and it was never intended to be an alibi, for organizing the world against poverty. Jesus and Gandhi stand on common ground when the latter replies to a fellow Indian's pretty verses about birds singing hymns of early morning praise,

their wings refreshed by a full night's rest, "I have the pain of watching birds who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. . . . The hungry millions ask for one poem, namely, invigorating food."

What price beauty? is a question disturbing quite a number of people who do not want to be insensitive. We would like to think that had we only two loaves of bread we would sell one in exchange for a hyacinth. But are there not times when one would better be bartering his hyacinth to get a neighbor bread?

CHAPTER IV

COLOR

BROWNED from the summer's swimming, a white girl joined a small party of Negroes traveling west from a social conference in Chicago. One of the party was a nationally known writer and organizer. During the first day, the trip was a delightful experience; stimulating conversation, quiet laughter, the most genial kind of comradeship. On the second day, my friend began to feel self-conscious. The children in the Pullman were acting queerly; they would point at her and nudge each other. She would start to speak to a fair-haired mother, two seats back, to find herself unexpectedly inhibited. In the observation car, one or two, not of her party, would excuse themselves as soon as she entered. Something was freezing the atmosphere.

Then suddenly it struck her what had happened. Her white neighbors, because she was with these Negro friends, had taken for granted that she, too, was colored. For the rest of that trip she was a marked person. In the diner it was one pin prick

of unintended offense after another; an averted blue eye here, a tilted Nordic nose there.

For the first time in her life this white American college graduate, liberal and socially aware, had an inkling of what it feels like to be classified and cut off as a member of a group who once were slaves.

She would have experienced a ruder shock had the journey been through certain sections of the South. Day coach instead of Pullman accommodations; no admission to any of the hotels or restaurants. Vacant seats beside her if she attempted to attend a crowded white church. And if the suspicion should fall on the famous Negro writer that he had menaced some hysterical white woman,—a rope, wild shots in the night, and the swift etiquette of the hate-crazed mob would vindicate the white woman's honor.

We whites in general go blindly down the street carelessly brandishing our walking sticks. If we cut open a colored cheek, we do not observe it. If we poke somebody's eye out, we are unaware. Kindly Southerners imagine that close contact has placed in their hands a divining rod by which they can understand their colored neighbors. The protest, however, of the Negro, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, makes one wonder:

> "We wear the mask that grins and lies,
> It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes.

This debt we pay to human guile,
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile.

.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To Thee from tortured souls arise.

We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile,

But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask."

They wear the mask. The question, What is seething behind that mask? "People have fought for God and King," says Lord Bryce, "for commercial supremacy, conquest, land and booty, but rarely because of racial antipathy." But how about the decades ahead? Under high pressure propaganda for racial antipathy, will there be a final hopeless grapple of black or of yellow, or both, against white?

The cause of future fraternity is not advanced by closing our eyes to the present friction. A "Caucasian Crusade," calling itself also a white blood brotherhood of man "sovereign and of true blood" has once more been launched. A senator has declared his stand for a law allowing the public lynching of a Negro who assaults a white woman, as the best way of protecting the virtue of white women of the South. On the other side, the young

Negro who perhaps, as much as any other individual in the United States, is working for race reconciliation, senses among his people a groundswell if not a "rising tide of hatred." It is an antagonism far more self-conscious and intense, he is sure, than that of five or ten years ago. He describes overhearing a Negro girl in a railway station pointing to a child climbing over the dangerous roof of a nearby shed.

"I wish that kid would fall and break his neck," she muttered.

"Why?"

"He's white!"

In some areas where lynching has been the tradition, black folk are wondering whether automatics and buckshot will not more effectively secure their rights than non-resistance. The other day in Atlanta a beloved old Negro preacher, with tears in his eyes, showed to a white friend the revolver he had just purchased. In the Far East are voices calling to the yellow peoples to mass their strength and demand equality in the "only language the white man can understand—force." One of the most significant struggles in world affairs today is that between India's awakening three hundred millions and the British Empire. "It must come to blood," say hot-headed nationalists. "We must rely on soul-force," answers Gandhi. In whatever way these clashes will ultimately be settled, the feeling of tension between

what we call racial groups now surges with a self-conscious power and scope hitherto unknown.

On what plane will the conflict be settled? Will we of the one human species use a sane technic to adjust the demands of white men over against the demands of yellow men and black men, or will we hang on to our old superiority and inferiority complexes and the assumption that our race can keep pure only as it acts inhuman?

Race prejudice is more a matter of adrenalin in the blood than information on the issue. The terror that makes many whites judge whole groups of human beings on the basis of feelings rather than facts, is intermarriage. This terror is most crucial with regard to the Negro. "God made the white man," quoted a late United States senator approvingly, "and God made the black man, but the devil made the half breed." Whenever inter-racial justice is proposed among certain white folk this is the inevitable crushing reply, "Would you want your daughter to become the wife of a 'nigger'?" Few are able to react to the hot query with the coolness attributed to Lincoln: "I shall never marry a Negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a Negro woman, let him do it,—if the Negro woman can stand it."

Recent studies in Hawaii indicate that the offspring of Chinese married to the native Hawaiian are not at all inferior biologically to either of the

parent racial stocks. On the other hand, crosses between Filipinos and whites do not seem to yield satisfactory results. It may be that the outcome of intercrossing between different races is sometimes a burst of creative energy. How far this extra vitality can be reproduced beyond the first generation of hybrids is problematic. We shall have to have further investigation before we know whether the hybrid of any particular racial combination is ultimately desirable or undesirable. The president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is convinced that although each race has within it some family lines that would produce superior types and some that would issue in morons, no generalization can safely be made about the germ plasm of any race as a whole. Descent is to be judged by specified families and not by generic races. In any case "the Nordic myth," as Franz Boas calls it, has just about had its day.

It has been objected that interbreeding between whites and blacks would occasionally produce such a strange combination of features as blue eyes and kinky hair, or flaxen curls and protruding lips. But such a temporary discord would not necessarily be repulsive. In *The Biological Basis of Human Nature*, H. S. Jennings cites the study by Davenport and Steggerda of blacks and whites and hybrid browns in Jamaica, presumably of the same social status. The blacks were superior as to

rhythm and pitch in music; the whites were better in criticizing absurd sentences and making intellectual judgments in general. But the browns evidently got their *genes* disharmoniously mixed; they were comparatively muddle-headed. These conclusions are anything but final. If we could thoroughly analyze all the factors in the situation, such as the home-training of those under investigation, and the unconscious racial prejudice of those investigating, we could be surer of our ground.

Race amalgamation may conceivably in time solve the whole racial problem by removing the "races." To some nervous folk this is like saying that poison gas will solve the whole war problem by ridding the world of all possible combatants. Sir Arthur Keith's ideal of fusing the various racial groups into a single tribe just now is a questionable ideal. Nobody really knows whether such an intermingling of blood would be beneficial or whether it is inevitable. In the future we can, no doubt, adjust ourselves to the scientifically attested facts, whatever they shall prove to be.

How, in the meantime, we can encourage the circulation that will bring understanding and discourage the crossing of the sex color bar which in the past has caused untold misery is a leading and difficult question. The leaders of the largest European churches in South Africa answered it in 1926 by urging Christian people to "discountenance that

kind of familiar intercourse which may lead to such unions, whether regular or irregular." But is this as Christian an attitude as that of the Japanese in Livingston, California? They attend the same church with the whites; the young people mingle with very little race consciousness at parties. The South African leaders might predict intermarriage as an unavoidable result. As a matter of fact, there have been of late no marriages between Japanese and whites in that community, so a pastor recently at work there declares. Both groups have frankly faced the issue. Realizing the handicaps imposed upon children of mixed parentage and the difference of family backgrounds between Japanese and Americans, they have developed such a strong sentiment about the question, that race admixture is unlikely. If cousins, or at least brothers and sisters, can be emotionally conditioned in childhood to have friendly contact without thought of marriage, members of different racial groups can also learn to get along together without joining in marriage. Gandhi sees no difficulty in his daughter "regarding every Mussulman as a brother and vice versa," because members of the same family can live on the friendliest terms without thinking of marrying each other.

Relations might become saner if we whites took the trouble to ascertain just how the Negroes themselves feel about the question. According to Dr.

Robert R. Moton, president of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, his people are not asking for intermarriage at all. They simply demand justice. The statistical tendency may be for black men to seek out colored wives among the mulatto group of which there are about four times as many as pure blacks. But this does not at all mean that Negroes are eager or even willing to cross the sex color-bar.

It is the white males who have done most of that crossing, illegally, ruthlessly. Why are there almost eight million mulattoes in this country? It is about time that we Nordics ask ourselves this question. After we have answered it, we may begin to throw stones at the imagined intentions of our colored brothers whom we are so afraid ever of calling brothers-in-law. In the past, the less decent we whites have been, the more mulattoes. In the future the more decent we become, the fewer there will probably be. Melville J. Herskovitz, author of *The American Negro: A Study in Racial Crossing,* believes that already there has begun a sharp decrease in the amount of crossing between whites and Negroes. This decrease he attributes to a growing Negro disapproval of intermarriage. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor of *The Crisis,* finds a real bar against race amalgamation in "the spreading and strengthening determination of the rising and

educated classes of blacks to accept no amalgamation except through the open legal marriage."

What does the Negro want? Not that his "color will fade." Not a mate outside of his own group. Rather does he want respectable living conditions. Most of all he wants freedom from the assumption of inherited inferiority that the white man argues for but does not prove. This assumption of inherited inferiority does more to hold the Negro down, he feels, than all the activity of those glands which cause his hair to curl and his eyes to gleam so white. The white man points his finger and says, "You're ignorant and lazy . . . because of your heredity." The Negro admits that he is down, "but it is because of my environment. Give me the right stimulus and I will climb."

A shell-shock doctor, J. A. Hadfield, describes putting three men into a hypnotic state and then giving them the negative suggestion that they were weak. In their normal state they had previously averaged a hundred and one pounds on the dynamometer which they were now asked to grip. The best those three men could do when they were told they were not up to par was twenty-nine pounds. One of the men said that his right arm felt "tiny like a baby's." Later it was suggested to them that they were exceedingly strong. Thus stimulated, their grip on the dynamometer rose to one hundred and forty-two pounds, nearly five times better than the

best they could do under a negative expectation. Perhaps we whites have hypnotized the Negro group and talked inferiority into them with like consequences.

"If we approach a human being," says the Viennese psychologist, Alfred Adler, "undermine his self-respect so far as his relationship to society is concerned, cause him to abandon all hope of ever accomplishing anything, ruin his courage and then find that he actually never amounts to anything, then we dare not maintain that we are right, for we must admit that it is *we* who have caused all his sorrow."

But some white parents would rather cause sorrow to other people's children than have their own pulled down by contact with inferior minds. What then are the facts about comparative intelligence? At the risk of confusing the reader with piled-up references, here are some guesses:—

The Army Alpha test ranked some whites very high and some Negroes very low. The percentage of Negroes in the highest groups, *A* and *B*, was only one-seventh the percentage of whites; whereas the proportion of Negroes to whites graded *D* was seven to one. Any consideration of the army tests must be careful to include the localized background from which the soldiers came and the psychological factors that entered into the giving and checking of the tests. For fundamentalists of the "Nordic

cult" to pretend that this score is final would be hypocritical. Some intelligence testers since the war are positive that certain races are by birth more intelligent than other races. One of these, F. N. Freeman, frankly admits, however: "Our measurements are not yet sufficiently refined to say just how great this difference is, and we should not lose sight of the fact that, even in the case of the largest differences, there is a good deal of overlapping between the groups."

Again, the Army Alpha test indicated that among the Negroes achieving rank *A* (the highest five per cent) there were seven times as many from the North as from the South. T. J. Woofter, investigating for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, finds Negro children from the South, who made very low scores when they were first tested, attaining quite a different rating after attending Northern schools. In some cases the score changed more than thirty points. A Negro tester, Charles H. Thompson of Howard University, gives this result of his research in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (volume 130): the greatest difference between white children and Negro children as regards their scholastic abilities is found where the colored children are in one school and the white children are in another, and the school systems are most different. Professor Thompson's findings suggest that

if mental inferiority is a racial matter, then rural whites are by native endowment mentally inferior to city Negroes. One of the few things of which we can be sure is this: before we can judge fairly whether it is native ability or acquired learning that is being tested, there must be more careful attention than apparently has yet been given to "such factors as language, outside employment, freedom from interruption, motivation, and different habits of thought."

Thomas Garth in *Race Psychology,* summing up the results of many tests, rates the average capacity to learn as follows: white, 100; Japanese and Chinese, 99; Mexicans, 78; Southern Negroes, 75; Northern Negroes, 85. But who can measure the effect upon these intelligence quotients of cultural background, of emotional conditioning in childhood? If a widely read psychiatrist is right and the statistics about the I.Q. "are no more a measure of the individual's mental makeup than obtaining his weight would be a measure of his physical makeup," is not humility now in order?

Certainly, a great number of black, yellow and brown folk are our equals in intelligence, even though a few may surpass or fall below our average. Furthermore, instead of being cocksure that Negroes, for example, are mentally way beneath us whites, we had better reckon with their *unawakened* potentialities.

Before 1860, in some sections of the South, it was a crime to teach slaves to read and write. Today there are about four thousand Negro physicians and surgeons in the country, more than eleven times that many Negro teachers, and a general literacy of about eighty per cent. Less than a century ago a Northern town put a woman in jail for taking a few colored girls into her boarding school. Twenty-five hundred are now trained nurses. Thomas Jefferson had the abstract idea that Negroes were not capable of dealing with abstract ideas. At least eight hundred patents by Negroes have been registered at Washington, including one for which the General Electric Company paid $10,000, and another which an aviation company is backing to the extent of insuring the young inventor's life for $100,000. The latter device, utilizing the principle of the buzzard's soaring flight, will apparently enable an air-plane within a runway of twenty yards to take off at less than eleven miles an hour. Four hundred newspapers and magazines are now owned and edited by Negroes. Paul Robeson, James Weldon Johnson, Countee Cullen—names like these suggest valued potentialities in that art which knows no color line. The one clear fact that is emerging out of all our bewilderment about race differences is that human beings of whatever color are plastic within limits not yet determined by any dogma.

Another thing. Despise those of another racial

group and look out! Before long you will be despising your own group. It is a luxury, warns the psychologist, Robert Thouless, in *The Control of Mind,* this counting ourselves superior to others colored differently from ourselves; a luxury for which we pay by losing respect for ourselves. The weak man wants a crutch to lean on, the individual not sure of himself looks to "race superiority" to bolster him up; if he can somehow label a lot of other folk as "barbarians" or "colored" or "fundamentalists" or "morons," he can feel himself expanding for a moment. But only for a moment. Contempt at last takes its revenge and those who began denying that Negroes are children of God may end by wondering whether there is a God. Prejudice is a two-edged sword. This is the insight of a Frenchman on the Congo: "The less intelligent a white man is, the more stupid he thinks the black."

The holier-than-thou attitude of the caste-system apparently began in India as a restriction of color. Over here, it seemingly began as a restriction of class. If the issue between Negroes and whites is not primarily an issue of "keeping one's place," why does the most prejudiced white mother entrust to a Negro the care of her child in the most intimate relationship, without a shudder, so long as she is mistress and the Negro is servant? But suppose the "mammy's" daughter, equipped with a M.A. degree from Columbia University, applies for a job in the

school where the white child is to be a pupil, and see what happens. Governor Bilbo of Mississippi, under whose jurisdiction there have been at least twelve lynchings, let the cat out of the bag when he declared in 1919: "We have all the room in the world for what we know as 'niggers,' but none whatever for colored ladies and gentlemen." The Negro must be kept in his place for economic reasons.

Similarly, the Japanese must be excluded from California, not so that my grandchildren shall have golden hair and blue eyes, nor because Mongolians have proved less bright, alert and artistic than we Caucasians are, but because we have persuaded ourselves they might threaten our superior position in dollars and cents right now. The Chinese mentality is sometimes accounted superior by missionaries, who ought to know. Just the same, Chinese have been lynched in Los Angeles. The issue was not over the conventional queue or biological *genes;* it was over the competitive labor market.

Negroes are burned or shot to death in the South on various pretexts, but the false relationship sprang up in the first place with a strong economic whiphand bound to keep the Negro where he would not collectively bargain. It has already been pointed out that the increase in lynching in 1930 was perhaps due in part to the economic pressure which threw white men into competition with Negroes.

Some would-be racial harmonizers bleat, "Let there be a cooperation of white brains with black brawn." The new Negro leader knows that black brains must function too.

Will the race bitterness increase as the colored prosperity grows? By a paradox, probably not. If the Negro or Oriental competed with whites only in the unskilled, poorly paid jobs, as the struggle would advance, so, probably, would the resentment increase. But once the colored man begins to climb up to the place where he can be a valuable consumer,—his capacity has already reached the two billion dollar mark,—then Big Business is willing to extract dollars from his pocket without distinction of class, color, religion, sex or geography. Today you reckon without your host if you reckon without Big Business.

What perplexes us is not how the African medicine man and later the American white master tied the Negro to his present status, but how he can be untied now. Just recognizing the white man's alibis for maintaining the Negro's servitude will not prevent those alibis from being socially transmitted to the rising generation. No child is born with race aversion. Nevertheless, we can make him repeat the platitudes about brotherhood till he gets blue in the face or pale with boredom, as the case may be, and still he will grow into a stuffy purveyor of prejudice under the influence of emotions we subtly reveal and

the social injustice we carelessly allow. A Sunday School teacher exhorts her pupils to love all their fellowmen. They observe her jumping up from her seat in the street car when a Negro starts to sit down beside her. In the home, father recommends tolerance; the children, however, hear him telling a joke insinuating the inferiority of a whole race. And their feelings make up their minds.

Perhaps the only way we can learn to treat each other as human beings—and the prejudice is about equal on both sides—is through contact; not on the predatory basis which is the most primitive, or the mating basis which at present is a debatable question, or the parental basis which patronizes or kowtows—but on the fifty-fifty basis. Prominent white women of the South, serving on inter-racial commissions, have recently adventured on this basis by sitting down at the same table with their colored sisters, to come away from the enlightening experience with the realization that Negroes are persons rather than problems. Student forums, where representatives from both sides frankly put their prejudices and dogmas in the sunlight of discussion, are here and there bleaching the old color consciousness of the Southern campus. A youth-mover from Georgia now humorously describes her feelings of nausea when she found herself at a Y.W.C.A. conference seated at a table beside a Negro girl.

One such round table discussion was arranged by

a leader of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The white undergraduate assigned to speak extemporaneously, said he did not think Negroes were adequate to university study. He was invited to prepare a paper elucidating this theory a month later, while a young Negro was to state his views. At the next meeting, the white student stood up: "I have no paper to read. The more I studied, the more ridiculous I found my position to be." But he would have missed the idea had the colored student not become an acquaintance.

I went to a university where it was our pride that no Negro could come on our campus except to polish our shoes. Later I read quantities on the question, but my old emotions still got in the way. The first night of a student conference I found myself assigned to the same room with an ebony black man. For a time I was uncontrollably embarrassed. Then the man began to talk about some of his experiences. He told me how as a boy down in Florida, he and his mother and two sisters lived on a loaf of bread a day. The widow had a great ambition: her son must somehow get an education and help his race. So he attended the local grade school, while the mother took in washing. It was unthinkable that a Negro should get a certificate just like white boys in that Florida village. This young Negro won his, notwithstanding. At fifteen he spent all he had on a railway ticket to a distant

high school. There he scrubbed floors although his knees were blistered, existed on one daily meal earned at a farm two miles away, and passed his examinations with highest honors.

When this radiantly friendly man went on to describe how as a college graduate he once in a Northern city returned an ice-cream soda glass to the white clerk behind the fountain, who smashed the glass on the floor to demonstrate the superiority of the "Nordic" race, my embarrassment was gone. Even my shame was resolved in spontaneous laughter.

According to a tradition, the first man to share Christ's cross was a colored man. We whites now put a cross into the hands of most Negro children, the moment they are born. A professor in a university for, by and of Negroes, claims that white cruelty in certain sections of the South generally succeeds in psychologically slaying the colored child before he passes his ninth year. Our smug brutality has a terrible history. In *The Adventures of an African Slaver,* we see a slaving frigate trapped late in the afternoon by four cruisers. When the breeze dies down and the British vessels come within gunshot, the six hundred slaves are brought on deck and bound by their manacles to the anchor chain. As the splash of the approaching oar blades sounds clearer in the darkness, the anchor chain with its burden of human beings is dropped overboard and

cut loose from the ship. The boarders search the deck and the hold. Below are piles of prepared food; the stench of those quarters is awful. But there is no legal evidence to prove this traffic in human flesh. Not one Negro can be found on that slaver.

The hymn, "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," was written on board another slaver, without any recorded protest or apparent qualm on the part of the author, while African fathers and mothers and youths festered in chains down below in the hold.

Some of us are beginning to wonder whether Atonement is not now due. We of the North have had the chance to learn that to shed the blood of Southerners or to shuffle prejudice from a race to a geographical area will not improve the black man's lot. The Negro is perhaps worse off today because three generations ago thousands of young leaders were destroyed who might have lived for a more thrilling adventure than war, if only on both sides there had been a more scientific approach to the facts and a more friendly approach to persons. The carpet-baggers' absurd regime immediately following the Civil War, also throws light on why the Negroes at election time today are so often excluded from the Democratic primaries. In *The Tragic Era* we see white Republicans from the North over-running South Carolina. Suddenly

emancipated Negroes are encouraged to intimidate and outvote their former owners. Armed bands of ex-slaves are marched to the polls. Terrified white women, coming to town from the country, band themselves together lest they be attacked by black marauders apparently protected by Federal Republican bayonets. If we want to move the Southerners to expiation, to the healing of "Africa's running sore," we will not serve the cause by singling them out for blame. Indiscriminate attack will only close their minds against the reconciling task.

The atonement we cannot afford to postpone is a complicated and difficult task. We must first of all remember how the Negro came to be what he is today, and why the prejudice against him began. We must recognize that some Negroes are our own superiors no matter whether the blood of Pilgrim fathers does run in our veins. Above all, we must change certain conditions.

If mob violence threatens the sanity of a community, there is the privilege of inserting into the situation a measure of coolheadedness. An interracial commission accomplished precisely this not long ago in Atlanta, thus probably saving many lives. If white jurors are disposed toward prejudice against Negroes on trial, they can be challenged. The United States Supreme Court has already upheld this demand for justice. If white gangsters sometimes blacken their faces with burnt cork in

order to shift suspicion for crime upon Negroes, enterprising newspapers can expose these tactics. Voluminous clippings from the press indicate the news value of such a journalistic searchlight. If a boy from Texas tells a funny story about "niggers," arrangements can be made for him to ask the Negro physician across the tracks just how the people over there feel about that word on a white person's lips. This technique of teaching by direct contact has been tried and found educationally stimulating. If the Negro child in certain states has only a fraction as much spent upon his schooling as the white child, white teachers' college graduates can go down there and experiment with the project method to their heart's desire. One of the most hopeful signs today is the enthusiasm of a few Northern and Southern educators for this opportunity. Nothing in American educational procedure is more dramatic or significant than the unprecedented advance, within the past fifteen years, in Negro schools.

The problem of race cannot be localized, or limited to one colored segment. It involves us all. A Southern white lady one morning said to her Negro laundress, "I can't let you take the washing this week, Linda; both my children have scarlet fever and I don't want it to spread to your home."

"Oh, that's all right, Mis' Lucy," beamed the colored Linda, reassuringly, "my four chilluns they

all done *have* dat scarlet fever two weeks ago." Governor M. R. Patterson of Tennessee recognizes with hundreds of other Southern white leaders that the Negro's welfare is correlated with everybody's welfare: "Good housing," he says, "fair treatment, and encouragement for the Negro are the best and safest investments we can make for the future."

In 1924 Congress passed a law prohibiting Japanese and Chinese from settling permanently among us. But the results have proved not so simple or local as those foreseen by the sons of the Golden West. The people in the Far East have reacted as consumers against the insult, and American lumbermen have found themselves out of a job. The other day, the National Trade Convention meeting in Los Angeles felt impelled to urge that we no longer absolutely exclude our neighbors across the Pacific, but that we admit from 146 to 185 Japanese and about 106 Chinese a year on the quota basis, since "the only enduring basis for world trade is founded upon the principle of justice and fair play between nations."

Our interconnection cannot be restricted to hygiene and economics. In strange and unsuspected ways we are members one of another. As a nation we could not endure,—half slave and half free. As a planet we will be cripples—one-tenth of us, the whites, exploiting, nine-tenths of us, the blacks and yellows browns, exploited. If six and ten year old

children in India get four cents a day for fourteen hours' work in cigarette factories operating every day in the week, that fact invisibly but subtly touches us who dwell comfortably aloof ten thousand miles away. It implicates us because "we are what we are sensitive to," and because, in a sense, not a single person can be what he ought to be "until everybody else is what everybody else ought to be."

In the world of color, we shall be duped if our first loyalty goes to that abstraction known as "race." We shall be needlessly naïve if we judge Negroes or Japanese or Chinese . . . or ourselves, by intelligence tests which measure only what intelligence tests measure. The issue is not whether this child or that man is blue- or almond-eyed, slow- or quick-witted. The issue is whether each person is finding his proper life direction, his unique place in the orchestra of living.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE TENSIONS

SEVEN years ago an influential American social crusader gathered several of his friends together at a "retreat" to study social questions. On the third day, a student mildly suggested that the marriage situated merited investigation. "That's irrelevant," replied the prophet, and the subject was dismissed.

A year or so later the veteran leader was invited to address a youth conference on sex. Being of a passionately inquiring mind he asked some one for books to glance over in preparation. Gradually it dawned on him that earnestly to exhort students to be "pure" was scarcely adequate. He must get the facts. Before long he was turning over the pages of three hundred volumes and interviewing specialists in Germany and England. Within two years he was declaring, "From the conflicts and maladjustments of sex, more persons are victimized than from race prejudice; the suffering is greater than from all economic causes combined."

The difficulties in the way of the Christian ideal of life-long mated partnership can no longer be

lightly dismissed. Everybody realizes that ignorance is a chief offender. The tragedy is our reluctance to dispel that ignorance.

Parents are often the last persons to whom children and young people can look for enlightenment. Rarely do they offer the facts which would tend to prevent morbid curiosity in the minds of their offspring. Sometimes they insinuate an ugly terror which tends to spoil a wholesome attitude. A good woman was suffering from headaches, and sleeplessness. The worry that she was not making her husband happy haunted her. Various physicians had tried to cure her: the trouble only increased. Finally she was taken to a nerve specialist who revealed to her the misapprehension that was causing the misery. She had never had an inkling of the fact that for normal married mates who love each other, the sex-act, rightly understood, can be an experience through which husband and wife may create not only children, when children are desired, but a relationship increasingly rich and satisfying and spiritual. On the night before her marriage, the mother with an anxious look had taken her off to explain: "Now, dear, I must tell you this: your husband is going to ask something of you that you will find very dreadful and loathsome, but you will have to grant it in order to hold his love."

Teachers speak piously of "the glory of the lighted mind." Yet one finds educators so emotion-

ally tense and timid about the relations between men and women that they would rather enter a burning building than explain to an adolescent how he was begun and born. He can be once more the secretive Trojan lad with the fox of a sense of guilt eating into his heart. Teacher must keep on clarifying the abstract idea that two right angles make 180 degrees. Unless youths get information saner and more adequate than that of the gutter anecdote and the botany lecture, they may later become the victims in marriage of miserable antagonisms and disgust and waste of spirit, which will only serve to increase the present alarming divorce rate. Nevertheless, we must remember, boys and girls, the past perfect tense of *amo*.

One would imagine that at any rate the interpreters of religion would welcome the chance of sharing light and thus encouraging those who marry to find in their venture of trust the satisfaction that can keep mates happily together. But no. Sex is dynamite. Better leave it alone. That, with a few happy exceptions, is still the prevailing pastoral attitude. A prominent and otherwise famously liberal preacher was asked whether before pronouncing the benediction over a young couple, he first prepared them for matrimony by offering them the relevant and available facts of recent research. "Why—why—" he interrupted nervously, "I wouldn't dream of interfering with their private life."

Apologists for "free love" are neither different nor tongue-tied. One of these preaches that no marriage should be legally binding "until the wife's first pregnancy. . . . If a man and a woman choose to live together without having children, that should be no one's business but their own." This innovator would teach his children not to look upon fidelity in marriage as an ideal: loyalty is a sort of imprisonment; thinking of love as a duty tends to kill it. The upshot of Bertrand Russell's argument,—or apologia?,—seems to be that to beautify sexual love we must abolish the permanent and exclusive element of Christian marriage.

Perhaps the most clean-cut answer to this doctrine is the word of the Viennese psychologist Jung: "The more a so-called unprejudiced freedom and easy promiscuity prevail, the more love becomes flat; it degenerates into transitory interludes."

But the following brief analysis by John Haynes Holmes is so much to the point that it deserves consideration and a little supplementation. He shows that although many of us have reverted to the polygamous tendencies of the anthropoid ape, this fact does not tell us anything about the inherent nature of man. It simply exposes what kind of civilization we are in. Because a few individuals, artificially stimulated by luxury and idleness, give in to promiscuity, is no proof that as animals and men rise they become less monogamous. The opposite seems

to be the case. "Civilization," to quote William McDougall, a leading English psychologist, "is sublimation." The perfectly legitimate desire of husbands and wives for fellowship outside of marriage need not be expressed polygamously in a furtive quest for episodes that at last prove flat, stale and unprofitable. On the contrary, without either breaking the marriage vow or giving cause for jealousy, there can be the exhilaration of mind mutually discovering mind, "the lure of unexplored possibilities."

But what of Lord Russell's argument that the relationship between a man and a woman should be considered legally binding only where there is prospect of children? The fallacy, says Dr. Holmes, lies in the failure to reckon with the "dynamic and explosive force" of sexual love that seeks direct expression. Within bounds that force can be beautiful and energizing. Out of bounds that force can bring tragic and disrupting results. Personality is a matter of relationships. No relationship so vital in its personal effect and so penetrating in its social consequences may be easily isolated in a soundproof compartment of personality. There will be inevitable reverberations upon the rest of life. Moreover, it is questionable whether free love faces honestly the deep need of certain men and women for wholehearted devotion. A sophisticated modern writer ranks jealousy as one of four deadly

sins. But jauntily to toss over a married partner's demand for exclusive sexual loyalty, as though that demand were merely a hang-over from primitive folkways, may be an excuse for the novelist's own self-indulgence rather than an appeal to his wife's rationality.

After all, monogamy is an adventure and an art. As men may go to war because they do not glimpse what Galsworthy calls "the green hill far away," so they and their restless mates may hasten to the divorce court because they miss the finest and deepest thrill of marriage. But why should they be denied in marriage the challenge of beauty that is shared? Why should they not have guiding principles and appropriate facts that will help them achieve such physical and spiritual satisfaction that a ruptured marital relationship will become less and less thinkable?

The following are tentative suggestions toward an enriching fellowship in marriage that through the years should grow. Because these principles and findings have been tested out with some success in marriages known to the writer, they are offered without apology.

First of all, it is not necessary for so many wives to be cut off from enjoying, in the marriage experience, emotional release. If husbands were informed that their wives have a hunger just as deep and strong as their own, and if they were shown pre-

cisely, as in Oliver Butterfield's *Marriage,* how to awaken and satisfy that hunger, the relationship would become less fragile and more robust. There are married women, some of them mothers, who have never so much as heard the possibility for themselves of the complete climax from which come emotional relaxation and nervous poise. Ignorance regarding the possibility of this joy imposes upon some a growing irritation with what should be an attempt to climb the heights together; a cooperative quest which should be one of the great tranquillizing and energizing experiences of their lives. Others, missing this exaltation, become disgusted not only with the intimacy, but with the husband; disgusted and secretly but chronically antagonistic. Still others, because they are aroused again and again without being deeply satisfied, solve the problem by breaking down nervously or falling in love with some one else.

If one partner has to be blamed, it may as well be the husband, whose male imperialism makes a victim not only of his wife, but of himself. Too often a man, because he is not free of the old childhood smuttiness, looks upon this relationship subconsciously as something of a concession to his lower nature, to the Mr. Hyde that still is lurking within him. Men may be more responsible than women for the sentimentality that identifies coldness with virtue.

Out of marriage union, music can be created to give serenity and balance and power. The husband, however, all too rarely knows that before this music is to be achieved, his wife must be wooed. If she is frigid, it is probably because of a self-protecting reaction to his impersonal haste, which ignores this indispensable courtship. Marriage without wooing can mean intimacy of the body that frustrates intimacy of the mind. A man should realize that he, himself, will be profoundly satisfied only if his wife at the same time is led to adventure with him into the vast beauty of a sea whose depth men and women in marriage are just beginning to plumb together. The difference between hurry and leisure may mean the difference between misery for the wife, together with ultimate restlessness and often futile roving for the husband, as against a growing, vitalizing harmony for both. In the prelude of Wagner's *Lohengrin,* the orchestral climax is not reached in a moment. The wife has the right, the right which can be denied only at peril, to become so awakened that she can swim on the crest of the wave that, breaking for both together, brings the "divine surprise" of peace. She has also a responsibility that not often has been recognized, the responsibility of getting free of paralyzing inhibitions and fears about the depths of the marriage relationship.

Reverence for the other's personality, that cen-

tral principle of Jesus' teaching,—the Golden Rule,—finds here in this direct sharing of sex magnetism a new opportunity and vindication.

The second guiding principle is that to the degree in which a husband and wife adapt themselves to the ebb and flow of emotion, the rhythm of mutual needs, they will find their comradeship becoming more and more natural. The best authority for determining the calendar of this emotional ebb and flow is not the charts of researchers, which are often an aid, but the consideration candidly studied, "What gives to both the most beauty and power?" No psychiatrist or physician can tell any couple exactly what their rhythm of mutual satisfaction should be. This is uniquely for each to decide for themselves, on the basis of what enhances personality the most without becoming either a source of fatigue or a thief of time. If young married people followed the recommended schedule of at least one "sexpert," they would become fatuous lotus-eaters and the work of the world would be forgotten or glimpsed only through the rosy haze of a softening obsession.

Much of the friction that makes divorce plausible comes, as we have seen, from the sense of frustration, when the most vital and energizing experience of marriage union is missed. But some of the friction comes also from ignorance regarding the schedule of sex needs. The trouble may start in

those hours immediately before, or during that inevitably recurring tension, which no woman escapes and no man understands. Often the atmosphere is electric, like the hour before a thunderstorm.

If Jack and Jane have entered marriage casually without preparing for the weather, this tension may cause one or the other to seize the parachute Divorce and make a jump for it.

Tired from the day's work and looking forward to a tranquillizing cordial home, Jack pushes open the apartment door at that dreary zero hour when the British so wisely refresh their dispositions with tea. But no eager arms are thrown around the two-year-old husband's neck. . . . In the kitchen he finds Jane furiously polishing the silver spoons from mother.

"You give more attention to those spoons than to me!"

"They at least don't make catty remarks!" . . . So Jane telephones the donor of the spoons that she is coming "home"; while a slamming door marks the husband's exit.

A third principle for successful marriage is mutual analysis. Most people take into their adventure of mating emotional knots, unrecognized complexes, uncontrollable resistances and obstructing fears, which ignored can cause no end of trouble. If Jack has married an idealized image of his

mother and not the actual Jane, the sooner they both discover and face this fact, the better. If Jane has confused John with her adored father, it will not strengthen the ties of matrimony to cherish that confusion. If either have, by sheer force of will, buried in consciousness the memory of some childhood experience or adolescent habit connected with sex, of which they have become ashamed, that memory had better be brought to the surface. This may seem like taking food out of the mouth of the psychoanalyst. Even so. What wife and husband in most cases need to do is each to stimulate the other to trace back, as far as possible into his or her past experiences and memories and thus make it possible for the other to recognize the origin of inhibiting complexes. Through reminiscence there may come release. The origin of the trouble may not necessarily be a sex drive colliding with a Puritan conscience; it may be a tendency never before brought out into the open, to hang onto mother's apron strings and to shrink from the responsibility of growing up and making one's own decisions. To lead the husband alone, or the wife alone, into such frankness and recollection as would help to free his or her personality from concealed interferences, the psychoanalyst would charge a fee, payable every week, which would take the combined wages of both of them a good half year to cover. If either is close to the border line of what is called "insanity,"

the professional analysis is no doubt worth every pretty penny it will cost.

The suggestion here is not that married people amateurishly attempt to psychoanalyze each other; they would probably end up in confusion the way the centipede did, when some one told him he had better watch his step, each step, and make sure of his hundred now hopelessly self-conscious legs. The idea is simply that a husband, by sincerely sharing his background as completely as possible with the one who should know him best, will thereby discover that he is not unique and alone in his worries, and that as he confides, he finds self-confidence; a wife, by looking with her husband fearlessly at what before had frightened or inhibited her, can now become more adequate not only for her marriage relationship, but for life. It seems to be a tested fact that marriage grows stronger as there is satisfied in each "the soul's immortal thirst to be completely known and all-forgiven."

Miss Mary Edna McChristie of the Hamilton County Court of Cincinnati, interviewing over six hundred divorce plaintiffs, concluded that about ninety-four per cent of these unhappily married people were seeking divorce presumably because of sex antagonism or sex maladjustment. One might guess that the right information as to how to prevent frigidity caused by the husband's impatience or the wife's childhood experiences or training, if applied

in time, would have kept many of these people married.

And yet these three principles here advocated could, unsupplemented, still leave marriage what a confused school boy called a state of "monotony." Monogamy, instead of being the "bond that unbinds," can become a partition separating husband and wife as completely as some city apartment walls separate families, no matter how few inches they may materially be apart—if there is no unifying purpose. That unifying purpose may be the care of children, or such a liberal cause as that to which Ramsay and Margaret Ethel MacDonald, pioneers in the labor movement, put their hands, following "the same furrow together." It does not mean that if one is reading Keats the other must abandon his potatoes and come in from the garden to listen. On the contrary, individual differences become enhanced in "the incompatibility of successful marriage." But at the same time the bond of a supreme value held in common must be discovered more and more.

Robert and Elizabeth Browning, beginning with their marriage vows at 35 and 41 respectively, quite possibly never heard of the three principles outlined above as indispensable to modern happy marriage. Yet they had a secret which we of today had better seek to understand—"To know the universe itself as a road—as many roads—as roads for traveling souls." They learned how to "love so well, our

work shall still be better for our love, and still our love be sweeter for our work."

Marriage union is no doubt what a nerve specialist says it is, "nature's great seal of the union of two personalities." But to expect the happy marriage experience, as does an Iowa professor, "to raise our moral and physical standards more than anything else," is a little too innocent. Margaret Sanger, who has made a remarkable contribution to the subject in *Happiness in Marriage,* may be quite right in claiming that "more than any bodily act, sex expression is a sacred gift which awakens men and women to the innate beauty of life," but that is different from assuming that it is "the most important function of life."

Sex really is not sovereign; that is one of the few sad and certain things this generation has to learn. Better not put your friend on a pedestal, advises Olive Schreiner, you will end by pulling him down. There is the risk of a new asceticism, blocking a sane use of the power of sex, if specialists keep on making exaggerated claims for it. Havelock Ellis told a friend that asceticism began when the undisciplined savage went to excess; there was an extreme reaction driving primitive man to fasten on the opposite of undirected license, as his hope. What we have today is the danger of such a pagan backfire. Many of our contemporary novels, if William Lyon Phelps correctly reports them, are

"of the animals, by the animals, for the animals, which shall perish from the earth." One suspects on the part of certain very up-to-date authors, an evident satiety from too many shallow thrills. Too much promiscuity and a consequent violent repugnance. Tolstoy's exploitation of chambermaids and peasant women finds its nemesis at last in the *Kreutzer Sonata.* If the world sorely needs the sanity of wholehearted love, unashamed but at the same time subdued to a design of beauty and permanence, the surest way to start up an opposition against such sanity is to make the world obsessed with sex and sick with overindulgence.

Get youth to believe that its love must be "free," undisciplined by any sense of duty except to a possible child, or by any expectation of an enduring mated partnership, and sooner or later there will be a rebound of some kind or other; either that escape which is "cynicism" or such disgust or callousness as may effectually forestall the finest thrill in marriage.

India is not the only country where an adult Gandhi rebels against the whole program of sex sanity, largely because direct sex-expression during immaturity was cruelly forced upon him. Right now there are in the United States probably thousands upon thousands of devoutly religious women whose marriage is a constant if concealed antagonism, simply because it is a celibate marriage. Or perhaps

their insistence that husband and wife should live like brother and sister is a rationalization of disgust going back to a honeymoon for which they and their mates were unprepared.

The kind of love within marriage here advocated is a sharing less physical than spiritual, requiring the activity of far more cells in the cortex of the brain, far more taste and sensitiveness in the realm of the spirit, than blind lust can ever enjoy. It involves what Kagawa describes as the "discovery of the 'you' basis, the creation of the 'you' inside of the 'I.'"

This love is clear seeing. It recognizes the deep desire in every normal human being for a growing personal union which is cruelly suppressed by the dogma of light-hearted animal indulgence. It welcomes the control of conception not just because this may be one way to prevent overpopulation and answer Mussolini's pretext for future international blood-letting; not just because a regulated birth-rate among the poor might help to save men from being used as grist in employment-mills. It welcomes the control of conception most of all because this gift of God, far from violating the best in human nature, is a means to a more enhanced sharing of marital magnetism than heretofore it ever entered the mind of man to conceive. It delays the creating of children only so that the impulse of parenthood, when it is satisfied, shall be satisfied to the full,—

the torch of life flung to the future, not by chance or under compulsion, but in the joy of open-eyed choice.

This love admits the present necessity of divorce in those rare cases, about which we now know so little, where all the techniques and all the determined patience in the world may fail; where each in some strangely unsuited combination must seek to be released, or even recombined again. In the careful judgment of a penetrating New Testament scholar Jesus was not laying down rules of marriage for everybody in the twentieth century when he protested against the casual relationship of Herod and his brother's former wife. Furthermore, there are occasional unfortunate married couples whom, obviously, God hath *not* "made of one flesh." Jesus unequivocally was for more abundant life. Some of us who think of him as the "conscience of mankind" do not visualize the Master bolting the door against an impossible situation and fixing thereon the cruel decree "No Exit."

This love also allows for the much advertised possibility that "man is secretly and ravenously polygamous." As the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact requires laws to make it effective, so marriage needs a legal reminder that "the itch for other charms and uncaptured citadels," as Will Durant calls it, will justify no man in dropping his mate. But that is not to imply that the bond of marriage is an im-

prisoning bond. Infidelity can end in stuffiness; loyalty can lead to spontaneity.

Birth control, the climactic experience in marriage union, knowledge of the emotional difficulties of women, the tracing back into childhood experience so that emotional fixations can be laughed away, the determination to stand by the mutual vow,—these are only the a, b, c's of marriage. After the alphabet is mastered, one proceeds to say something and, it may be, sing. Cooperation or beauty between normal husband and wife is almost, but not quite, its own excuse for being. It is too sacred for governments' or employers' associations or religious organizations to exploit as a means to increasing the cannon-fodder or the factory-supply or the church membership. But the cooperation, which opens the eyes to beauty, need not be ingrowing, decadent, selfish. The relationship can be dedicated to something higher than itself.

Unless it is outgoing, there may be that disenchantment which "Woodbine Willie" predicts in his almost savage poem, *If I Had a Million Dollars.* He ironically tells how he would buy him a perfect Island Home for the heart o' his love and himself. He would make him a perfect garden there . . . and a perfect temple. . . .

> "And then I would wake to behold my soul,
> Damned deep in a perfect hell."

Hell means being unconscious, insensitive. Marriage should reveal resources of spiritual awareness that will help to keep young idealists out of hell, that is, on the job. Why, then, is it that so many of them go stale after such first fine careless raptures as these: "I go to jail if there is another war!" Or, "Teaching adolescents is my career, no matter what Big Business ever offers!" Is it not often because one marriage partner never has been wooed to join in the other's spiritual adventure? Watch that Freshman full of dreams to smash open the Bastile of race prejudice. He is so much "in love" with the lush girl from the South who says, "Yes, dear," to his vision, that he forgets her childhood emotional conditioning about Negroes in particular. In fact, it never occurs to him that it may first be necessary to have her see and feel what he, through actual friendly contact with superior Negroes in the North, has learned to see and feel. Seven years later, their child is unconsciously indoctrinating the other kindergartners to refer to the school janitor as "nigger." Consider what happens to this charming Senior, a regular Jane Addams in her zeal to identify herself with the disinherited. She forgets that the rising young broker to whom she becomes engaged still subconsciously believes that the "down and outs" deserve to be where they are. Three years later, she is wheedling her husband to buy her a Rolls-Royce.

It is not easy for a husband or wife to keep scattering the fire of an emancipating idea out into the world, while the other partner keeps the home fires damped.

But one looks with confidence for more marriages in which idealism shall be sustained; where the partnership will prove a sentinel of the spirit warning against compromise, and the mystery of personality will through the years be increasingly discovered together.

In *Vanamee* we see a stirring and vivid instance. The husband, a breezy soul if ever there was one, had kept from his wife an old habit of using drugs. There were defeats. In time he overcame it.

"Do you believe I can ever trust you again?" asked his wife when he told her.

"The truth is, dearest," answered Parker Vanamee, "you are trusting me now. You haven't the kind of sagacity that can afford to distrust me; if you began to be suspicious, you'd suspect the wrong things. And in a way it is your trust that has pulled me through. It would have been so easy to take a little extra and end it all; but I just couldn't hit you like that."

Marriage on the basis of knowledge of such far-seeing kinship can be to each partner the prayer of the artist, humble before the beckoning snow of a peak in the Alps, "Make me crystal clear, O God, that Thy light may shine through."

CHAPTER VI

BETWEEN YOUTH AND AGE

"We salute but we do not meet!" Such are the terms between youth and age.

A young friend was recently jailed for three adventurous hours because of his efforts to unionize shop girls. He was delighted to narrate to his contemporaries how the cockroaches in the cell came on in battalions. But not a word to his parents. The undergraduate returning from a summer conference never mentions to her Southern family that several times she ate at the same table with a Negro discussion group leader: she does not want a scene.

On the other side, a quizzical and possibly veracious professor complained of his seventeen-year-old son: "He talks a different language from me. While I stay awake nights trying to understand Einstein, he just takes relativity for granted. It doesn't bother him to know that an effect can come before a cause." A grandmother observes wistfully that the rising generation in her household bring her peppermints when what she wants is regular chocolates, the kind the unspanked generation test their digestion with.

It is touching the way some of us on the rheumatic side of the youth line fumble for contacts. We take off our mature suspenders and buckle on a juvenile belt, only to discover sadly that they are making suspenders the criterion—not necessarily fancy crimson and sky-blue suspenders, but like as not just plain sedate black. Not wishing to be like grandfather we become meticulous about our garters, only to find that as age puts them on, youth takes them off. We make a bold stab at their vocabulary and essay the work "bunk" or "applesauce" or "haywire" or "birdseed." They politely suppress a look of pain, "Oh, you mean horsefeathers." Thus does maturity, earnestly trying to be immature, sometimes appear kittenish. Perhaps the young things had rather have us be ourselves, creaking joints, cautious judgment, cooled blood and all.

The causes of the distance between age and youth are certainly baffling to analyse and assess. A Freudian might be thus brief and dogmatic: it is all a matter of lusty young men having acute sexual jealousy for the "old man." They are neurotically trying to displace their fathers as Zeus with a scimitar usurped the power of Cronus. In China, however, where the strain is most severe, the sons far from wanting to be near their mothers are desperately anxious to live under a separate

roof. Their passion is to get as free as they possibly can from the apron strings of the past.

Nor is the conflict merely the perennial one articulated in the lament of a mandarin, perhaps centuries before Confucius, who compared the ladies of his day with the new flappers:

> "'Twas not by art their hair curled so;
> By nature so it grew.
> I seek such manners now in vain,
> And pine for them with longing pain."

No Karl Marx of the struggle has yet sounded the bugle call, "Elders of the world unite!" But undoubtedly some of the prejudice against age today has subtle economic roots. While our medicine, a physician observes, adds more and more years to a man's life, our business sees to it that those added years are made more and more miserable. When an ordinary man reaches forty-five years he does not follow the mortal statistics of the good old days and pass on to the cemetery. But often he does die economically. If he is looking for a job, what firm will employ him? "There are plenty of live young men eager to get that job." If there comes a slack season he is the first to be let off. "You've lost your drive; the people that come in here to buy, like sparkle and vitality."

Much of the imperialism of youth is due to the machine's predilection for what it considers plastic

raw material. In the war it was the hot blood of youth that the airplane chose. Today, the youth who acts so superior to his elders, to whom it never occurs that age has something to offer, is often in the saddle because he can beat the older competitor to a job in the new factory.

It is not the cruelty of the business leader but his timid humanitarianism that has been stimulating the economic cold-shouldering of age: "I want to retire all my employees on a decent pension when they become too old to serve any longer. It costs less to take out such pensions for young men than for old. Consequently, to compete with other firms I must keep my costs down and take on only young inexpensive employees." If unjust discrimination against older people is to be prevented in the future, it would be well to inaugurate a system of old age pensions now. Business might be less reluctant to employ those who have crossed the forty or forty-five year line, if an allowance adequate to live on were guaranteed to those sixty-five years and over, three out of four of whom are now dependent. Another blow would be struck at age prejudice if some Henry Ford would demonstrate to the industrial and business world that there are certain types of machines and machine-like jobs that prosper better at the hands of the mature and prudent.

Possibly the economic imperialism of youth will soon be where the dinosaurs now rest. Early in

1931, President Arthur Morgan of Antioch College, after a survey of the changing situation, reported that when new machinery or labor-saving devices are introduced, it is not the old men who are let off but the young.

Whether or not the machine age flatters youth, the protective impulse of age pampers it. "Son really must have a coonskin coat to make the right fraternity." In Great Britain it is estimated by the Chief Medical Officer that by 1950 the class of those in middle and old age will double the number of children. "In the near future the outlook of middle age and even of old age is likely to replace the outlook of youth." The London *Times* speaking. If the proportion of youth to age decreases in this country, the parental tendency to keep the nest comfortably feathered for the nestlings will no doubt increase.

This prolonging of adult years, no matter if older folk are given the job, may mean more and more imperialism on the part of the unfledged. It is the group who have things handed to them on a gold platter who develop the superiority complex: the tender-skinned Anglo-Saxon officer with one Hindu servant to pull his punkah, another to fetch his tea, another to carry his sporting gun; the cushioned male with a solicitous wife warming his carpet slippers; the Marie Antoinette with a kitchen full

of cooks concerned only to flavor her cake to perfection.

In old China, if you rescued a drowning man from the jealous river god, it was thenceforth up to you to keep him alive. In an American university town, a superior member of the later adolescent group, coolly eyeing his parents who have pulled him out of nothingness is overheard to ask: "Why should *I* try to oblige them? They brought me into the world. They're responsible for me."

Perhaps the imperialism that assumes superiority over others while exploiting them is just an inferiority feeling disguised. In any case, most of the harshness toward older people is a symptom of diffidence. Young people will deprive themselves of anything in order to appear sophisticated and master of the situation. An English literary critic describes the younger intelligentsia of England discarding Galsworthy because that novelist appeals to the emotions; one smart girl even foregoes the exhilaration of Katherine Mansfield's stories, "Impossible, too sentimental, you know." This new asceticism, this fear of the ardors of older folk, may not be so unlike the early adolescent's alarm regarding that creaking uncontrollable voice which is always breaking into soprano when he would give his kingdom to be dignified. It is the proverbial sophomore, straining to be above the battle, still timid about choosing a world view—let alone a

permanent girl or job—who tries to get attention from his parents by telling them what stiff-necked old fogies they are, while he—"Well, just see how much hair I've got on my chest, I'm an atheist!" All this daring exhibition of jazz, this brave whistling in the graveyard, so irritating to maturity, is only an instinctive natural effort toward self-assertion. One must assure oneself that one is becoming a person.

It is right here, in the tendency to protect versus the tendency to make one's own choices, that the clash between age and youth is most healthy, universal and violent. Our too tender culture softens the mother eagle so that she fears to push the eaglets over the ledge, but those who feel stiffening feathers on their wings will take a chance on breaking their bones anyway. It is beside the point for irreverent elders to tell them that they look like chickens: their feathers all blown off by behaviorism, Freudianism, and relativism.

It is only to expose herself in a lurid light when dear old Dowager Countess Vestibule explodes that their flight toward self-determination "always determines itself in viciousness, vile manners, admiration for nastiness, rabbit morals and utter lawlessness—and never in virtue." For the young people know enough of the new psychology to come back: "When these Victorians are violently intolerant of a supposed weakness in others, they are only adver-

tising the smoke screen behind which they are hiding that same weakness in themselves."

Which brings us to one of the most obvious points of misunderstanding between the two age groups, namely the question of sex. Many of the younger people feel that age is unfairly suspicious of their perfectly normal mate-seeking impulse. If those who are most normal and most aware would only open their mouths, they might thus call their betters on the carpet:

"Some of us know a little about birth-control—not so much, however, as some of you hawk-eyed elders rumor. We don't see why you should be so terrified just because we are trying to open our eyes. If we light a few matches, society isn't going to be blown to pieces. Sex isn't a powder magazine. It doesn't need to be a preoccupation. Maybe it's you older people most repressed in your youth who are obsessed with this function now. We're interested in the personal side instead of the physical far more than you imagine. What's the matter? Have you older people messed up your comradeship between the sexes so badly that you think we too can meet only on that furtive basis?"

Until older people make it clear that the untested generation is granted confidence and freedom of choice, there can be little genuine friendliness. To meet their reaching out for light with ribaldry or apprehension will only invite them to dig the ditch deeper. They laugh outright when the Assistant United States Attorney trying Mrs. Mary Ware

Dennett for passing on to them a booklet on sex, shakes an ominous finger: "When the clarion call of war shall sound, God help America if we haven't men to defend her!"

But there are university leaders who have no fear about youth in relation to a potential source of happiness. Ex-President Clarence C. Little not long since declared: "Young men and women have discovered the fallacy in the ancient doctrine that happiness in this life is the by-product of sin and that it precludes or limits the possibility of salvation."

"It is the devil, not God who says 'Thou shalt not,'" cried William Blake. A few young people only too quickly agree. But this is a fact that we too blindly overlook: many youth prefer self-imposed discipline to "self-expression." No training is too severe for them if there is a big game ahead. Pre-marital chastity, if it is understood as a rigorous preparation for the real thrill of marriage, can attract equally eager candidates.

The power of old taboos to shock is gone. Few under thirty predict brimstone and fire for the occasional individuals who take Bertrand Russell seriously and "experiment" with extra-marital relations. But, as one reads the senescent creed of apologists for unchastity, infidelity and restless roving, one suspects that youth's own eager demands for the most vivid and at the same time satisfying ex-

perience will win, over the rationalizations of those who have not made a notable success of monogamy. Freud himself seems to be admitting that any other system of morality would involve complexes quite as difficult as those attending monogamy. Other depth psychologists are telling of cases where promiscuity leads to emotional fixations no less depressing than the complexes of the Puritan era. Whatever may be the recipe for rejuvenating the middle-aged, youth needs all the energy at its disposal for aspiration, for the mastering of new techniques. Going round and round in a circle of unappeasable sex indulgence is too stuffy. Instead of reinforcing and harmonizing the emotions, it weakens the whole morale. It may even produce an emotional fixation that will cut off its victims from the possibility of later experiencing the love that is real and most deeply satisfying—that growing relationship where a man not tentatively but enduringly identifies himself with his mate. Such, at least, is the conclusion of a competent American analyst.

Insinuate to a normal Junior or Senior for whom the world has suddenly been lit with meaning that of course his mating project is only a temporary expedient, and see whether he responds to that kind of cheering from the side lines.

The freedom that normal youth is demanding may be quite other than some of their coaches

imagine. In China, a government university student, his hands tucked into his long black sleeves, swayed back and forth on his chair and announced grimly, "I believe in free love!" The foreign teacher put on as casual a face as he could muster. "My parents," the student went on excitedly, "do not have the right to marry me off to a girl I've never seen." No middle man for Wang; he was going to select the girl himself. Freedom from parental domination does not necessarily mean lack of inward control.

The issue, clearly, is whether there shall be self-determination, that is, growth in personality. It is in the concepts of religion as well as in the conduct of sex that age finds it hardest to grant freedom of choice.

Religion means participating in the "experiencing Power of the universe," in such a way that the capacity for experience grows instead of decaying. Youth does not want second-hand experiences. Platitudes, which are another name for "truths spoken without feeling," are not desired. In spite of a few juvenile sophisticates' terror of emotion, this generalization can pretty safely be risked about most young people today. Like Julian Grenfell who boxed in a match behind the front line and a few days later fell in France, they crave truths that are exciting, full of "color and warmth and light and a striving evermore for these."

Elders accuse them of always, as they are saying now in China, "pouring traditions down the sink," or, as they reiterate here, "emptying out the baby with the bath." But what is happening is a reaching out rather than a revolt. Those students are few who, when it comes to their questions and quests in religion, feel at home with their parents. In bull sessions they will talk theology until the rooster crows. The paterfamilias getting wind of these interminable discussions will lay out a restraining hand: "The Virgin birth doesn't matter? Don't you ever breathe such sentiments under my roof!" But the spirit to which "anything true is holy" will give the undergraduate no peace till with his friends he has rolled Origen over in his grave and listened to H. G. Wells deliver his blasting theory.

The man who probably talks the language of youth as naturally as any, an English clergyman, Canon Raven, points out that this is no mere wordy reaction to a wordy situation. It is indispensable for students to go through a stage of verbal exuberance about how man is born, why he is born at all, where he is headed. For the more mature, these vehement explorations and debates might be a pathetic substitute for action, not necessarily for youth.

"We will concede," some not so ancient spokesman might say aloud, if only he could be caught off

guard, "that the surest way for us to make fools of ourselves is 'to ignore the past.' Just the same, this business of emotion nicely touching morality with a ten-foot pole is not the religion we want. Granted that the doctrines of our fathers are not second hand to them, they are unreal to us. You tell us that Spirit needs bones or dogmas to make it walk erect. Right! But we can become enthusiastic only about those creeds we grow for ourselves out of our own experience. To jump to another metaphor, we can't work up any feeling over looking for eggs in the nests of other years."

If only, Kagawa reminds them, they would try living like sons of God instead of defining Him.

An ideal, if real, has to become your white blood corpuscles as you fight in behalf of it. One likes to think that a few young people refuse to accept meekly what was good enough for their elders, in deference to this fact. Youth's tragic danger is not the audacity of Columbus, gray-haired with achievement at thirty, or of nineteen-year-old Joan of Arc burned for her dream made beautiful in action. Youth's tragic danger is conformity: one conventional campus sheep unquestioningly following every other, all gregariously jumping over the same bar. Jack reverentially carrying his flask and Tom, Dick and Harry docilely doing the same. Worse yet, a Junior majoring in economics becoming a scab in a railway strike and every fraternity brother join-

ing up to break organized labor's back and make some pin-money. To be sure, the coonskin coat and the rah-rah routine may be less conspicuous now than in the jaunty pre-depression days, as Dean Christian Gauss reports. On the other hand, a senior graduating from Yale the other day, made this indictment, which, though too sweeping, is suggestive: To be an Eastern college man is to be a "collared conservative." If there is any revolt now it is against the liberalism of the post-war younger generation. What one finds is "an amazing unconcern with all conditions of the present and problems of the future . . . a certain staleness, a brackish odor."

The saddest feature on the face of the younger generation is the tight line there, from a suppressed religious impulse. The more intelligent know inwardly that it is merely a weak alibi to turn savagely with a young European writer on the older generation and repeat, "It's the war—*your* fault!" But few have yet located a purpose into which to channel their urgent drive to think and do something worthwhile in the world. The church which should be leading their eyes to paths winding over dangerous mountains has not yet learned the artist's blindness to the flyspecks on the window pane. There are rich young men always with us, as of old, who would slip sorrowfully away if confronted with Jesus. But what of those who have it in them to re-

spond as did "The Unknown Disciple" and set out in a new companionship everywhere scattering the Galilean's fire? Must organized religion's challenge be that old stiff-jointed, "Listen, just listen to me! Father knows best!"

One of the encouraging things is the sense of life sometimes discovered in small intimate groups of young people gathered about a grate fire or under a pine tree, where the conventional mask and the wise-cracks are laid aside and the members can be themselves without any pretense of cynicism or worldly wisdom. In some of these groups there is a new interest in the personality of Jesus. What was the source of his driving power and good will? How can we draw on the same energy? Why not keep sensitive to people and alive to their possibilities and our own, as Jesus did? Questions like these are sincerely faced, self-excuses are ruthlessly examined. There are rare moments when these young people pray in silence, or one or two will humbly voice their zest for such comradeship and their desire to live in harmony with what they are learning together. This desire may be ripening into an intelligent passion to rid the campus of the R. O. T. C. or to change the fraternity system, or to feel more genuine friendship toward colored classmates or business associates, or to get up half an hour earlier to meditate alone. At such times one notices a light on their faces.

The theory of some skeptical friends of youth is that the church is only a millstone around its neck. Too much exhortation and too little participation. Second-hand traditions cluttering up the path to first-hand experience. It can scarcely be denied that the only thing that will release the religious impulse of youth is the intimacy of a creative fellowship out of which the church began but from which it has lately wandered. And yet one wonders. It is barely possible that within the machinery of organized religion there can be developed little groups of like-seeking younger minds who in time will generate a new spiritual drive. One can imagine such small fellowships meeting on the common ground of frank give-and-take during the week, unconsciously adding the energy of their spiritual contact to the assembled body of a whole church at worship, and glad to be there because truths are being built into life together.

The tragic danger of older people in regard to Christianity is the inferiority feeling that comes with the haunting thought that Jesus, after all, was the embodiment of youth at its most daring, and that never again can that bloom touch their sere and yellowed leaf. Peter has been pictured at a pilgrimage play as stooped and stiff with years, but age is learning better now. "It looks as if we were out of it," youth could almost catch the discouragement, if it cared to eavesdrop on age.

This is precisely the dogma, like a fog that has to be blown from between the young and those who have crossed the thirty-year-old line. The fixed idea that one is set mentally in a plaster cast as soon as the twenties are passed is not only anti-Christian: it is unscientific. It will not do for either war horse liberals gallantly or for younger idealists fiercely to cry with Goethe: "Over the graves, onward!"; no progress until the close-minded obstructive oldsters die off.

Apparently that old joke about the college student's head swelling is a literal fact; those nine billion cortical cells have to have expanding room. But this is not to say that the paterfamilias must be an outcast in the kingdom of learning. Professor Thorndyke in *Adult Learning* intimates that although the fifty-five year old generally does not do this, he actually can learn even at that advanced age almost as readily as when he is at the peak. In the study of Esperanto a group between twenty and twenty-five years equalled another group between thirty-five and fifty-seven. In at least one learning contest the very mature made twice as much progress as the eighteen-year olds. The trouble is that most people have either been bulldozed by the dogma that at thirty, one's mind is "set," or they have never developed the habit of opening the mind and critically digesting fresh situations.

One of youth's most sympathetic living inter-

preters, in his late sixties, tells us that "the incapacity to repent" is about the worst imprisonment there is. But with a creative instead of a negative expectation, that impotence can be prevented. After he had passed the forty-year line, Sherwood Eddy was converted to industrial democracy; a few years later to thorough-going pacifism; then to sex sanity; then to the new education, project method and all. What his next "repentence" will be is a subject for gambling among his younger friends. Employer Arthur Nash had a change of mind in favor of labor unions when his hair was almost white. Isn't Justice Holmes about ninety now? One of the most daring things ever declared in the spirit of youth was the treaty to settle all international disputes by peaceful means, arranged by Secretary Kellogg and M. Briand, both silver-haired.

To stimulate people to open minds that need not be senile, and to thrill to an expanding view of horizons, this is the aim of the adult education movement. It promises to break the ice between age and youth so that circulation of spirit can at last begin. This movement is now bringing gusto to hundreds of thousands in Denmark who consider their schooling never complete. It is spreading in the United States where parents are learning not to be shocked at this dynamic universe where quanta jump and fashions in morals advance. It is awakening wrinkled villagers in China to dangerous

thoughts . . . who knows but what birth control is more patriotic than ancestor worship? In four winter months at an hour or two a day, the illiterate head man of the village, within range of "Jimmie" Yen's simplified Thousand Character Movement, can be taught to read from his weekly newspaper, *The Farmer,* the latest ideas for national progress.

Older people, formerly cut off from the spirit of youth, assuming they had no time or capacity for such things, can now feel their pulse beating faster with the adventure of adjusting themselves with new skills to a new world.

Not easily, however. The adjustment that stirs like wine the Second Generation Japanese, in a West Coast town, is still to their parents bitterness. Mitsui had rather talk naked English than the elaborate language of old Nippon. He does not see any point in touching his head to the floor twice when a dignified relative enters the room. He prefers the young people's meeting over at the Methodist church to the Buddhist Temple where his father loyally worships, which he must formally attend for the family's sake once a year. He is determined to marry Tomi, irrespective of the "old man's" plans. The chasm in that home is a cruel chasm not unlike that which alienates age groups all over the world. But perhaps Mitsui can throw a rope across to his parents by taking them in his Ford to the new night school. The parents, from

their side, must cast out that stifling superstition that learning time is over.

Those young liberals who have been living a double life under the family roof, breathing the clean air of protest only on the outside, can begin to regard their parents as persons even as they secretly treat Negroes and "reds" and "foreigners" without a conscious barrier. They can open windows at home! Mother and her contemporaries are not going to die of pneumonia. A disconcerting insistence on reality is more on the side of unity than simulated agreement. Purred a Hollywood hostess to a high-school student at tea the other afternoon, "There must be war till Jesus comes."

"Nonsense!" was the objective, brief reply. This particular representative of the elder generation did not need to be protected from reality—she was strong enough to bear it. What higher flattery is there?

CHAPTER VII

CREEDS

A LAYMAN, president of one of our more liberal manufacturing companies, declares, "I know from history that the various denominations will never get together, but I know also that if they set about a difficult common job they'll be together before they realize it."

That "difficult common job" is at hand. The problem confronting Protestants, and for that matter, Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans, Shintoists, and Parsees, is not how each can conquer the other but how all shall overcome Secularism.

Whether one uses this term for the common enemy, agreed upon by the international missionary council at Jerusalem, in 1928, or whether John Dewey's word, "externalism" is more accurate, the menace is a desperate challenge to cooperation.

It comes on against the church not like an organized battalion but like an unplanned hurricane. We who would stand by the institution on Sundays find ourselves huddled together in a cyclone cellar.

The roof is gone. Look at the barn. See that rooster sailing overhead with his tail feathers blown clear off. There go the calves,—off for the week end.

Secularism is just a highsounding word for carelessness. It means such pre-occupation with having a good time and getting power over other people, that personality becomes a side issue and the unseen values a bore. It has a thousand modern forms. Yet it is the oldest denomination on earth. Ever since Lot came down from the highlands of Judea and pitched his tent toward Sodom, men have been secularists.

The war did not cause it, but the war recruited a good many members. The machine did not start it, but the machine accelerated secularism. Science alone did not whirl men away from a concern about their inner capacities and possibilities. The Sophomore who loses his faith, in the biology laboratory or the psychology class, quite probably had no faith to lose in the first place, or else his campus unbelief is "faith fretting at an outworn form."

Biblical research and the discovery that man has at the bottom of his backbone obsolete muscles for wagging a tail, are not the reasons why so few homes have the family altar. After all, the function of the Scriptures is not to tell us where we came from, but, as a high school Freshman phrased it, "How to get there."

Neither is it the study of comparative religions that has robbed the masses of the technique of finding the focus of life through private prayer and family and congregational worship. The majority of secularists have anything but a clear picture of mankind's adventure toward God. It is not that they are disturbed over discovering that Moh-Tih, like Jesus, taught universal love and that Gotama Buddha was on the trail of that fundamental law of being which Jesus so wholeheartedly exemplified: "Lose your life so that you may find it." It is that they are not keenly aware of any law of life. They are mostly interested just now in handling things.

Whatever the causes of the prevailing carelessness, it is a false motion now for modernists or fundamentalists to shake their fists within the cyclone cellar. We shall not stop the scattering wind by pulling one another's hair. In this common struggle against cynicism and the jazz spirit that is a childish whistling in the dark to bolster flagging courage, none of us is exempt. There is no discharge in this job.

The first issue is to see that civilization continues and not the war-system. William Lyon Phelps is warning the churches and the mosques, the synagogues and the temples, that he knows of "not a single country in the world today, big or little, which would not instantly send all its healthy young men into the shambles of battle, if the polit-

ical party which happened at the moment to be in control should decide to enter a war." Neither Christianity nor Islam nor Buddhism nor Judaism nor Brahmanism can show "such universal devotion, such willingness to die for its tenets" as the pseudo-religion of nationalism. What followers of all faiths are waiting for now, an East Indian poet tells us, is one clear word, "that God is over all."

Religionists of other lands and faiths may have their alibis regarding the war-system which is the force upon which the pseudo-religion of nationalism ultimately relies. We Americans who are church members have none. The present situation, therefore, compels each one of us to face these inescapable questions:—

Are you with the generals or with Jesus? Are you going to acquiesce until you may be ordered to drop cacodyl isocyanide from an airplane upon some other fellow's mother, or wife, or children,—or will you make up your mind now before the bugles blow and the girls go about with the white feather? Will you let the war drums sweep you off with the herd that blindly slaughters guilty and innocent alike, or will you listen for that "other drummer" whose summons is to a struggle against the lies that overwhelm truth and the fear that freezes the soul? Will you say with Brisbane, "Dollars abroad without cannon behind them are feeble things," or with Galsworthy, "By the God that is

in us, no more war"? In this business of seeing to it that the way of killing rather than the way of Christ is abandoned, there are, to borrow Heywood Broun's saying, two forces: inertia versus God. Which are you for?

While girls from a state university at a conference beside the Pacific were this summer talking about "Blessed are the peacemakers," the machine guns of a neighboring citizens military training camp spoke so loud that the words of Jesus could scarcely be heard. For every student on the sand dune studying world friendship there were five on the gun field learning how to annihilate imagined enemies. Various investigations by educators have made it clear enough that parents are deluded if they think their sons will be taught good citizenship by military drill. Moreover, the Attorney General has ruled that the Morrill Land Grant Act does not compel students to take the Reserve Officers Training Corps courses. Nevertheless, thousands of American students are still involuntary victims of this training in the war habit of mind. Are those of us who belong to churches, going to rest content with annual convention pronouncements against such virtual conscription, or are we going to protest unequivocally and unanimously, in the spirit of the early Christians who refused to offer incense to Cæsar?

Somewhat subtler than the war system in its

denial of personality, but closely allied to it, is the encroaching fury of what C. F. Andrews calls "white racialism." Often masked as Christian, it spreads the infection of imperial domination and economic exploitation. While condemning Allah as a slave-driving, sword-justifying God, it exhibits the ultimate Christian principle of racial equality far less than does Islam. Posing as liberator it knocks at the gates of Nippon until they open; and then two generations later with an Exclusion Act it slams its own door with incredible rudeness in the face of the Japanese people. "Racial wrong," declares the most beloved Anglo-Saxon missionary in India, "is slowly destroying Christ's religion at its very root."

An effective answer to such a charge is the answer of Albert Schweitzer who leaves his comfortable theological chair to join the "fellowship of those who bear the marks of pain." While a white man's war rages in Europe and Negroes who have had nothing to do with starting the insanity are impressed into military service and shipped down the river to likely death, he notices a mother sitting on a stone, sobbing out her heart. The great physician can say nothing to explain why her son should be snatched away by the armies of Europe. Without a word he squats down beside her, holding the black woman's hand in his own, and both look beyond the smoke of the departing conscript steamer bearing her child towards the setting sun. "Reverence for

life," is the driving force of this master musician and world philosopher and daring surgeon from Alsace-Lorraine.

While lust for power over neighboring nations and darker races callously defies that reverence, the white man's flippancy regarding sacred relationships in the home stealthily works to deaden it. Across the seven seas motion pictures are being exported which augment the Hollywood producer's dividends only to impoverish the Oriental's understanding of marriage. At home the fifteen or so million film specialists are taught every night to admire their heroes who keep the divorce courts and marrying parsons busy. The most tragic expression of secularism in the relations between men and women may not be the increasing divorce rate which in some instances is only a healthy feminine protest against male imperialism. It may be the indifference of the generality of prophets and priests to breaking the trail for a sane sex education among the coming generation, so that divorce shall be effectively prevented at its source. The church no longer has a hallowed excuse for sidestepping the task of clarifying the marriage experience as the outward and visible sign of a shared inward and spiritual grace too beautiful to be broken. This the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has recently had the courage and vision to declare.

As for the embarrassment between age and

youth, "if the elder generation," says Margaret Sanger, "would pledge itself to truth-telling on the subject of sex, no longer would the two generations be separated by an impenetrable wall of silence." That, as the last chapter attempted to show, is to oversimplify a complex problem. Nevertheless, if organized religion desires to gain the confidence and cooperation of youth, why not come out straightforwardly, as Sherwood Eddy and one or two denominations have begun to do, for an unashamed and sunlit approach to the whole sex side of life? A veteran professor of practical theology warns against "a passing dogmatism about bringing everything to the light." He is afraid we shall have a generation of hard-boiled mothers. Last century's graveyards are full of young mothers who were not hard-boiled but merely suppressed.

But it is in our blind way of "making" money that the most deadly form of secularism or externalism now operates. Not easily can the man who walks the streets futilely seeking work realize with J. B. S. Haldane that "personality is the central fact of the universe." An anonymous professor of English has written a haunting story of his brother in an obscure Texas town committing suicide. That brother could have been wholehearted and happy in a society that offered a chance to be useful. He was able and willing. But a job—because of "overproduction" or underplanning?—was the last thing he

could find. Apparently, he sank into the mood of any number of other good men, the mood of blaming himself instead of the rules of the game, saying, "I am no good—there is only one exit."

In any case the professor describes how at almost the same minute his brother took his life, a man possessed of twenty millions of dollars died not far from the professor's home. That multimillionaire had all that money could buy,—the very best physicians and nurses. Also in the neighborhood was a vacant lot on which there roamed an old gray horse, an ex-racer. That animal had plenty of grass to eat, even lumps of sugar from his master's hand. If the old racer should be cast forth, the town would protest; the owner might even be mobbed.

"Should my brother," asks the writer, "have been treated less kindly than a beast? He, too, like this gray horse, had made thousands of dollars of profit for his employers. He, too, had run the race faithfully, earnestly, successfully, as long as there was gain for his boss in the racing. Was it just, was it Christian, was it ordinary humanity, to send him forth to starve when the commercial and industrial racing had temporarily ceased?"

But the professor will not let us merely say, "Sorry,—too bad!" He goes ruthlessly on: "My brother calls from his lonely grave in Texas. He calls to me and to all of us to arouse ourselves from the spiritual torpor into which our industrialism has

permitted us to fall and to face the bitter fact that, in spite of our gestures of philanthropy and our bland talk of Christian brotherhood, the law of the jungle still prevails in our industrial and commercial world. He calls to all thoughtful Americans to realize that they who hold in their hands the power of life and death for American workmen have not yet gained such love for their fellow men as to risk financial loss for its sake."

In the complicated economic situation, organized religion can run piously to the shelter of æsthetics and the ivory tower. Or it can begin to transform conditions.

A church member can at least change the climate within himself by learning more about organized labor, by supporting the working man's right to bargain collectively, by voting on less conventional lines, by personally buying soap and clothes and breakfast food and soup produced by companies where employees are looked upon as human beings. "Drink a hot cup of Christian soup from the Columbia Conserve," recommends a young Y. M. C. A. Secretary, "and get the Kingdom of God within you."

We have to transform conditions at home. But this does not excuse us from the problem abroad. We need to export more "disciples of the divine discontent," like E. Stanley Jones who gives us such a shot in the arm against imperialism as this: "If

western merchants only had intelligence to see, they would realize that India free would be a far better customer than India under an unwilling vassalage."

The new type of missionary is no exporter of Westernism. Sometimes he turns his tongue unside down with the intonations and his stomach inside out with the pork, forgetting the fleas in village inns and the mosquitoes in farmers' huts, to fight illiteracy, superstition, and typhus all by himself in a district of half a million souls. But he does not consider this sacrifice, and it is not for the sake of "propaganda." Far from imperialistically forcing his doctrines on the nationals, he cuts the ground from under imperialism by sharing the quality of life that is Christ. Did not Lao-tze tell the Chinese that you keep only what you set free? Fred F. Goodsell, speaking from the background of years of work in Turkey, thinks of the new missionary aim as "not what we of the West can do for the people of the East but rather what they can do for themselves with our cooperation."

Just because in the past there has on occasion been zeal without knowledge, is no reason for abandoning zeal now, either on what used to be known as the "foreign field" or at home. A generation ago settlement house directors were disposed to put up this sign over the door: "No religious exercises here; we want peace." The danger now is that sec-

ularized representatives of religious groups that were once both daring and devout will meet in those same houses and confuse their drift in apathy with a drive toward unity. One can almost see a modernist preaching against the divisiveness of creeds only to wake up some day to discover that his people, far from being too much concerned about doctrine, never really had any plan of salvation at all. One can imagine Congregationalists and Catholics congratulating each other on the tolerance they have gained when it is only ardor they have lost. "Many are the paths," sings the inclusive Japanese poet, "that lead to the summit where together we shall enjoy the crystal rays of the moon." But suppose we tolerant moderns become so gregariously concerned about patting each other on the back on the way up, that we forget to climb?

Compromise is well and good in minor matters. But let a man play the opportunist at the unique point where he has his most intimate contact with the world of values, and he will crack on the inside. The faith which brings insight will begin to ooze out of him once he gives up seeking in that special area "not peace but a sword."

But what kind of a sword? Right here is where a blunder can split the world. Perhaps it has been splitting the world, ever since the difference between right and wrong began to be held in earnest. Men will fall in pieces if they do not obey their con-

science, but they can break the world into pieces if that obedience is not intelligent and if it is not guided by the highest authority there is.

What, then, shall be our authority? Certainly not the tribal god against which Isaiah protested as he pictured a future highway connecting his own country with Assyria and Egypt. If the state continues to be the supreme arbiter there may soon be no citizens left to arbitrate about.

Neither a book nor a pope, nor that trinity of the behaviorists,—the white rat, the fruit fly, nor the guinea pig,—is quite adequate.

Only that authority will satisfy us which fits in with those "generalizations from experience" called scientific laws and which at the same time "covers a man's relations to the entire universe, and not merely his relations to his brotherman in society." Coherence is not the only test. The final touchstone is that which enhances and expands personality.

Science has developed machinery adequate to meet the physical needs of the world, if only it were dedicated to meeting those needs, instead of serving largely selfish ends. Yet a good third of the world goes on rations all too short and most of the civilized world is still afraid of the other nation's airplanes. It is therefore a matter of life and death whether the experience from which must come our "Thus saith the Lord," shall be limited to what chemistry, physics, and biology measure, or whether

it shall be enlarged to what personality at its richest offers.

But where shall we find a better criterion for judging right from wrong than in the mind or incentive of Jesus? The animating purpose of Jesus is to direct every force in human hands toward bringing in "the perfect society of God and man." Can we find a higher and more unifying motive than that?

A humanized scholarship has already extricated the essential attitude of the great Galilean from such first century irrelevancies as demon possession and the sudden ending of the world. Why, then, should we not seek our authority, our inner light, in personal experiments with his motive, using where needed the findings of the laboratory?

"We will give our allegiance to 'love guided by knowledge,' " it will be objected by some, "but why this emphasis on Jesus? Part of his motive was that men should sit at the same table of life. Very good. But the other part of his motive was that man should look to God as father. We are not concerned with the idea of God."

Possibly a number of these critics are living lives that refute their theology. In Africa I observed some old-time missionaries who theoretically condemned the surrounding "heathen" to everlasting fire, but their utter friendliness seemed to disprove their doctrine. Charles Darwin may not have

preached theism, but he practised a love of the true and the good that was not far from the presence of God. His life, a fellow-scientist affirms, is "in truth a standing proof of the existence of God." Of course there are, to quote Robert Millikan, "the dogmatic atheists." Perhaps some of these are victims of a nineteenth century mechanistic philosophy. The issue just now is not with those who will to disbelieve. It is to clear up the quarrel among those who venture on the assumption that they can cooperate with the unseen "to organize, create, and conserve values."

Much of the difficulty is one of labels. A. S. Eddington tells us that in physics there are two opposing parties: one believes in the existence of ether; the other denies it. As a matter of truth, he sagely adds, "both believe in the same thing and are divided only by words."

What often sets us to debating instead of worshiping together is our popular violation of the commandment "Thou shalt not let thy mind rest in any graven image." This law of spiritual growth we have snubbed by resting our minds on all too sharply chiselled definitions of God and becoming enamored of these static concepts of "the ever-creative spirit of the whole." It is as if we were treasuring dead pieces of cold lava, long after the volcanic fire and molten glory had departed. Rather than search for new and living outpourings from

the depths, we have used up energy protecting these relics, just as certain Mohammedans, whose mysticism has become a spent force, will kill any Christian who so much as enters the sacred city where a "block of black mineral dropped direct from heaven" is enshrined.

Those who are busy earning and enjoying first-hand experiences of spirit have little time for fighting over other people's interpretations or formulas or spiritual possessions. Far more than we have thought, the Arabian camel driver who adventures in the light that lighteth every man, can have, though bowing toward Mecca, an exhilarating sense of values in common with the Salvation Army worker looking toward Jerusalem, who by faithfulness has won his faith. It is conventionality, lack of vivid personal contact with the Unseen, that drives good men to the moats and castles of separatism so pathetically mistaken for the highest religion. Those who fearlessly harmonize themselves with the ethical will of the universe are not fanatically set on excommunicating one another. Is it not when they begin to doubt their faith and lose their grip on the sword of the spirit that men ruthlessly grasp at the sword of intolerance?

Creeds need not go, but mass-production methods must. The high-pressure standardization that would make everybody believe in detail like everybody else is death to the vital religion that should make

us one. Every unique person must have his own peculiar way of reacting to the meaning of the universe revealed to him. Instead of a few hundred or thousand denominations, there should be one billion, nine hundred million; one for each member of the planetary family. Paradoxical as this may sound, the more I accept the fact that you are unique and your way of worship is different from my own, the more we can discover our common ground. If I prefer putting my hat on when I pray and you are used to taking off your shoes, neither of us will contribute to the cause of unity by simulating interest in the other's ritual or pretending to devotion to a form of worship that does not meet our own need.

The trouble with the sects is that whether or not they once represented different temperaments, they now miserably fail to correspond to the individual's need for variety. People are allotted to their denominations indiscriminately, like babies in a foundling home described by a New York columnist. Those brought in on Monday are baptized Catholics; those brought in on Tuesday are christened Lutherans.

Tagore of the *Brahmo Samaj* cautions us against "the contagion of mutual imitation." But that should not frighten us away from realizing in a wider fellowship the irrepressible need for worship. Love for concrete persons must supersede loyalty to an organization's enlargement. But this is not to

imply that a man surrenders his religious individuality when he joins a church that roots him in the past and gives him solidarity with the race. It may well be that where religion becomes slack in its outward expression, it will before long "lose its inner glow."

As we need youth's demand for spiritual self-determination and first-hand experience, so we need age's insistence on interdependence with "the communion of saints" and with the best to which men of other ages have aspired. As we must value the confidence of George Fox who affirmed his direct intuition of God independently of any episcopal group, so we must not forget Von Hügel's emphasis on adoration and his Catholic query: Were the original Quaker's great and beautiful thoughts as to God and Christ any less great and beautiful for having been perceived and expressed fifteen hundred years before? "And were they less Fox's own, was he less free in uttering them, because they had been awakened in himself, so utterly freshly, by those lovers and writers of the past?"

Whatever our ultimate criterion for right and wrong, whether Rome or the inward light, there is a bond that finally unites us. That bond, says an American philosopher, is "reverence for the other man's reverence."

When Tokyo was recovering from the great earthquake, a Buddhist priest one morning looked out with resentful astonishment over his sacred tem-

ple grounds. There stood an ugly canvas structure with a Christian cross above it. Kagawa, fortified with official permission and government funds, had the night before erected the tent as a shelter for the city's destitute against the autumn cold. When the priest protested, Kagawa asked if the temple was not dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy. Had not Gotama Buddha recommended "pervading the world with kindliness, pity and sympathy"?

"Hai, hai," assented the priest proudly. Later, Kagawa persuaded his new friend to manage a grant from the government of about twenty thousand dollars and supervise the relief work in that vicinity. Before long a permanent building took the place of the tent. The Buddhist threw himself passionately into the experiment of social welfare. At the time of his death, he was famous as the "Salvator Priest."

At a recent round table of Jews and Christians a representative of the Federal Council of Churches repeated Lessing's great story of Nathan the Wise. Nathan, a Jew, conversing with a Christian monk told how he had forgiven a cruelty done by a Christian and bestowed tender care upon a Christian child.

"Nathan! Nathan!" exclaimed the monk in surprise, "You are a Christian! A better Christian never lived."

"The very thing that makes me seem Christian to you," Nathan replied, "makes you a Jew to me."

The warm reception given that story indicates that at least a few in our country who used to be in opposing camps are now asking with a late Syrian poet, "Who knows but what my neighbor is my better self wearing another body?" May not he, too, be a "manifestation of the Most High"?

CHAPTER VIII

CONFLICTS WITHIN

THE irony of our age is that we seem to possess unbounded power over things, but extremely little control of ourselves.

We invent conveniences surpassing the most extravagant Utopias of the past. We create wants of which no ancient dreamed. We put through globe-circling mergers. Then suddenly, we wake up in the wee small hours, terrified. In our nightmare Unemployment stands over us like a vast policeman brandishing a club, "Move on now!"

We chatter about the educational need of "activity leading on to further activity." Before long we discover ourselves the victims of "activity for activity's sake."

We annihilate space without, to find our balance within destroyed. It is doubtless true that "in a world where science is possible, personality is supreme." But for whatever reason, men are finding it frightfully difficult to believe in personality.

Much of the trouble, as Reinhold Niebuhr would say, is due to our curious habit of delegating respon-

sibility. There has to be large-scale planning where heads from everywhere are put together. Somebody must arrange that the rules of the road are maintained. But why should I bother? Let the League of Nations attend to these things, or Washington and the ward politicians, or the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the Institute of Family Relations, or the postponed World Conference for International Peace Through Religion. Partly because of our collective carelessness which it is the social engineer's job to rectify, men are crushed or jostled until some, like the professor's brother referred to in the last chapter, find no worth in living longer.

But there are others, like a well-to-do and successful caricaturist, for whom the social engineers can do little. In a note explaining why he took his life, Ralph Barton said that he was simply "fed up with inventing devices for getting through twenty-four hours a day." He had "run from wife to wife, from house to house and from country to country in a ridiculous effort to escape,"—from himself. The complications were within, not outside. Our cities have spawned a school of writers whose only motion toward the heavens is throwing up the sponge.

What can be done about these internal complications which leave men jaded instead of exuberant, confused instead of confident, split instead of whole-

hearted? Listen to this college Freshman, not in New York City but on a delightful western campus where you would expect people to be bubbling over with the sheer adventure of breathing: "I haven't the least idea what to do with my life. I feel no special interest in living. But then I don't see any particular point in dying, either."

"Turn him over to me," pleads the new psychologist eagerly, "let me perform on his mind a major operation. The symptoms in these unhappy individuals of fatigue and nausea about existing, are probably the result of a free-for-all fight between their fine ideals, their unsublimated impulses and the demands of society."

But the psychoanalyst does not stop with these abstractions. He gimlets the reader with a penetrating glance. "Maybe you, yourself, are maladjusted. Well then, I'll make you live over your emotional experiences in childhood. After eight months of analysis you will snap into the present. You will look your boss straight in the eye like a Mussolini. You will walk across vacant lots without wanting to run. If it's a dependence complex you're suffering from, I'll cut the apron strings protecting you from reality even if the 'mother' keeping you an infant is Greenwich Village or the D.A.R. Or if the cause of your internal conflict is a sex drive blocked by early Puritan training and the unreconstructed folk

ways of Iowa, tell everything to me and before long you will be at peace with yourself."

Suppose you take the treatment. You pay a fat fee for the privilege of exposing yourself and transferring your affection to the analyst. Then by way of ransom you pay another fat fee to break the bond and shift your libido to some other object of attachment. Only to be informed perhaps that your dream of flying which was actually prompted by congestion in the nasal passages, is a wish for sex experience which you have been hiding from yourself, but which you cannot conceal from the triumphant eye of your confessor.

Such a brief account of psychoanalysis is obviously unfair. Some analysts may cocksurely read sex into dreams of flying, and red-pencil religion as a mere Œdipus complex. None the less, for all its metaphysics, analysis may prove of use in pulling personality together.

For one thing, the new psychology brings forcibly to our attention the fact that we have emotions which had better not be snubbed. "The human soul," says Harry Emerson Fosdick, "was made for thrills,—an æolian harp which every hour the wind should waken to responsiveness." None of us, with impunity, can keep on suppressing the creative spirit within us. We may repress that spirit for a time without any apparent penalty, but sooner or later there is a perverted come-back. Unless we learn to

express in socially useful ways the urge of life we shall be doing the silliest things by way of substitution: trying to bolster up our social position by retailing gossip or by posing as martyrs who "enjoy poor health"; joining the Ku Klux Klan so that we may appear more masculine than we are; preaching companionate marriage to conceal from ourselves our own defective marital experience; hiding our immaturity from ourselves by asserting that "to expect insights about living from older people is a little like studying transportation with ox-cart drivers." The Socialist candidate for President, Norman Thomas, describes certain intellectuals, at least college graduates, who argue for violent revolution; these parlor reds, he says, are "simply compensating for the futility of their actions by the violence of their opinions." Now the psychoanalyst can in certain instances enable us to see how we got that way, and how we may make a more agreeable adjustment.

Who knows but what he may some bright day massage the twisted muscles of men's souls until they become less stiff-necked toward God? Consider those unfortunate folk who as children were told, "If you steal any more jam off the top shelf, you'll everlastingly burn in hell when you die." Eventually, they learn to think more or less for themselves. And what happens? They may act like a Southern Baptist turned inside out, throwing away

not only the absurd doctrine but the idea of God besides. The analyst might reveal to certain atheists the foolishness of remaining victims of such a rebound from anti-scientific childhood training. Then there are individuals, who, to paraphrase Jesus, cannot see the meaning of life because they are not yet "pure in heart." Certain unacknowledged forces within them have not yet been rechannelled. The following incident, narrated to me by an eminent analyst, throws some light on a modern problem which is old as the hills.

The analyst, at a dinner party, listened to one of the guests, famous for his liberal views and philanthropic activities, tensely protesting his atheism. "Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much," he said to himself: "I'll watch to see what it's all about." As the drinking went on, the guests became more informal. Walking down the hall of the apartment, my friend saw the man's wife through an open door exhibiting to another woman her breasts, scratched and bruised, black and blue. "See," she was overheard explaining, "what my husband did to me."

So that was why a fellow guest was so negative, so belligerent toward the universe! This man, well known to the outside world for his social service, was secretly a sadist. Of course there could be no God, no difference between right and wrong, nothing in conscience. If there were, that vicious

kink in his home life would have to be straightened out.

The point in repeating this story is not to imply that all or even most atheists are morally off color. That would be altogether unjust. It is to suggest an obligation which not many new psychologists seem yet to have recognized. They have exposed within us, as Gilbert Murray says, an instinctive determination springing eternal in human nature "not to be content with oneself as one is, but somehow to be cleaner and higher; to suppress and reduce to nothingness the sordid things that drag one down, and to concentrate attention and effort on the higher part of one's being." Why should they not begin to show us the absurdity of the emotional fences we erect against the Infinite?

The researchers who probe into our desires tell us how we crave self-preservation and perhaps a mate. They might bring to light an even deeper demand of our human nature: something to live for greater than our own skins, greater even than the preservation of the race. Wanted,—a sovereign, unifying purpose which shall call into being our unborn possibilities, into which we can throw all of ourselves without reservations. That is the one thing our generation must have or else we shall go down as crumbling personalities.

The depth psychologist can help to clear away some of our unconscious resistances to the more

than human power that initiates and nurtures personality. But as a scientist he has nothing to say about such a supreme object of allegiance. Can the philosopher reveal it? Can he give us such a focussed vision of life that we ourselves shall become focussed?

Keep your eye fixed on a silver dollar six inches away and before long you will be blind to the green hill far beyond your money. But the love of wisdom can place in its proper perspective the space-time world of things which interferes with our seeing life serenely and as a whole. Many of us probably suffer from spiritual confusion not so much because we need psychotherapy as because we have been trained to believe there are two worlds, each antagonistic to the other. On the one side is the world of atoms and chromosomes or galaxies or s-r bonds which the scientist measures. On the other side is the world of sunsets and children playing on the shore or the heavens declaring the Eternal's handiwork or the glory of mind meeting mind which the poet and seer appreciate. The philosopher's job is to reveal to us the relationship between these two apparently conflicting worlds.

He can take us behind the scenes and introduce us to this truth: although the symbols of these two distinct worlds often appear to be opposed, underneath in an unseen region of the mind, they are brought together. For example, the mathematical

side of Sir Arthur Eddington searches out among the planets the statistics of analyzed things, while the Quaker side of the great astronomer seeks to be united with the meaning of the whole universe. In both cases it is Sir Arthur himself who is doing the measuring and the appreciating. Why reject the universe just because one cannot extract "the square root of a sonnet"? Is that any more reasonable than for a mystic to smash a test tube, just because he is told "You won't find God there"? Certainly he won't. The scientist as a scientist has to abstract from what he studies all values. But this habit will play havoc only if the fact-finding machine which personality uses is allowed to crowd out the value-creating aspect of life.

What we have to keep clearly in mind is that the religious intuitions of consciousness postulating the idea of God are worthy of just as high a status as those intuitions of consciousness which enable the scientist to assume that objects are real, that other researchers are reporting honestly, that his own laboratory does not lie. Ultimately it all goes back to a venture of trust, starting from the central nucleus of personality. After that first venture of trust is taken, one must balance one fact against another and suspend judgment. But he had better not be a tentativist in his approach to the whole of life.

To be complete persons we need both the eye

that observes facts and the ear that enjoys harmony, not only "the certitude of science," but also "the certitude of religion." A man may comprehend Einstein's formula about gravitation, and still use only that restricted part of his personality which we call intellect. Religion, however, is the response of the entire personality. Wasn't it Huxley who said that religion may not take much of a man, but it takes all there is of him?

If we are anywhere at all, we want to "be there altogether." If we would give ourselves to purpose in the universe we must give ourselves without any freezing inhibitions. But what is the use of attempting this if at the bottom of our hearts we believe that the concept of cosmic purpose is just a childish projection upon the universe of our own desires, that communion with that purpose is nothing more than auto-suggestion? Right here is where the philosopher with his sense of proportion which is a sense of humor can help. He can point out the danger of believing a thing only because we wish to believe it, just as there is the danger of saying "No" to the existence of God because the idea may be too disturbing, too challenging. He can warn us against the absurdity of using prayer as a device for getting power over God. But at the same time he can suggest the reasonableness of so opening our being to the creative spirit that we can get power with God. He can justify that restlessness which

haunts us until we find our rest in the Eternal Will. Just because we have a hunger for the "Beyond that is within" is no proof that the Beyond is only within; the sky cannot be explained away by saying that birds want to fly in it.

We need not be psychology-shocked. Granted that there are mirages in the desert, we can still, without insulting our intellects, seek for the oasis. The head, no doubt, should know the heart's reasons and make those reasons fit in with all the facts of experience. But psychology, for all its potentialities, is still young, not to say adolescent. This the philosopher with his sense of background can tell us. He can support his contention by drawing on the insights of such seasoned physicists as Professor A. H. Compton who frankly admits the possibility of "mind acting on matter" as if it were perhaps after all "the most important thing in the universe"; and Sir James Jeans who speaks of the universe as less like a meaningless machine than a great thought.

As the social engineer can dig away at certain obstructions in society which make faith difficult, and as the psychologist can label for what they are certain complexes which give atheism a high tone, so the philosopher can make intellectually respectable the will to believe that our values have the backing of the universe.

But what, positively, has he to say in behalf of

an infinite, friendly, coordinating purpose that is more than human?

First of all, he can show us a meaning in man's long and stumbling search for freedom and interdependence. If history teaches anything it is, so we sense from H. G. Wells' outline, that there can be no prosperity now but a common prosperity. Frederick Libby declares that the best reason for our immediate entrance into the League of Nations is that sooner or later we should be joining anyway. Professor Walter M. Horton asserts in *Theism and the Modern Mood* the existence of a vast cosmic drift toward fellowship and mutual aid. The very stars in their courses are against war and oppression. This he asserts not as an act of faith, but as a fact no less objective than the great star-drifts. The meaning is not that progress is automatic but that the effort of cosmic will is with us.

Moreover, organic evolution appears on the whole integrative and progressive; there is a trend toward personality. Mind becomes growingly dominant. Such, at least, is the conclusion of James Arthur Thomson, editor of *The Outline of Science*. Is there not something laughable in mind, essaying to measure the response of a tree to a passing cloud, petulantly reading mind out of the universe? The tendency in nature toward the adjustment of life to life, which impresses the biologist, hints at God.

But it is in the inward vision of "the world within" rather than in an outward impression of "mind gaining mastery over matter" that we find the chief justification for the venture of faith. The final reason for believing in cosmic purpose backing up our highest human purpose is in our inescapable sense of the "Ought," as having supremacy over the material universe.

The belief in God, declares Justin Wroe Nixon, is at bottom "man's declaration of faith that his own hunger for life can and will be satisfied." But an essential way to satisfy that hunger for life is to keep faith with one's highest ideals. As a man does this, he may for a time seem to have lost God, but sooner or later he finds a cooperating spirit answering his need for communion.

"When the fountains of the great deep have been broken up and man has found himself alone on the angry sea of the universe, when with apparently the last gesture of his spirit he has committed himself to that vision of the Best which glimmers before his eyes, he finds to his amazement that about him are the arms of a strong swimmer and that he is not sinking."

If we believe in the existence of an ongoing, intercommunicating purpose it will not be because of the arguments of the philosophers. It will be because we feel within ourselves this upthrust, to use Schweitzer's phrase of "life which wills to live."

Intellectual consistency, yes: our concept of God must fit all available facts of life. Emotional satisfaction, surely: our object of worship must release and harmonize both the desire to master things and the desire to be mastered by a self-transcending cause without reservations. But most of all the stirring of will: our allegiance must call out of us power to live more abundantly than would be possible on a negative assumption.

The question, then, is not so much "whether God is intellectually worthy of us," as "whether we are morally worthy of God." But how shall we become ethically fit?

This technique it is for the saints, the great experiencers to suggest. By the great experiencers is meant not the pseudo-mystics who use deity as a defense against social responsibility, but the authentic mystics who so combine intelligent collective effort with burning individual devotion that both drives become fused into "love,—the outgoing of the whole soul." The saints are the most practical people on earth because they bet their lives on unlimited resources of spirit. They are free from the extravert's delusion, exposed by Evelyn Underhill, that we can do much which is worth doing for others if for their sakes we neglect God. They see no more necessity, as a Frenchman puts it, to prove the existence of God than to prove the existence of light. To let more of the light thrill through them

is their single ambition. Whereas the rest of us get bored and easily discouraged, these experts in the art of living keep fresh and confident by keeping themselves open to the experiencing power of infinite life.

Although they might use terms different from those familiar to us, their direct intuition seems to point to the following conditions which must be fulfilled if we are to become wholehearted, single-minded, at home in the world.

First, we must break through inhibitions that choke us up as channels of creative energy. As we have seen, psychiatric treatment or psychoanalysis may be necessary in extreme cases. For some people confession before a priest may enable them to face rather than repress facts. Sometimes there is nothing that will so readily break the spell of deadening habits as the comradeship of an intimate small group where one can be perfectly frank about one's sense of guilt. The mutual sharing of marriage, too, can bring disintegrating inner conflicts more objectively into the open. But the primary technique is meditation, where there is time enough to look over one's whole situation. It is not easy to locate the old freezing fixations of fear or conventionality or self-indulgence or rancor, and then turn these resistances over to God; but self analysis is an experience far more releasing and far more available than most people imagine.

A second condition for becoming focussed persons is that we presuppose purpose and then go the whole way toward realizing that purpose. It will not do to wait till all the returns are in. The luxury of indecision has to be renounced. "Over the gate into life," says a friend, "are written the words, *Only the great gamblers can enter here.*"

Before you looms a sand-dune. You may be only a confused and rather muddy trickle and you run the risk of getting lost. But into the challenge of what seems to be the best for every one, yourself included, you plunge anyway. Ramsay MacDonald's experience throws light on this matter. In August, 1914, he declared in parliament, without apology, that the war was wrong and that he was against it. "Political suicide," said his friends. But the man with a Scotch conscience was only finding himself. Evidently the universe is so made as to vindicate such a venture. At last you emerge on the other side, clear and perhaps sparkling, at least ongoing to the sea.

The penalty for those sidestepping this self-surrender seems to be eventual staleness. A few years ago a journalist wrote numerous and enticing books about seeking and finding God. But now, apparently because of preoccupation with sex and self-indulgence, his ears are stopped. Unless one follows the music into whatever risk, he loses the music.

If Schweitzer had substituted academic excuses for adventure into the task of sharing suffering and thus finding meaning in it, he would have missed the exhilaration of the deeply rooted life, the radiance of a man growing into harmony with himself and with the world. "It is through this spinning wheel," says Gandhi, "that I keep in touch with the poorest of the poor, and through them with God." And again, "I shall never know God if I do not wrestle with and against evil, even at the cost of life itself." In the slums Kagawa knew a family of gamblers who upon losing would send one of their sons running to the pawn shop to pawn his coat and get money. That boy would become naked and lose everything. "Because I lived in the slums many, many years, I became a gambler for God. I wanted to pawn everything for Christ." A young psychologist has recently been confidentially interviewing the "twice-born" of this country. Some of these are comparatively unlettered persons, others are well known in the intellectual world. In each case, the secret of their supreme happiness was found to be something like this: they committed themselves completely to what seemed at the time to be most right; with all of themselves they ventured as far as they could in the best direction they saw.

But there is a third condition; the discipline of direct and habitual seeking after God. A man can get free of neurotic complexes, he can say in a

lucid moment, "I am willing to follow the light no matter what happens to me," but without the habit of putting himself in "the presence of the best," his world view as well as his response to spirit, may become blurred. The first problem of personality is not how to find a cause that will harmonize it: the first problem of personality is to want the supreme cause. What we have to learn from the experience of the past is that prayer is a skill for keeping this desire for completion alive; perhaps it is the method which if ignored will leave us unaware of our spiritual need. Unless we are ready to make the effort of stopping the machinery long enough consciously to feed our hunger for communion with the spirit back of the wheels, we shall probably find ourselves not intelligently caring whether there be a spirit there.

It seems that those who have least apathy and therefore most to say to us in that region of our minds where important choices are wrought, are the most rigorous in observing the rhythm of intense devotion to a cause and uninterrupted communion with the Unseen. Gandhi, who shares himself so fully with friends at his ashram, whose words are thrilling through the soul of India to keep alive a movement which is a rebuke to all that imperialism stands for, nourishes his capacity to communicate meaning to others by maintaining, one whole day out of seven, complete silence. Not a word passes

his lips. Schweitzer cannot thank his African forest enough for its gift of solitude. Kagawa, one of the most articulate of living men, will forego rice if necessary, but never his daily retreat alone. Some mornings he gets up at three o'clock to pray. He points out that the movement which has sent thousands upon thousands of Occidental youths into Africa and Asia so that lives out there might be complete, began with only four students praying. "If you go back to your home and start a prayer group," he says to an American visitor, "that prayer wave may cover the world." As he sees it, there must be first what the Buddhists seek: calmness and the emptying of soul; but also living up to the Sermon on the Mount and the prayer which is sheer enjoyment of God. "The master mind cure," declares the Director of the Chicago Institute of Research and Diagnosis, "is prayer."

Again, corporate worship seems to be an indispensable means of growing toward fullness of life. Gandhi seeks harmony with God's will in the fellowship of his ashram and at services where friends each day together brood over their scriptures. Schweitzer joins with his black patients and colleagues in such meetings at least once a week. Kagawa in company with members of "The Friends of Jesus" early on Sunday mornings commits himself anew to the Kingdom of God movement. If we would keep fresh and whole we must at times with

others listen for "the thin invisible trumpets that sound across the meadows of the Spring."

These lives that we have been considering throw light upon the conditions of focussing personality. But the point in the universe where the meaning of life seems to come most clearly into focus is the personality of Jesus. In him we see no resistance to or confusion about the infinite, friendly will that would integrate our world. This is not an appeal for religion *about* Jesus; the world has been sufficiently divided by dogmas. Nor is it a plea for the religion *of* Jesus; one in a sense would have to be Jesus to have his religion. This is simply an acknowledgment that we can get religion *from* Jesus. If we put ourselves constantly in the atmosphere of his personality we can get a sense of life and become aware of the unifying purpose we need.

Any man sincerely trying to act like Jesus will learn to believe in God. Step by step he will become at one with himself.

The fundamental postulate of Jesus is that the spirit of the universe answers man's deepest need, his need for fellowship and a unifying purpose. Those who go ahead on this postulate like divers from a springboard will find personality growing, reality responding; as if the ocean were there for swimming, not to drown in.

The great souls at whom we have been glancing, along with Jesus, seem to take for granted that no

estrangement is necessary within themselves or between their neighbors and the spirit of the universe. As we watch them making splashes of color on the great waters, our chatter on the shore about "living decently and dying courageously without religion" begins to sound empty and insipid.

Their open secret, perhaps we too could understand,—if we ventured out there ourselves, if we hazarded everything not on the world's lesser loyalties but on God.

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